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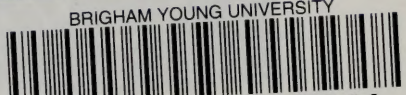
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ORRIN SMITH Sc

HEADS of the PEOPLE



Portraits of the English,

DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.
Engraved by Orrin Smith.

LONDON:

ROBERT TYAS, CHEAPSIDE.

VIZETELLY & CO. PRINTERS, FLEET STREET

MDCCCXL.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE:

OR,

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DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.

WITH ORIGINAL ESSAYS BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

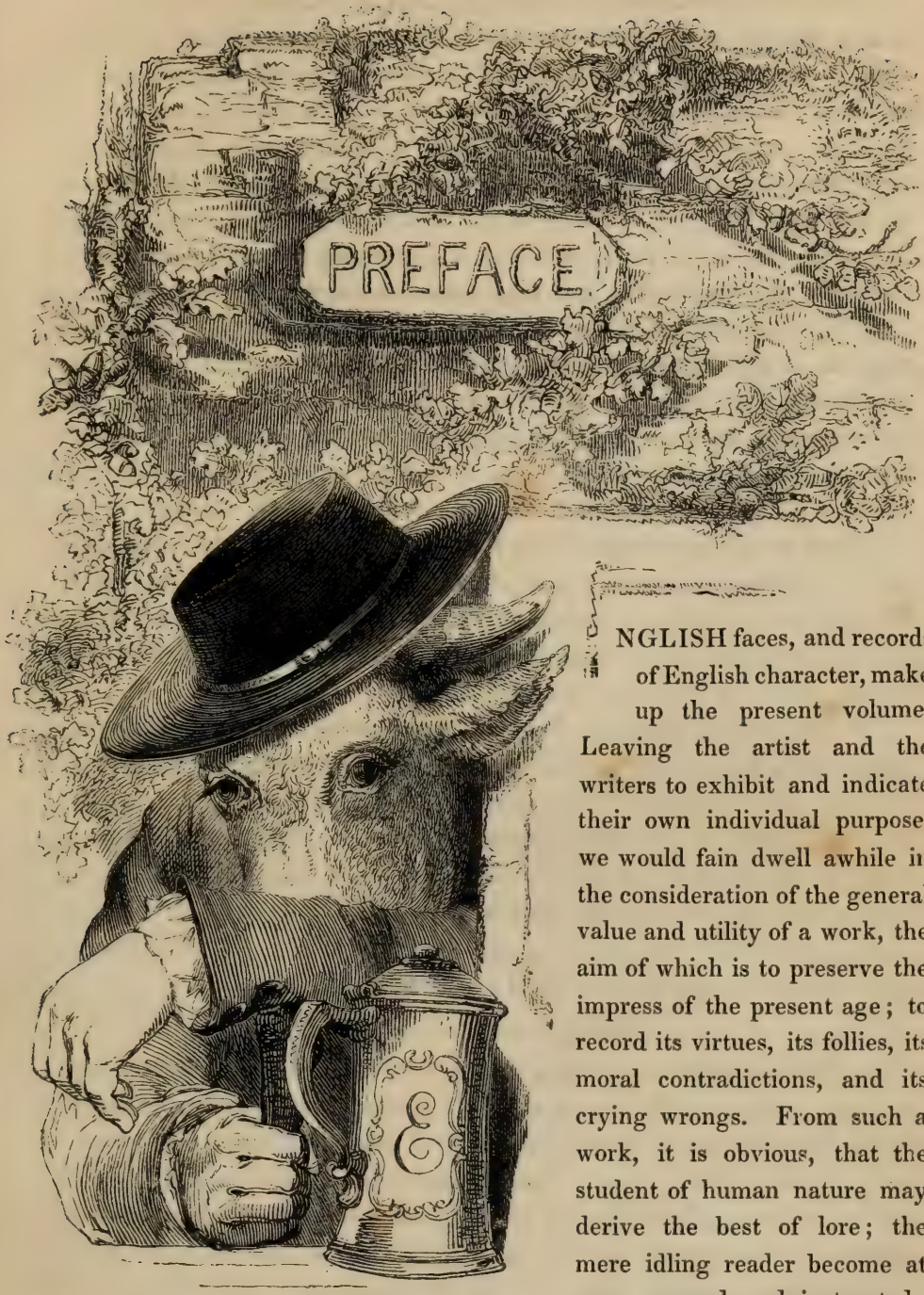
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ENGLISH faces, and records of English character, make up the present volume. Leaving the artist and the writers to exhibit and indicate their own individual purpose, we would fain dwell awhile in the consideration of the general value and utility of a work, the aim of which is to preserve the impress of the present age; to record its virtues, its follies, its moral contradictions, and its crying wrongs. From such a work, it is obvious, that the student of human nature may derive the best of lore; the mere idling reader become at once amused and instructed; whilst even to the social antiquarian, who regards the feelings and habits of men more as a thing of time, a barren matter of *anno domini*, than as the throbbings of the human heart and the index of the national mind, the volume abounds with facts of the greatest and most enduring interest.

It was no little satisfaction to the projectors of "Heads of the People," to find the public somewhat startled by the first appearance of the work; somewhat astonished at the gravity of its tone, the moral seriousness of its purpose. Many took up the first number only to laugh; and, we are proud to say, read on to think. A host of readers were disappointed: they purchased, as they thought, a piece of pleasantry, to be idly glanced at, and then flung aside: they found it otherwise. They believed that they were only called to see and hear the grinning face and vacant nonsense of a glib story-teller, and they discovered in their new acquaintance a depth and delicacy of sympathy, a knowledge of human life, and a wise gladness, a philosophic merriment, and honest sarcasm, that made them take him to their home as a fast friend. Nor was it in England only that the purpose of the work was thus happily acknowledged. It has not only been translated into French, but has formed the model of a national work for the essayists and wits of Paris. The "Heads of the People," of the numerous family of John Bull, are to be seen gazing from the windows of French shopkeepers, at our "natural enemies"—a circumstance not likely to aggravate the antipathy which, according to the profitable creed of bygone statemongers, Nature had, for some mysterious purpose, implanted in the breasts of the Briton and the Gaul!

The work will be pursued in the same straightforward, uncompromising, and, it is hoped, humanising spirit, that characterises the present volume. John Bull has too long rested in the comfortable self-complacency that he, above all other persons of the earth, enshrines in his own mind all the wisdom and the magnanimity vouchsafed to mortal man; that in his customs he is the most knowing, the least artificial, the most cordial, and the most exemplary of persons; and that in all the decencies of life, he, and he alone, knows and does that which is

"Wisest, discreetest, virtuousest, best;"

that he has no prejudices—none; or, if indeed he have any, that they exist and have been nurtured so very near his virtues, that if he cannot detect the slightest difference between them, it is not likely that any vagabond foreigner can make so tremendous a discovery. And then John boasts, and in no monosyllabic phrase, of his great integrity, of his unbending spirit to the merely external advantages of worldly follies: he looks to the man, and not the man's pocket! He—he pays court to no man; no, he cries out in the market-place, that "honesty is the best policy," grasps his cudgel, looks loftily about him, swelling with the magnificence of the apothegm, and strides away to his beef and ale, with an almost overwhelming sense of all his many virtues.

Now, let the truth be told. John Bull likes a bit of petty-larceny as well as any body in the world: he likes it, however, with this difference; the iniquity must be made legal. Only solemnise a wrong by an act of parliament, and John Bull will stickle lustily for the abuse; will trade upon it, turn the market-penny with it, cocker it, fondle it, love it, say pretty words to it; yea, hug it to his bosom, and cry out "rape and robbery" if sought to be deprived of it.

Next, John has no slavish regard for wealth: to be sure not; and yet, though his back is as broad as a table, it is as lithe as a cane; and he will pucker his big cheeks into a reverential grin, and stoop and kiss the very hoofs of the golden calf, wherever it shall be set up before him. John will do this, and blush not; and having done it, he will straighten himself, wipe his lips with his cuff of broad-cloth, look magnanimous, and "damn the fellow that regards money."

And then for titles. Does John value titles? Hear the contemptuous roar with which, in the parlour of "The King's Head," he talks of them. "What's a title?" he will ask; "it's the man, eh?" And next week Lord Bubblebrain puts up for the county; and, condescending to ask John Bull for his vote, John stands almost awe-struck at his porch, smooths his hair, smiles, smirks, bows, and feels that there is a sort of white magic in the looks and words of a lord. He stammers out a promise of a plumper, bows his lordship to the gate, and then declares to his neighbours that "It warn't for the title he gave his vote—he should hope not; no, he wouldn't sell his country in that way. But Lord Bubblebrain *is* a gentleman, and knows what's right for the people." And then John's wife remarks, how affable his lordship was to the children, and especially to the sick baby; which John receives as a matter of course; shortly observing, that "no gentleman could do less; not that he gave his vote for any such doings."

And has John *no* virtues? A thousand! So many, that he can afford to be told of his weakness, his folly—yea, of the wrongs he does, the wrongs he suffers.

The ridiculous part of John's character is his love of an absurdity, an injustice—it may be, an acute inconvenience—from its very antiquity. "Why, what's the matter?" we asked last week of an old acquaintance, limping and pushing himself along, not unlike a kangaroo with the rheumatism; "What's the matter?" "Matter! corns—corns." "And why don't you have 'em cut?" "Cut!" cried our friend, with a look of surprise and inquiry. "Cut! why, it is now fifteen years that I have had these corns." There spoke John Bull: though he shall be almost at a stand-still, lame with corns, yet what a roaring does he make if you attempt

to cut them—and why? He has had them so many years. A wen upon his neck, if a wen of fifty years' growth, though it bent him double, would "be to him as a daughter."

John Bull has a numerous family; all more or less distinguished by the virtues, the humours, the follies, and the droll and melancholy contradictions of their papa. We here give some fifty of his children: we shall present the world with at least half-a-hundred more.

London, October.



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THE DRESS-MAKER.

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?

KING HENRY IV. Part 1

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE:

BEING

Portraits of the English.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The "original sin"—charged upon the frailty of the sex—is, in its consequences, visited tenfold upon the children of the blooming culprit. Sadly enough do those poor daughters of Eve, who live by needle and thread, pay for the peccadillo of their first mother! Bitterly do the sisterhood of Cranbourne Alley and Regent Street expiate the transgression of Eden!

Is there a more helpless, a more forlorn and unprotected, creature than, in nine cases out of ten, the Dress-Maker's Girl—the Daily Sempstress; pushed prematurely from the parental hearth, or rather no hearth, to win her miserable crust by aching fingers? Crust—literally crust—is nearly all the reward of hours of drudgery; of a monotonous task, at which the heart sinks, and the eyelids are fain to droop, until roused and strung anew to labour. Daily bread—a phrase that to most people conveys many things—is to our heroine a literal truth—a cold reality. She is a thousand times more to be pitied than yonder ballad-singer, with her feet imbedded in highway-mud, bawling the last effusion of the piano-forte poet; or, in shrill treble, screaming the semi-political satires of the bards of Seven Dials. She—the minstrel—has no "respectability" to keep

up; she has not to stint her appetite, that she may have a plurality of gowns; she has not to soothe a hungry stomach with a bit of gauze, a yard or so of riband—any morsel of finery—that shall at least be the type, shall present a show, of a condition of comfort, although the cupboard shall remain empty for it. The ballad-singer, the char-woman, the maid-of-all-work, none of these—her more fortunate sisters—are required by the hardness of their destiny to "be genteel." They live not, as it were, on the frontiers of higher society; they are never in a condition to be confounded with their betters. They have their marked, defined places in the world, with generally a sufficiency of means to compass their limited desires. The Dress-Maker may be in thought, in feeling,—nay, in education, one of the gentlest, noblest, meekest of her sex; and, with all these sensibilities, pine in genteel squalor—in "respectable" starvation. How many hundred such may, at this moment, be found in "stony-hearted" London!

Let us, however, "take a single victim;" let us present the Dress-Maker's Girl, but a year in her teens, compelled, it may be, to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. How many bleak, savage winter mornings does she rise, and, with half-frozen fingers, put on her scanty clothes—all insufficient to guard her shrinking limbs from the frost, the wind, and rain—and with noiseless feet, that she may not disturb "any of the lodgers," creep down three pair of stairs, and, at six o'clock, pick her timid way through mud, and cold, and darkness, to the distant "work-room?" Poor, gentle thing!—now, hurrying on, fearing that she is five minutes too late, and now pausing, and creeping into a door-way, to let some staggering drunkard pass, roaring and reeling home. It may be, too, that this little creature was born in the lap of comfort—was the pet, the hope, of a fireside—was the darling of a circle—the child of competence, of luxury. Death, however, has taken her father—the sole prop and stay of a house of plenty; and the widow, after struggling from year to year, has passed from bad to worse; and now, with four children—our little Dress-Maker's Girl the eldest—pines in a three-pair back room, whence, every morning, our young heroine, with a patience and a pensive sweetness—the gifts of early adversity—sallies forth to unremitting toil.

Gentle Reader—is this a false picture? Is this a coloured thing, tricked out to cozen sensibility?—the creation of a florid story-writer—the flimsy heroine of a foolish novel? Oh, no! do not think it: at this moment, hundreds upon hundreds of the fairest and the most delicate human buds—of creatures who, born in the regions of May Fair, had been painted, and their portraits scattered through

the empire, as very triumphs of the "excelling hand of nature" —work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day—for what? For just enough to prove how very little human nature may exist upon. To proceed.

Our little Dress-Maker has arrived at the "work-room." After two or three hours, she takes her bread and butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works, under the rigid, scrutinising eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more; and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat—perhaps, an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment, a thundering knock is heard at the door:—"The Duchess of Daffodils *must* have her robe by four to-morrow!"

Again the Dress-Maker's apprentice is made to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle; and, perhaps, the clock is "beating one," as she again, jaded and half dead with work, creeps to her lodging, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful, and very beautiful, are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of "The Morning Herald," and "The Morning Post!" To the rapt imagination they seem woven of "Iris' woof;" or things manufactured by the Fairy Queen, and her maids of Honour: yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings the work of penury, of patient suffering, and scantily-rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace! How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flounce! "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler, for the thousandth time, "was at her Majesty's Drawing Room!" What! all the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister-beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

We have given the day's work of our little Dress-Maker's Girl. She has, however, certain glimpses of holidays: she is despatched to receive orders, to take home work; and, despite herself, if the weather be fine—if it be not her fate to trudge, ankle-deep in mud, with bandbox in one hand, and umbrella in the other—she cannot but pause at

shop-windows, and indulge in a day-dream that shall possess her of a few trinkets from the jeweller's, her eye unconsciously wandering towards the wedding-rings—at the next window a new bonnet—at the next, a gown for very great occasions.

Besides these little trespasses upon the time of her mistress, the Dress-Maker's Girl is but too apt to tarry and muse upon the play-bills. She knows nearly all the actors and actresses, for she has seen most of them once; and, moreover, has her especial favourites in tragedy, comedy, and opera: will, in the work-room, publish her decided preference to Mr. A. over Mr. B.; and, in her own words, "thinks Mr. W. the dearest of men!" Marvels why Malibran could ever have died; and pronounces Mr. C. to be "a wonderful composer." These tastes, be it understood, gradually unfold themselves in the work-room, where, on certain occasions—particularly in the absence of the mistress and the forewoman—the whole round of arts and letters is criticised with no less fervour than freedom. The Dress-Maker's Girl will, for a certainty point out which is the best likeness among the ninety-nine portraits of that most ill-painted of ladies, her most gracious Majesty; at the same time hopes and trusts that no "filthy foreigner" will marry her; whilst she gives it as her private, but most stubborn opinion, that "there must be a sweetheart somewhere."

The Dress-Maker's Girl is a reader of novels. She thinks Bulwer divine, "especially if he's anything like that angel of a fellow that sits cross-legged to *Leila;*" but fears that Marryat is low. She sometimes wonders why Mr. Moore does not "do" some more "Melodies;" and a minute after will speculate if a certain fashionable poet "is a man with a family."

The Dress-Maker's Girl has a profound secret—a secret hidden in the inmost recesses of her virgin heart. "A lieutenant of the Guards —(take care of that lieutenant)—such a pensive-looking, melancholy, elegant young man, kissed his hand to her twice in Pall Mall." This secret she has revealed to nobody except ten familiar friends. She learns a song—something about "A Soldier's Bride"—which she hums whilst working, unconscious of the tittering of her sister-sempstresses; and only leaves off to blush and tell them "not to be so silly."

These, however, are green, sunny spots in the life of the Dress-Maker's Girl: as she grows towards womanhood, years bring with them a deeper sense of her forlorn and unprotected condition; effacing her beauty, saddening her mind, and making her taste all the bitterness of that bitter morsel of bread earned by tasked needle-work.

Her position as an attendant on the wealthy and the great, her almost daily visits to the abodes of luxury, occasionally vex her rebel spirit; rising as it will against the insufficiency of twelve or fifteen shillings per week, for raiment, food, and lodging. A thousand and a thousand times, she wishes herself a washerwoman—a hop-picker—any drudge of the lowest class, not forced, by the necessity of a "genteel look," to submit to deadly privations; to stint herself in the humblest necessaries of life, that she may, in her external appearance, "do credit to the shop." Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the Daily Sempstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft? Follow her to her room—the topmost nook of some old, gloomy house, in some gloomy court; survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want; to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the Dress-Maker, long past her girlhood; the Sempstress, no longer out-stared in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—lied to; tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labour. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pitfalls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares; she has, in the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure: has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light-heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and arrived at middle age, she is still the working Sempstress—the lonely, faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem. Is not this the fate of thousands in this our glorious metropolis?

And yet, how much worse, how much more terrible the destiny of thousands of others! of poor, unprotected creatures, with hearts in their bosoms once throbbing with the best and purest hopes, once yearning with the noblest and tenderest affections—creatures in whom the character of wife and mother might have shone with the brightest lustre—cast abroad and trodden on like way-side weeds: loathed and scorned by one sex; outraged, bullied by the other; until deceived, wounded, and exasperated nature rises against its wrongers; and, denaturalised in voice, face, and feeling, we cannot recognise the Dress-Maker's Girl—the modest, gentle thing, with blushing face and dewy eyes—in that screeching virago, that howling, raving Jezebel; now stamping in the impotence of drunkenness and rage, at

that stone-faced policeman; now tumbling, dead as a carcase, in the mire, and weeping maudlin tears of gin and vengeance! And why is this? What has worked this grievous transformation? What has effected this awful, this disgusting change? Alas! some ten—nine—seven—years ago, temptation shewed its thousand gifts—apples of seeming gold, with ashes at the core—to the poor Dress-Maker; proffered life-long ease, all the happiness and luxury enjoyed by her high-born sisters; and, to assist temptation, there was a yearning of love—a faith, an easy credence in the woman's heart, that made her not altogether selfish, calculating; whilst, on the other hand, there were incessant labour, and pinching economy, and—and—but the story is the story of hundreds; she fell, and

"The once-fallen woman must for ever fall!"

The modest, virgin flower is become the scoff of the multitude, the mockery of a mob.

Let us, however, leave this picture—the more terrible as it is from the life—to dwell upon the trials and annoyances of the Milliner's Girl in her daily vocation. What bursts of temper has she to meet, and, if she can, vanquish by smiling meekness! What arrogance what heartlessness of wealth, has she to encounter with placid, yea, with appealing looks, for faults—or fancied faults—not one of them her own! We own it; we have sometimes felt enraged at the cold-blooded insolence with which women—most respectable people, too!—have rated their humbler sisters. In the other sex, a spirit of gallantry is apt to soften censure; but for a woman—a dress-maker, for instance—a bonnet-maker—a lady's maid—a housemaid, or a female cook—to be mercilessly scolded—to be abused with a seeming forgetfulness of all the charities of life, takes nothing short of a woman herself. Men are beaten out of the field by the force of feminine vituperation. ("Hard words," says the lady reader: "Hard, ma'am, but very true.")

Among many of the most annoying trials of life, the trial of a new dress by a wayward, aristocratic customer, or what is infinitely worse, by purse-proud ignorance, is not the least to the poor Dress-Maker's Girl, who may be commissioned to take the garment home. If there be a failing in a flounce, the slightest error in a sleeve, if a cuff be a hair's breadth too broad, or a thread too narrow, down will come a shower of hard words—and that, sometimes, from the prettiest, and seemingly the meekest of mouths—about the astounded head of the Dress-Maker, who with helpless looks for the omission of others, or, what is equally likely, for the forgetfulness or new whim of the

lady herself, stands silent and abashed; or flutteringly hesitates an excuse, or promises instant amendment. Such promise, however, for the time, only increases the storm; until the culprit finds that silence is the best defence, and she is at length ordered "to take the thing away," and if she please, "to throw it on the fire!"

Now, ere we proceed, will all our lady readers put their fair white hands upon their gentle hearts, and, with unblushing faces, declare that never, at any time of their lives, did such a scene—as that above described—pass between them and the Dress-Maker; the innocent scape-goat of the faults and the caprice of the employers and the employed? "We pause for a reply."

With a short story, illustrative of the hard fate of the Dress-Maker—of the taunts and sufferings which she is called on to bear with "patient shrug"—a story not invented, but taken from the iron book of real life, we propose to end our present essay. The names, the reader may be assured, are the only fictions in the narrative.

Fanny White was the daughter of a naval lieutenant, left with her widowed mother, to the bleak charities of the world. She had been tenderly reared and educated; and what is more, seemed born with the delicacy, the refinement, the meekness, the sweetness, of a gentlewoman. When the lieutenant's funeral bill was paid, the widow found herself with one unbroken guinea in the world. Fanny was then sixteen; and, with looks as cheerful as if she were going to a dance, she would rise, long ere daylight, in winter mornings, and pick her path to the "shop," where, by the greatest good luck, she had, very shortly after her father's death, gained admission as a neophyte milliner. Great was the triumph felt by Fanny on the first Saturday night, when she placed in the hand of her mother, full six shillings!

Fanny White soon became a favourite, from her exeeeding gentleness, the constant smile that was in her face, and the alacrity with which she would sometimes anticipate the commands of her employers. In a little time, Fanny was the chosen ambassadress to any very particular, any very difficult customer. Thus Fanny walked through London streets, yet was there not in her beautiful—her happy face—for she was supremely happy in the nine shillings (three being in due time added to the six), that every Saturday she carried home—a charm to awe the trading beldam into silence, albeit Fanny would pass on "in maiden meditation, fancy-free." She walked in the furnace of London, and still the bloom of health and innocence was on her cheeks.

Miss Arabella Snaketon—the daughter of a singularly sharp attorney, long since retired from a very lucrative business, to ponder on the good he had done on earth, and to muse upon the reward of heaven—Miss Arabella Snaketon, living at the West, was about to bestow her hand, and twenty thousand pounds, on a surpassingly clever, middle-aged stockbroker, from the East.

Miss Arabella Snaketon had ordered her bridal dress—who shall tell the cost of the smuggled lace?—at the "house" where Fanny White studied the arts of millinery. The dress finished, Fanny, followed by the porter, was despatched with it to the impatient virgin—the fluttering and expecting bride.

(We tell not what is to follow, in the vain hope that it will touch the hearts of the great family of the Snaketons: people who get gold by the crooked means with which *they* obtained it, wear an impenetrable armour of guineas above their breasts—yea, they are more impenetrable than crocodiles!—However, to our story.)

Fanny, arriving at the house, was speedily summoned to the room, where sat in proudest silence, Mrs. Snaketon, and her daughter Arabella. The mother heard the rustling of the bridal robes, but took no more notice of the polite and beautiful little Milliner, than if she were made of the same material as the Milliner's box. The wedding-dress was displayed; and Mrs. Snaketon, still seated in silent dignity, watched her daughter as she proceeded to try it on: scarcely a word had, as yet, been spoken to the Milliner.

Miss Snaketon's head emerged from a sea of satin, and with the ready assistance of Fanny, she had almost donned the garment, when it hung somewhere about the bodice, and Fanny, who was vigilantly regarded by Mrs. Snaketon, endeavoured to pull it straight: in this laudable attempt, however, the hand of Fanny passed over the bare shoulder of Miss Snaketon. Mrs. Snaketon, in a whirlwind of indignation, bounced to her feet!

"Why you—you—you impudent hussey!"—it was in these words she addressed the astounded Fanny; "you would n't dare"—passion almost denied the mother words—"dare—to—to—*touch her flesh!*"

Fanny White had not the heart to make answer, but after a moment's struggle, she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

Oh! ye high and noble born—for the race of Snaketons is incorrigible—deign to cultivate some sympathy for the poor and lowly!

Oh! ye painted porcelain of human clay, think not Fanny Whites mere red-earth pipkins!



THE DINER-OUT.

If thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart!

KING HENRY IV. PART 2

THE DINER-OUT.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Diner-Out—we mean the knife-and-fork professor with a good and wide connexion—is a man without a care. If he be not, then are the sources of human anxiety too many and too mysterious for us to fathom. But it is impossible that the Diner-Out can feel one touch of mortal misery: steeped in the gravies of his neighbour—fortified with the venison of his hundred friends—ennobled, yea, sublimated above the petty accidents of this dim spot "which men call earth," by the port, champagne, and burgundy, of his best and dearest acquaintance—the meaner ills of this life fall upon him, hurtless as hail upon an elephant. He passeth on, made invulnerable to calamity by the contributed benevolence of those—the best and brightest of the world—who give dinners. He is at once the child and glory of hospitality; the representative and embodiment of every table-cloth virtue. He is a living and increasing evidence of the goodness of our common nature; a prize biped, fed upon the oil and honey-cakes of his liberal fellow-man.

But, it may be objected by some mean-souled wretch, content to feed on figs, penny-rolls, and spring-water—for we have heard of such monsters—that the Diner-Out has no household gods! Ha! ha! has he not? "Better," says the canting fellow, with a starved look of would-be independence, "better to eat an onion at our own hearth, than ortolans at the boards of the rich." Hungry reader! give no ear to such hypocrisy—trust not thin-chapped temperance; but glance at the rosy, shining face—survey the abdominous dignity of our hero, and believe in the Diner-Out!

"The Diner-Out has no household gods!" All the better for him: he is not called upon to sweat and labour for daily offerings of meat and drink—the said household gods being most clamorous, most constant, in their calls on butcher, baker, and brewer; but, turning from his own unconsecrated hearth, quitting his cold, unguarded fireside, the Diner-Out spreads me his cloth in the midst of a hundred worshippers, having the choice of a hundred temples, wherein he may

perform with fullest ceremony his social devotions. "Away with the bigotry of knife-and-fork," cries our Diner-Out; and as that wise philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, made it his boast, that he could say his prayers with either Turk or Levite, so would our real Diner-Out manifest the greatness of his heart, and the magnanimity of his digestion, by partaking of pilau with Mahomet, or roast kid and pistachio-nuts with Rothschild. Nay, were it possible that the Wandering Jew could put up for a day at either "The Clarendon" or "The London," our Diner-Out would exhibit his triumph over vulgar prejudices, by "cutting the stranger's mutton!"

"The Diner-Out has no household gods!" We return to this scurvy charge, that we may shew the felicity of the Diner-Out to consist in what is foolishly considered his desolate condition. Household gods are divinities of a most tyrannical character: Mumbo Jumbo and the Blue Monkey are not half so ravenous, require not sacrifices of so terrible a kind, as at times do these said household gods—these domestic prettinesses—wreathed, in the pages of poets and novelists, with immortal roses, and having aspects innocent and beautiful as the faces of cherubim. Such, however, are their holiday decorations—their feast-day looks—when the steam of the kitchen rises around them, and hangs like beads of honey-dew upon their temples. These are the household gods of the rich—these are the divinities who never spoil their plump, ripe apple cheeks, by drawing long faces at an empty grate; who never blow their blue nails in pitiless January, and sometimes trench upon good manners, by muttering an oath at the unaccommodating coal-merchant. Cheap is the furniture of the Diner-Out, moderate his rent; and if few his sympathies, few his wants. Our Diner-Out—he is ninety-nine times in the hundred a bachelor, either on a broken income, or on a property from the first but small—having no spouse, no children, must pay somewhat for out-door luxuries. Unblest with the soft endearing voice of wife at home, he is compelled to throw himself upon the opera; having no children to feed, clothe, and send to school, he may be lavish in his love of white kid. He gets a dignity out of his bachelorship; and wanting the sweet religion of fire-side divinities, wears many coats in Regent Street. "Household gods!" said Jack Smellfeast, the other day—Smellfeast, be it known, is a Diner-Out of some distinction—"Household gods! Pooh!—I keep a horse."

The Diner-Out is, certainly, the professor of what may be considered one of the most difficult arts of life. This fact is proved by the hundreds who, in this glorious London, flourish but for a season or two, and then, like swallows, go no man knows whither.

Dining out being, in these days, one of the most profitable of the arts and sciences, we shall consider ourselves in the gratifying light of public benefactors, if, from the practice of a Diner-Out, distinguished in the art for many years, we give a few hints to those of our fellow-men, who, like ourselves, look upon dinner to be the most important incident in the whole mortal four-and-twenty hours; its value and beauty still increasing with the smallness of its cost to the diner. We entreat our readers to pause and contemplate the subject with a seriousness and attention of a more solemn and more intent description than any they may devote to the minor morals: people, of really very respectable substance and standing, doing excellently well without morals; whilst there is much ignominy in the squalid fact of doing without a dinner. To dine well is, in the very largest acceptation of the phrase, to live well.

The Diner-Out must be a man of very moderate humour—of the most temperate and considerate wit. It must be his first study to obtain and keep the character of a good-natured fellow, a most agreeable companion, at the same time rendering it impossible for those who praise him to tell the why or the wherefore. We know that certain wags have blazed and coruscated for a season or two at a few tables where are to be found the first delicacies of the season, whether of bird or beast, vegetable or man; the first pine-apple or the last author; but these wits are but for a few invitations; the regular professional Diner-Out, and it is of him we speak, is for all cloths. It must therefore be his study to display a certain good-natured dullness, an amiability that shall make him repress the brightest jest that ever fell from human lips, if by any possibility the unuttered joke could be thought to tell against one of the party; that one, it may be, happening to possess the noblest kitchen—the most glorious cellar; and therefore to be conciliated by a meek politeness, an attentive urbanity, that shall insure the Diner-Out a future summons to his table: for it must be remembered that the Diner-Out, whilst apparently enjoying the delights of the repast, and its after ease and hilarity, is, indeed, labouring to extend his connexion. He is not asked to grace a board on the strength of a new picture—a wonderful poem—a galvanic, man-eating, man-slaying novel, or the discovery of new self-supplying sugar-tongs, or for the great merit of having lived with the Esquimaux on walrus-flesh and train-oil: our Diner-Out feasts not upon any such adventitious, any such accidental, principle, but upon higher deserts; yea, he obtains his turtle and burgundy from worthier, from more lasting causes; for in a very flutter of "delight," he helps any and every lady and gentleman to

the wing of a chicken, and with a stereotype smile upon his face, is at a moment's notice prepared to be "but too happy" to "take wine" with all the world.

The Diner-Out must never be known to utter a brilliant witticism at the cost of any dinner-giver. The people will laugh heartily at the time; but they will all remember that the Diner-Out wears a dangerous weapon; and wits, like drunken men with swords, are apt to draw their steel upon their best acquaintance. He may, at certain pauses, venture a conundrum, or relate the last Yankee exaggeration from the papers; or if he have genius sufficient, he may himself make two or three, swearing by the way that he has read them "in some obscure print:" these matters, wanting the edge of personality, cast around the Diner-Out a halo of cheap humour, and go to the sum of his character as a good-natured and agreeable fellow. He must shun scandal as it were garlic. If any of the party indulge in picking holes in the good names of their friends and acquaintance—a most common and most social pastime—the Diner-Out must keep a curb upon his tongue; and, if impossible to divide off into conversation with his neighbour, must throw himself upon the olives, thereby indicating his want of interest in the immediate subject, and his peace with all the world. Let scandal take the highest pitch, let bright and burning jests abound, the Diner-Out must never seem to enjoy the fun: as though he listened to the drolleries of Malays or Japanese, he may survey the speakers with a mild benignity of look; but for their words, for the edifying matter of their speech, that must be to him as an unknown tongue. At such times, an innocent suckling, smiling at the convolutions and the colours of a nest of snakes, must be our Diner-Out. He may crack nuts, whilst dinner-givers and common men crack reputations. Nor let the young Diner-Out believe for a moment that such moderation will be lost upon the influential persons of the party; if not at the time, they are certain next day to remember the good-nature of "that agreeable fellow, Smellfeast;" or, if his worthy qualities be quoted by another, they will, from the recollection of his meekness, promptly and fervently corroborate the good report of his knife-and-fork virtues. The wisdom of silence, and a good digestion, are among the brightest qualifications of a regular Diner-Out.

The Diner-Out may sing: that is, if he sing not too well, to give offence to dinner-givers who sing extremely well themselves, and thus, by an injudicious display of his talent, injure his connexion. Hence, he may sing, provided he sing small. He may also imitate London actors, crow like a cock, pipe like a bullfinch, or bray like an

ass, as occasion may serve, and as he may be solicited to air his merits. He must, however, by all his hopes of his neighbour's knives and forks, take especial care that he never attempt to force a hearing. If conversation take a political turn, he must be dumb as an oyster—the reason is obvious: the Ultra-Whig on his right has a name for champagne; whilst the old Tory opposite is glorified by his burgundy.

The Diner-Out must make himself an especial favorite with the lady of the house: to her he must appear a pattern man—an excellent person—a virtuous eleven-o'clock individual, with the profoundest admiration of that most ennobling, most excellent, and most intellectual of all human institutions, the institution of marriage; failing not to make it understood, that blighted hopes, in the morning of his life, have for ever doomed him to the withering state of celibacy.

The Diner-Out must have a most passionate love for children. He must so comport himself that when his name shall be announced every child in the mansion shall set up a yell—a scream of rapture—shall rush to him—pull his coat-tails—climb on his back—twist their fingers in his hair—snatch his watch from his pocket; and, whilst they rend his super-Saxony—load his shoulders—uncurl his wig—and threaten instant destruction to his repeater, the Diner-Out must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma, that the "children are troublesome," the Diner-Out must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight, and with a very chuckle, assure the anxious parent that "the little rogues are charming!"

There are, however, houses—places of desolation!—in which there are no children. In this case, the Diner-Out must love the dog. When we say love the dog, we do not mean that he must simply express a liking for dogs in general; but that he must, in the most unequivocal, in the liveliest manner, display an affection—a passion—for the dog of the house: be it

> "Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
> Hound or spaniel, lurch or lym,
> Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,"

the Diner-Out must take the creature to his heart, and love it a little less—and only a little—than its mistress and its master. If there be no dog, the Diner-Out must love the cat, perhaps of the Angola or the Persian kind, and a favorite with the family; (if, indeed, simple man and wife are to be dignified with that most delicious

of English collectives). Should there be no cat—for we like, in this our manual, to provide for even extreme cases—the Diner-Out must find a resource in the parrot; if no parrot, in the canary; if no canary, in the goldfinch or linnet; if, however, there be neither beast nor bird to engage his affections, the Diner-Out must fall in love with the china, or any moveable to which, as he may speedily learn by his sagacity, the lady of the house shall—after, of course, her husband—be most attached. We once knew an illustrious Diner-Out—to be sure he *was* a genius!—who took fifty dinners a-year from one family: and why? He had contrived to become desperately enamoured with the drawing-room fire-irons; by some adroit means, if a stranger were present, always led the conversation to them, and thus elicited, from one of the household, a legend of the family, in which the courage of the mother—at the time a delicate and lovely creature of little more than nineteen—was most extraordinarily displayed; the virgin defending herself with only a poker from the advances of a strange unarmed man, generally believed to be a burglar, but by the lady herself suspected to be something considerably worse. We are convinced that we do not err, and we state the fact for the advantage and instruction of all Diners-Out, when we assure the reader that the sagacious Marrowmouth dined off that drawing-room poker fifty times per annum. Yes, fifty times. Now, he, indeed, must be unworthy of the trade of dining out, who cannot find something like a poker in every homestead.

The Diner-Out must take every opportunity of insinuating a knowledge of his high connexions. If he really and truly know no Dukes, he must manage to make a few for his especial acquaintance. The intimacy—though it only amounts to that of touching hats—will give a certain glory to the Diner-Out; the lower he condescends to feed, the greater the lustre he brings with him. There was Silverprongs—only second to Marrowmouth—who always came into plebeian dinner-parties quite warm from the shake of hand of a Marquis. He, of course, brought with him something of the latent heat of aristocracy, something that made the visiting commoners—we mean the merely respectable people—very often take wine with Silverprongs, and, on retiring to the drawing-room, smilingly hope for the cultivation of his acquaintance. There is another point to be impressed upon the attention of the pupil Diner-Out. If he visit families who have a great veneration for the literary character—we have already said that we like to provide for extreme cases—he must be hand-in-glove with every illustrious son of pen-and-ink with which these porcupine times abound. If, on the other side, any

part of his connexion lies among serious families—and we have heard of such who, when they condescend to dine, make dinner a most devout piece of business—our Diner-Out must speak of proof impressions of portraits from the "Evangelical Magazine," sent to him with the autograph compliments of the originals.

The Diner-Out must pay particular attention to that portion of his wardrobe which may be said to belong to his profession—his dinner-suit must be faultless: he must have the last fold—the last wrinkle—the earliest intelligence of enlarged cuffs—of coat-tails narrowed or widened—of trowsers gathered in, or rendered more expansive; and, in these days, he must not fail to let his "wit," like *Laverdine's*, in Fletcher's old play,

"Lie in a ten pound waistcoat."

A few fathoms of gold-chain, with diamonds (if to be had) for shirt-buttons, and as many rings on his fingers as a rattle-snake has in its tail, are, to the Diner-Out, almost indispensable. He is scarcely fit for decent company, if he do not appear as though he had come from a sitting for the sweetmeat portrait of a gentleman to the "World of Fashion."

Pierre de Montmaur, professor of Greek at the Royal College of Paris, in the reign of Louis XIII., was a Diner-Out of considerable reputation. Menage gives an anecdote of him singularly illustrative of his genius: for we are told that the professor resided at the College of *Boncour* solely that, from its elevated situation, he might watch the smoking chimnies of his friends below!

We have, we trust, registered the principal requisites for a professional Diner-Out; a character, as we humbly conceive, blessed beyond his fellow-men, inasmuch as he may be said to walk through life upon a dining-room carpet, seeing the best part of human nature—for surely man never so unreservedly displays "the silver lining" of his soul as at, and after, dinner—and judging of the world in its happiest and most benevolent moments.

Dinner!—a word that to tens of thousands of men is associated with anxieties, and fears, and carking cares—a word, involving butchers' bills, fishmongers' bills, bills of bakers, bills of brewers, bills miscellaneous, not safely to be thought of at the time of shaving—all these hard and stern realities are to the Diner-Out nothing more than fictions; things that he has heard of, but never known. What is the butcher to the Diner-Out? No other than the executioner to the cook—the cut-throat to the kitchen. The fishmonger is a kind of benevolent Triton; a creature bringing the treasures of the deep to earth, for the especial gratification of our hero; he

vends turbot, crimps skate, for the palate of our Diner-Out, who eats in happy ignorance of a future call. The wine-merchant is to him the genial and generous vassal of Bacchus—the cup-bearer deputed by the glorious god—calling men to drink and never bringing in the score. The gardener, who raises peas at only five guineas per quarter-peck, and flings pine-apples at the head of holly-crowned Christmas, what is he to the Diner-Out, but the servitor of Plenty—of Plenty in her most luscious and delightful aspect?

Is it possible, then, that the Diner-Out can be otherwise than a good-tempered creature? Can he have one spot in his heart touched with uncharitableness—with malice—with envy of dinner-giving man? Indigestion may come upon him; the gout may, sometimes, make him scream; but, when misanthropic, discontented, folks speak of the frailties of human nature, of the meanness and cruelty of this sometimes mean and cruel world, our Diner-Out will, with an ineffable look of charity, lay his hand upon his belly, and seriously avow his conviction that all men are the very best of people, and that the world itself is a world of milk and honey. He will avow, with almost a grateful tear standing in each eye, that he has lived and dined forty—fifty—sixty—years, and therefore "ought to know."

And wherefore this charity?—wherefore this philanthropic softness? Why, to our Diner-Out, all men—at least, all his connexions, which of course contain all the world—are associated with something luscious and beautiful. Let the faces of his friends pass before his mental vision: they are not the faces of men—the visages of mere humanity; no! they are fantastically, yet withal delightfully, merged into the aspects of kitchen and cellar comforts. The Diner-Out conjures to his mental eye the countenance of his dear friend Tissue, the banker; is it the countenance of Tissue? No! but a *dindon aux truffes*, upon the banker's shoulders; Tissue having been for years immortalised for his turkies with truffles. The thoughts of our Diner-Out wander to Ledgerly, the Indian merchant; when up starts Ledgerly, with a face distorted to something very like a haunch of venison. Again, our Diner-Out has grateful recollections of Moidore, the great bill-discounter: enter Moidore, with his square head shooting up into a bottle, whereon Chateaux Margaux is most legibly emblazoned. Thus, with our Diner-Out, his biped friends are but the types of better things. He knows the names of Tissue, of Ledgerly, and of Moidore; but they are endeared to him by their association with turkey, venison, and glorious wine.

We have ten sons; and thrice a day say we, to each and all of them, "Boys, be Diners-Out!"



THE STOCK-BROKER.

His means are in supposition.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE STOCK-BROKER.

BY OWEN PENGUIN.

It is universally admitted that we—the English—are the very best people to be found in the world; and yet, it has sometimes occurred to us, that rather too much deference is paid to wealth in this country. It is *not*, we have occasionally ventured to opine, the all-in-all—the only needful—the "tottle of the whole." We have been now and then betrayed into the momentary belief that poverty is not altogether infamous, and that virtue in rags is hardly dealt by when it is sent for three months to the treadmill: it should be two months—say, six weeks. Having avowed our heresy, we proceed at once, lest we should be "put down by clamour."

Profound was the remark of that sage, who must have read human nature to some purpose, when he averred that there were good and bad of all professions. We are entirely persuaded of this. Honest lawyers are to be found, if a man will but diligently look after them; the treasurer *pro tem.* does not always go off to America; and orphans sometimes come by their right. Accordingly, there are good and bad Stock-Brokers; many very good; some so-so, by which we mean, *so* at one time, and *so* at another; and a few, we dare say, bad enough. Indeed, we once knew a gentleman of the last description (he is now settled in New South Wales) who, had *Ariel* appeared to him, with the intimation,

> " Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones is coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes;"—

would have bethought him, " What a glorious spec. if one could fish up dad, and effect a sale of him by retail to the jewellers."

The overweening reverence for wealth (which is at once the criterion of, and the substitute for, morals) to which we have adverted above, certainly sets men upon strange contrivances to acquire it. Money must be got, or how is a man to be respectable? the wherewithal must be forthcoming, or how is one's station in life to be

preserved? an income must be realised, or how is Mrs. Robinson to make head against the Jenkinses, who have just mounted a carriage; put their man, with unexceptionable calves, into livery, and secured a coachman with a little yellow wig, and a triple row of curls behind it, for all the world like the aristocracy?

Your Stock-Broker manages all this. By his so potent art he lures the specie toward him. With wanton heed, and giddy cunning, he flutters about the Money Market for a score or two of years, and then retires at a premium of a quarter of a million. But when I speak of "your Stock-Broker," I do not mean your formal, careful, business-like, unspeculative fellow, who buys in and sells out to order; who receives directions from his agricultural friend in the country, to invest a thousand or two for him in the Three-and-a-Halfs, the crops being so bad, and the price of corn not much above seventy; and who attends the old lady, from Kennington, once a quarter, to guide her hand whilst she signs the books, and to satisfy her queries respecting the *sponge*, and whether "those wicked Radicals" really *do* intend to wipe off the National Debt, as they threaten? It is true, this cautious individual is sometimes bitten by a crazy maggot, and ventures a little in Exchequer Bills, and nibbles at Tontine Debentures; and will buy a reversion, if the physician has really shaken his head every day, during the last fortnight, at your asthmatic uncle: but he is plaguy prudent. He does not buy a pig in a poke; he must see the suckling, and determine whether he is real dairy-fed. He looks before he leaps, and he looks a long while, and makes a small skip of it, after all; and if he can but get a paring off a slice of a loan, he goes home by the omnibus to his box at Clapton, waters his geraniums in the fore-court; and really thinks Mrs. Brown was quite right the other day:—there *is* room for a small coach-house and stable.

Your real, *bona fide* Stock-Broker is a different class of being. To him the various turns of fate below are important only as they affect the turns of the market. He is solicitous about the funds which he never sees, and which he has nothing directly to do with; and he can tell the price of Consols to an eighth, at any given minute in the day.

The Stock-Broker is either a Bull or a Bear—fanciful designations! Would you fain know, dear uninitiated reader, why he is thus playfully and zoologically ranged? It is the nature of the bull to toss—for proof, look up and see yon retributive drover in the air! it is the nature of the bear to pull "with downward drag austere" —witness the fate of *Antigonus*, in "The Winter's Tale," as related

by the *Clown*. "Will that humour pass?" as *Nym* says. The Bull, then, speculates upon a rise in stocks—the Bear upon a fall. But should the Bull get his horns entangled, or the Bear singe his paws, while he is endeavouring to make himself warm, he is forthwith transformed; or, as Peter Quince currently reported of Bully Bottom, he is "translated" into one of your tame villatic fowl; and a fowl, too, with an unhappy disqualification in one of its legs: in other words, he becomes "a lame duck." Some, with more love of metaphor than of ornithology, term him a waddler. Should any one be curious enough to wish to see either these Bulls, or these Bears, let him by no means enter their den in Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane. Lack of sedentary employment renders them sportive and frolicsome, and the prevailing humour pervades both old and young. They are all wags of the first water—practical Joe Millers. If kicking a stranger's hat about the Exchange were pleasant *badinage*, or unceremoniously shouldering the intruder, were agreeable banter, they might pass for wits. As it is, they are great in physical repartee; full of animal spirits—manual Sheridans. But, if he will plant himself near the west-end of Bank Buildings, he may see some of the lay-brothers of the establishment (who are not members of the Stock Exchange) rushing to consult the Consol-thermometer, hung forth at the house at the corner; and if the financial Mercury be high or low, as the case may happen, he will hear the Bull roar, and the Bear growl, to his heart's content.

Many is the luckless wight who has driven his hogs to this fine market. He has taken good care beforehand to soap their tails, and to put them upon their mettle; and it is astonishing how well they contrive to elude his fingers. The devil a bristle does he ever see of the herd again. For instance, there was Parsons, the button-maker, of Cannon Street, whom we knew well. Fortune had favoured Parsons: that is to say, after thirty years' screwing and scraping, he had got together about ten thousand pounds. He thought of retirement, and Muswell Hill. The very place—the spot of all others, a terrestrial Paradise, without any fear of the serpent (the palings were too high for that)—had been chosen and approved, as he emphatically said, "at home." In hapless hour, Parsons turned an eye—both eyes—to the Stock Market.

Be it known, that Parsons had been for thirty years a locomotive clock that never required to be wound up. You might tell the hour by him, the minute: his outgoings and incomings, his risings and sittings, were invariable. But he now became volatile, transitive, discrepant—a breathing enigma. His wife—he himself endearingly

called her his "old woman"—could not make him out at all. "Drat the man! what was he after? running in and out, and out and in, like a dog in a dancing school. His top-story wanted repair; he was damaged in the upper works!" And so it fell out. Cards will beat their makers. Fortune's wheel revolves with more than railroad rapidity; and stocks will fluctuate, and people will never nick the right minute. "Heigho! the wind and the rain." The one fell upon, and the other whistled round, a very different tenement (in which poor Parsons breathed his last) from the snug little villa at Muswell Hill. He died before the new act came into operation.

And now it behoves us to furnish a brief account of the worthy gentleman whose "picture in little" lies before us. Gregory Grayson cannot, we believe, boast of an illustrious descent; and, if he could, we do not think he would be inclined to do so. His ancestor might have come in with the Conqueror, but, if he did, he came *incog.* The truth is, Grayson's sire was a ticket-porter, and his mother cleaned out the office of old Perkins, the Stock-Broker, whose father had been swamped in the frightful burst of the South Sea Bubble. Old Perkins was wont to term it "Bubble and Squeak."

The unimpeachable manner in which young Gregory cleaned the shoes of Perkins, probably suggested to the latter that the lad might be made admirably fitted to step into them. He conceived an affection for him, raised him to the stool, taught his young idea how to dabble; and finally died, leaving him the whole of his property—no trifle, I'll warrant you. Long before this last event took place, however, Gregory Grayson had become an adept in the art and mystery of stock-broking, and so he went on, mending and improving,

> "'Till old Experience did attain
> To something like prophetic strain."

He is now warm—very warm; some call him red-hot. You might be fifty thousand out in a guess as to what he is worth, and name a high figure too.

Be so kind, good reader, as to cast your eye upon Gregory Grayson. He is said to bear some resemblance to Old Perkins. It has been whispered—originally in confidence, no doubt, or the thing would never have been so rife—that Perkins was really—no matter. The hat—do you mark the adjustment of it?—is a direct plagiarism from his former master; the frill is *very* Perkins. But times are changed. Perkins existed in the upper part of a dark house in Birchin Lane, with a back view of the churchyard in which he lies, and spent his evenings at Toms' Coffee House. Grayson

lives in Woburn Place; gives, and goes out to, good dinners, and intends, no doubt, to rest his bones in one of the best vaults of the Bayswater Cemetery. We know he is a large shareholder in one of those recent *memento mori* specs. He facetiously designates his shares *post obits*.

Who knows—Gregory Grayson is not the man to care if all the world knew—that he married the daughter of the laundress who brought home his linen every Saturday night, with a little mis-spelt bill, receipted, it would seem, with a skewer? Mrs. Grayson once had personal requisites of no mean order, and is now as handsome as fifty-five will permit her to be; and, really, she is very much of a lady; much more of it than many who have been born, but appear never to have been bred, to it. And the two Misses Grayson are, in our opinion, charming girls, who can talk of poetry and Bellini "Shakspere and the musical glasses," as well as the best brace of Misses in the parish of Bloomsbury. They were once mistaken, in the dress circle, for the Honourable Misses Somebody; we forget the name, but we have heard the story told a hundred times in Woburn Place: it is a great favourite with Mrs. Grayson.

It is more easy to exemplify the character of Gregory Grayson than to describe it. One morning, he was seated in his office, in Warnford Court, "doing a little bit of retrospective," as his friend Larkins would have said, when that gentleman himself made his appearance. Mr. Larkins was one of those individuals who make it their business to attend to the business of other people, and whose pleasure it is to look upon everything as a joke.

"Caught you in a whitey-brown study, I see," said he.

"Not at all," replied Grayson.

"Have you heard anything about Tom Beccles?" asked the other.

"No. I have only this moment got here. What of him?"

"Oh! flown—gone—off! Ha! ha! how you look; gone without bidding any of us good-bye, I assure you."

Mr. Grayson ejected a piercing whistle: "Who told you this?"

"Friend Bradbury," said Larkins. "Settling day to-morrow, you know, and it was far from Tom's wish to settle. As he can't pay all the difference, he prefers paying none; ah! ah! But I guess, by the length of your phiz, he has let you in—eh? come, that's devilish good, 'pon my honour;" and Larkins grinned with the zest of a man who knows he has a good thing all to himself.

Grayson's face was certainly at a considerable discount, at this intelligence. "But Beccles has property?" he said, in a slightly impaired tone.

"All settled, it seems, upon his wife, some months since," said Larkins, coolly. "Tom considers it a sacred duty to take care of his wife and family; he has said as much, and so the devil a rap will be got out of him."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Gregory.

"What's the figure?" asked Larkins, with an air of indifference —"to what tune?"

"About fifteen hundred—rather more," groaned Gregory, as he returned his book to his pocket, after ruefully gazing at it for some minutes.

"Sweet—very sweet," remarked the other. "Guess what the sly dog has done. Bradbury tells me he has lately discovered a dubious brother's imaginary widow with a huge supposititious offspring, and has resuscitated a helpless grandmother to keep them company; so that, you see, he *has* claims upon him. A pity they didn't turn up before he made so many bargains."

"I'll learn more about this," said Grayson, snatching his hat from the desk with unwonted fierceness.

"By the bye," said Larkins, taking his arm, "I saw you looking at a play-bill yesterday."

"Yes, yes, I believe I did," replied Grayson impatiently; "my girls wish to see the new play at Covent Garden."

"You never bet, I think?" inquired his friend.

"Never!"

"Sometimes at whist," returned Larkins, "I have seen you. I'll tell you what; I've taken fifty to thirty with Lightly, that 'The Garden' doesn't do so well as 'The Lane' this season, if 'The Lane' gets the Cherokees, and concludes an engagement with the three White Elephants from Siam. Shakspeare can't stand against the Cherokee War-dance, and the White Elephants.

"D——" Gregory was about to say—"Shakspeare;"—but he checked himself, and bestowed his malediction upon the Cherokees and the White Elephants, to be divided equally amongst them. "Good bye, I'm very busy now;" and he hurried from his imperturbable tormentor.

Grayson had a large fund of philosophy, but unhappily, with mistaken generosity, he reserved the whole of it for the misfortunes of his friends, never drawing out the smallest portion of it for his own use. He was, so to speak, 'in a devil of a way' all the morning, and walked home, at four o'clock, with a particularly bad opinion of mankind in general, and of the individual hight Beccles, in particular. The man at the crossing, in Bloomsbury Square, saw afar off

that his accustomed half-pence would not be forthcoming on that day; and the footman, when he descended to the kitchen, reported that the old chap had snapped his nose off in the passage, and muttered something about warning, and a place he knew of in Gower Street.

"No going to Brighton this winter, Mrs. Grayson," cried Gregory, as he entered the drawing-room.

"My love!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson.

"My dear papa!" duetted the girls; but there was something in the husband and father's face, that told the three ladies it would be worse than useless to raise that question at present.

It was not until the evening, in the drawing-room, that Gregory opened the case of "Grayson *v.* Beccles," which he did in a speech more remarkable for its feeling than its brevity. The discussion upon it was scarcely concluded when Mr. Lightly was announced. The usual salutations having been gone through Mr. Lightly seated himself.

"I did not see you in the city to-day," said Grayson. "Have you heard about Beccles?"

"I have."

"What do you think of him?"

"A man of the world."

Grayson thought this a deuced heartless speech, and gave a dissenting grunt.

"When *is* Mrs. Lightly going to invite us to see the literary lion she spoke of?" inquired one of the girls.

"Did Mrs. Lightly tell you she had secured a literary lion?" said Lightly; "ah! I remember, but he's no lion, I assure you; no more like a lion, than a little trimmed French dog. Can I say a word to you in private?" he added, turning to Grayson.

"Surely;" and the old gentleman led the way to the dining-room.

"Settling day to-morrow," said Lightly, with assumed calmness.

"What a collector of rare news you are!" cried Grayson, ironically.

"I have stranger news to communicate; I shall be a defaulter."

"Good God! Lightly, you don't say so?"

"True as two farthings to a half-penny," replied Lightly, shaking his head. "Hang it, Grayson, it's devilish hard too."

Grayson was mute for some minutes. "Why do you come and tell me your misfortunes?" he said, at length; "I'm not interested in the matter: nothing between us, I think?"

"Nothing; but you've been friendly to me, my dear fellow, and I felt I must unburden my mind to somebody. You won't believe me, but, upon my soul, I hardly dare go home. Poor Emily!"

"There it is," cried Gregory, "you're so sanguine and headstrong, Lightly. I've always told you so. You wouldn't take my advice. You've got the money in your pocket before it comes out of the Mint. You're as bad as poor Berners, who blew out his brains in '25."

"He!" cried Lightly; "no, not quite such a fool as Berners. Why, he'd plant an apple tree, and then, order the dough to be made for the dumplings."

"And you," retorted Grayson, "would peel the apples when they were sowing the corn: that's all the difference. What's your deficiency?"

"Five thousand—rather more," said Lightly.

"Um—awkward—very awkward. What do you mean to do?"

"Oh! I shall be able to make it up shortly, I dare say," returned Lightly; "but, in the mean time, there's the devil. I must sell the place at Clapham, cashier the servants—tiger included—and live low and fight low, until things come round."

"Mrs. Lightly won't much like that," remarked Grayson.

"Mrs. Lightly *won't* much like it," answered the other; "but I'll tell you, Grayson, what Mrs. Lightly *will* like, and *does* like—a man of honour, better than a rascal."

Grayson's face underwent a slight convulsion. He motioned as though about to rise.

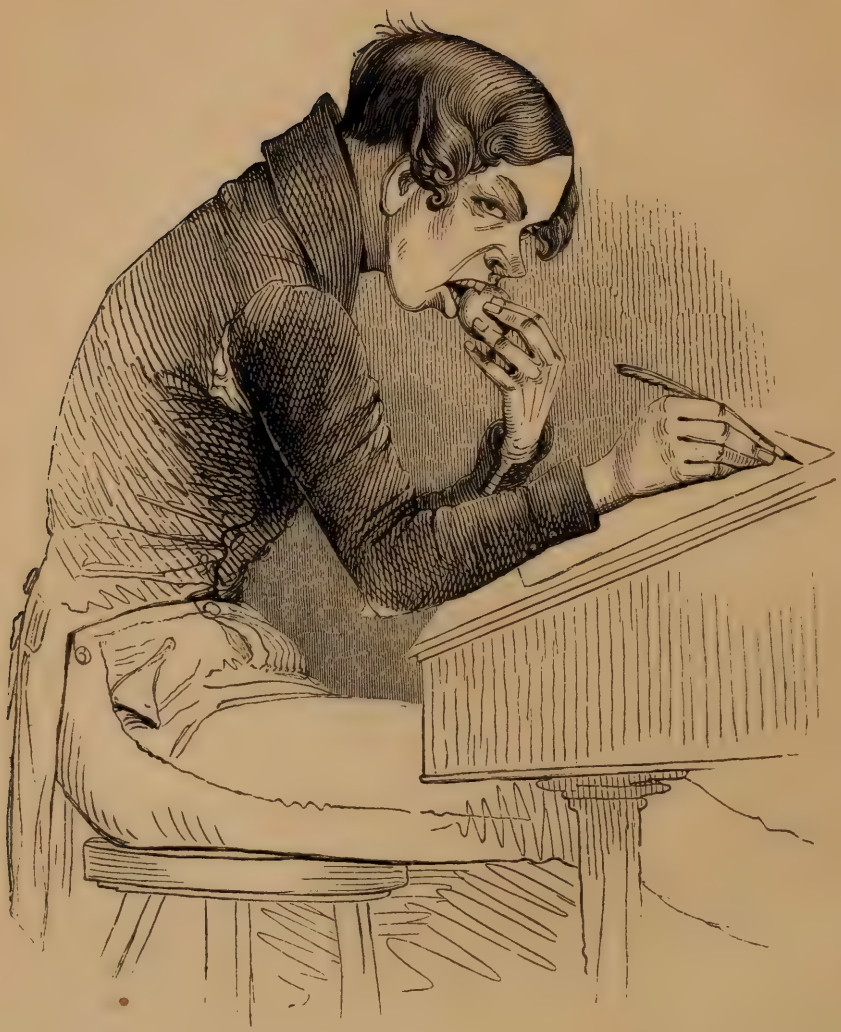
"By the bye, I'm detaining you," cried Lightly; "I'll bid you good night."

"If you'll call upon me," said Grayson, "to-morrow morning at ten, you shall have a cheque for six thousand, and our settling day shall be this day twelvemonths."

"Do you say so?" exclaimed Lightly, springing to his feet, and accomplishing a snap of the fingers, that made the wine-glasses ring upon the side-board. "Hang me, if I don't have a painting of you, Grayson; you shall be drawn as the good Samaritan: Howard was a humbug to you:" and he turned upon his heel, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I'm a great fool," thought Gregory Grayson, as he walked up stairs, "but *that*, as Perkins used to say, comes by nature. Lost fifteen hundred odd by Beccles, and may lose six thousand by Lightly. No matter. The girls *shall* go to Brighton, this winter, notwithstanding."

We saw Lightly, the other day, in his cab. He was in high spirits, and the tiger looked as formidable as ever. He repaid Grayson six weeks since. (This was told us in confidence.)



THE LAWYER'S CLERK.

His master and he are scarce cater-cousins.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY LEMAN REDE.

HAVE you ever, reader, been present, either as principal, witness, or spectator, upon a Monday morning, when what are called the disorderly cases, at Bow Street, are heard? If you have, you must have noted the ambiguous manner in which most persons reply to the oft-mooted question—"Who are you?" Cobblers call themselves translators, ballad-bawlers dub themselves professionals, tailors are decorative artists, and the very porter of an agency office is "a member of the legal profession." Sickened at such affectations, I, Kit Mark, announce, boldly and unequivocally, that I am a Lawyer's Clerk—aye, a Lawyer's Clerk; not one whose description requires the aggrandizing adjective "articled," but a Lawyer's Clerk, in the seedy-coated, napless-hatted, sadly-shod sense of that word. My father having a stronger affection for Barclay and Perkins than for his family, was seldom at home; so seldom, indeed, that though I was seven years old when he died, I scarcely missed him, and almost wondered when his widow wept. My mother kept a house, two stories high, in one of the desolate streets in Somers Town. The first floor was let off to a family, and in the second-floor back, lived, or vegetated, Jeremiah Hobbs, a gentleman, *one &c.*, as he delighted to describe himself. He was a steady man, and a good lodger; "breakfasting" at home every morning at eight, departing at half-past, and letting himself in with a key at eleven at night. To him my mother revealed her wishes as regarded her first-born, and he undertook, on my behalf, to smooth the path that led to Law and Latin. His success in the latter was bounded by the fact, that he knew nothing of that language, save such phrases as he had gleaned from "Impey's Practice," and the Sheriff's Returns. After due probation, he announced to me that I might, on a certain day, meet and accompany him to the offices. I skip over the anxious preparations, the elaboration of the business of the toilet. The hour was twelve, and the rendezvous the corner of Chancery Lane, Fleet Street end. Of course, my anxious parent sent me forth as the clock struck ten, and as I ran from that *imperium in imperio*, Somers

Town, at the rate of, at least, eight miles an hour, I was in Fleet Street an hour and a half before my time.

After gazing, until my brain whirled with wonder, at the floating capital of London, the endless riches of humanity with which it swarms, I crept into the Temple, to wile away the time. The dial (there were dials in those days, and are a few now) reproached me with its quaint "Begone about your business;" the calm gloom of the unornamented buildings, the massive structure of the church, the heavy dulness of the cloisters, with their inscriptions, which Hobbs's lessons had not enabled me to construe, all weighed down my spirits, and the very slips of green—gardens, as they are called—breathed of melancholy: a foretaste of my destiny spread its shadow over my heart. Eleven, and the scene changed; certain doors, at the end of the King's Bench Walk, opened as if by magic; men and boys were seen running with long strips of parchment in their hands, which said strips were red at one end (for stamps on writs had not then been abolished); anxious-looking men went rapidly by me, their pockets stuffed with papers; all appeared busy, none happy. I returned to the place of rendezvous, and the clock struck twelve, as Hobbs reached the corner of the Lane. He led the way in mysterious silence to the King's Bench Office, a dwarfish building at the end of the walk: there were certain mystic places, all on the ground-floor, labelled, respectively, "The Signer of the Writs," "The Judgment Office," (what a term!) "Clerk of the Declarations," &c., &c. Against the wall, were placarded some hundreds of notices from young vipers, seeking to become attorneys during the term then next ensuing; these notices were mingled with offers from persons less happily situated, who desired to act as clerk, clerk and servant, &c., either to attorneys or barristers. Under the instructions of Hobbs, I filled up the sixth part of a sheet of draft-paper with an advertisement, in manner and form following, that is to say:—

Law.

The writer hereof (aged 15) is desirous of obtaining a situation in an Attorney's Office, as copying and engrossing Clerk. Please to direct to A. B., 43, Little Clarendon Street, Somers Town.

Four wafers sufficed to attach this to the placard-covered walls; and, having thus invited the world to profit by my exertions, I returned home. That was a happy evening: Hobbs came (by invitation) at half-past eight, and loudly and learnedly held forth upon the law, and what it would ultimately do for a man. My poor mother, who knew nothing, and not quite that, saw visions of the woolsack, and her hopeful son upon it; whilst my little fair-haired sister sat on a stool at my feet, with a sort of indefinite foreboding of evil, and a fear that her only playmate and protector was going from her. A week or two passed, my application was replied to; and, after a long interview, I was installed as copying clerk in the office of Messrs. ———, at fifteen shillings per week. It was term time when I entered the law; that term most sarcastically called 'Hilary.' On a bleak January morning, I kissed my mother half-a-dozen, and little Jane half-a-hundred times, and went my way. The first day of servitude is a bitter one! I thought even the bemudded and snow-stained streets beautiful, for I was no longer to linger in them as of yore. I walked round, and up and down, the street in which I was to be immured some moments ere, in a fit of desperation, and as the clock struck nine, I rang the office-bell. I was the first comer, and stood alone for the first time in my life in the *sanctum* of the clerks. There were high desks for three; high stools, covered with leather; ledgers and day-books on the shelves; a letter-rack, marked "General," "Twopenny," and "Delivery," on the mantel-piece. In curious recesses, marked with all the letters of the alphabet, were bundles of papers, labelled; and against the walls were ranged japanned tin boxes, on which were inscribed the names of noblemen, merchants, &c. &c., and which said boxes I subsequently found contained their deeds and papers. At each desk was a large pewter inkstand, and half-a-quire of blotting paper, technically termed a pad. I had scarcely taken my visual inventory, when the managing clerk arrived: he allotted me a place, and instantly set me to work. The matter put before me was a declaration, to be copied at length on lined brief paper for counsel. This interesting task employed me until two, when I was told to go to dinner, and return at four. I need not say with what bounding steps I dashed homewards; the greeting, the unending questions, the hopes, the congratulations of my mother, I pass over. *She* was overjoyed: but oh! the far-seeing simplicity of childhood. As I played my spare half-hour with little Jane, in the eight feet by twelve, called the garden, she looked earnestly in my face, and cried "*You don't like it, Crissy.*" She saw that the free-spirited boy had manacled himself, and the first cloud had come over the sunshine of

his life. I will not linger upon the sickening at my task—the yearning for the green fields; the wistful glances at boys playing at "prisoners' base;" the less noble, but scarcely less anxious, desires for "fly the garter," and "whoop." Every week I worked for sixty hours, obtaining a remuneration of three-pence per hour, and producing on an average eight folios in each, for which my employer received two shillings and eight-pence. This discrepancy between the charge of the master and the pay of the labourer, gives birth to the dissatisfaction that englooms the working classes. Supposing my work to have regularly amounted to what I have named, the week's account stands thus:—

	Attorney.	Attorney's Clerk.
480 folios, at 4*d.* per folio . .	£8 0 0 . . .	£0 15 0

Having thus described my initiation, let me leave that barren subject self, and describe my fellow-labourers: of my employers I say nothing; they were of the law—lawyers; 'tis with their dependants only that I have to do.

THE MANAGING CLERK

Was forty-six, but looked sixty-four. His head was small and shrivelled, his hair a light pepper-and-salt colour; his white neckcloth appeared as if it had been washed in camomile tea; he had a black coat, rapidly becoming brown; grey pantaloons, and black gaiters; and always wore a crape on his hat, though nobody ever heard of his having or losing a relative. The four terms were to him the four seasons; Hilary—his Spring, Easter—his Summer, Trinity—his Autumn, and Michaelmas—his Winter. He had never read any book but a law book since he left off studying "Vyse on Spelling;" and if he read a newspaper, it was that interesting portion headed *Nisi Prius*. His knowledge of the fine arts was confined to the pictures of the judges in the Court of Chancery; and he went to the play but once, at half-price, attracted by the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice," and "Love, Law, and Physic."

Joe Grainger loved his profession with a true devotion: he saw a beauty incomparable in a declaration, and was in extacies at a special plea: with what a chuckle of delight would he receive a rule for leave to plead several matters; what a delicious prospect of complication did it open to him—he dreamt of the replications! Joseph had no notion of any promenade save that from the office to the Inner Temple, or the Courts of Law; no idea of paying any visit but to the counsel retained for his client. His walk was a cross between a jump,

run, and shuffle. He had his jests too: mirthful was he regarding such pleasant things as follow. One Salter (who was more devoted to pleasure than pleading) had attempted to serve a notice on another attorney; but, that gentleman being from home, he had, as was the custom, affixed the said notice to the door of his dwelling, but, in the hurry of the moment, pasted it up with the written side to the wall. Here was a knotty point for the judges; the law never anticipated such a question; it demanded only that the notice be affixed, and, unlike the parents of *Billy Lackaday*, never intimated which side upwards. Another exquisite piece of drollery, pieced with perjury, threw him into convulsions, even the thousand and twentieth time of its narration. Mr. C— brought a demand of plea, when the opposite attorney was out, and put it, through the interstice of the door, into the letter-box, but instantly took it out again. He then signed judgment in default of a plea, and when it was attempted to set this judgment aside, he very coolly swore "he had duly served the notice by putting it into the letter-box of defendant's attorney." "He wasn't obliged to swear that he *left it there*," added Grainger, with a scream of delight.

Alas! how fragile is the foundation of human bliss. Grainger, dead as he was to the fascination of beauty, might have been deemed above the malice of fortune: but no! Lord Brougham and Vaux robbed him of his first—last—only—love. That versatile nobleman was the projector of a scheme by which pleadings were shorn of their amplitude; declarations, gorgeous in lengthened counts for work and labour done, performed, and bestowed; money had, received, laid out, and expended, with the unfailing peroration of the count 'yclept *competasset;* these were all swept away by the ruthless innovator. Pleadings were no longer prolix, and began to bear some distant resemblance to common sense. The day dream of Joseph Grainger's life was done, it had no further change; his gentle spirit was unfitted to wrestle with calamity: grief preyed upon him, "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of" the pleas of old: he died of a broken heart, and left behind him several unfinished works, which would prove, if Mr. Bentley would publish them, an interesting addition to the light literature of the day; amid these, were:—

"A Concordance of the Statutes at large;"

"A Digest of Coke upon Lyttleton;"

And, (in 108 volumes,) "Desultory Thoughts occasioned by reading the Term Reports."

THE COMMON LAW CLERK.

Bob Watkins was a very different person; he sported blue silk cravats, wore a claret-coloured coat, and affected fashion: he had an uncle, a tally-man; and, by sueing that gentleman's unfortunate debtors, got the means of outshining all the rest of Messrs. ———'s establishment. Bob stood five feet, three inches, and-a-half, but vowed he was five feet, six: his legal attainments did not extend beyond knowing the offices, but he had a jaunty air that carried him through. For Bob, the managing clerk had a supreme contempt; which, it is but justice to observe, was repaid with liberal interest. But, if Mr. Watkins shone not in the office, he was somebody out of it; he quizzed the little old fellow at the Common Bails, and was on terms of intimacy with the Bill of Middlesex Office.* There were certain junior counsel too, whom he really patronized, for he had the disposal of the half-guinea motions; and it has been whispered that more than one gentleman, now enjoying considerable celebrity, consented then to share that smallest of all counsels' fees, with the common law clerk: be that as it may, Bob drank his stout at "The Cock," and ate oysters at "The Rainbow." Soon after eleven, each day, he left the office, and bent his steps towards the Temple, returning in time to advise the various country attorneys how *his* portions of their business progressed. At six, he generally left the office to return no more that evening. Then did he really begin to live: dulcet was he at "The King's Arms," warmly was he welcomed at "The Conduit," and greeted at "The Eagle:" he sang all the popular songs, with the roulades and divisions invented by Mr. J. Braham; and so impartial was Robert, that he invariably introduced them into whatever he sang, whether "Paddy Carey," "The Death of Nelson," or "Love's Young Dream." Bob had some little flirtations with certain ladies who wear light blue dresses, and sing at Bagnigge Wells, under the title of professionals: but it was as chairman of a "Free and Easy" that he was really in his element. There, oratory was blended with music; he not only sung but spoke; and every other fortnight, on the health of the Chairman being proposed, with three times three, Bob would dash his pipe down with an earnestness that might be taken either for gratitude or indignation, place his right hand half way down his left side, comb his hair with the fingers of

* The reader will remember that I write of by-gone times. These offices now rejoice in other appellations.

his larboard fin, draw one of his digits to and fro beneath his nasal promontory, and assure the company that "*that* was the proudest moment of his life." Watkins could be chatty on matters theatrical, and spoke unreservedly of Ned Kean, Jack Harley, Billy Blanchard, and Charley Kemble; coughed peculiarly when Madame Vestris was named; and at the mention of ladies in general, that had obtained notoriety as well as fame, would hint, with a shrug, that in his profession he had opportunities of seeing some very strange scenes; he would then button his coat tight, and look round upon the company as if he really meant something, upon which, strange to say, the company responded with a look indicative of understanding what he meant; then, Mr. Watkins took up his glass, gave an oft-repeated toast, and started either another subject or another lady.

During his visitations to those concerts (!), where both sexes assemble, and sentiment and cigars, rum and rapture, lemonade and love songs, are jumbled antithetically, he warbled himself into the good graces of a lady who might, or might not be forty, who had formerly figured as a bar-maid, and had been wooed and won by her master, whom she married and buried, according to a custom so old that as to "the time thereof the memory of man is not to the contrary." The common law clerk is now a licensed victualler: he issues executions against other people's goods every morning, and takes his own chair every night. He cracks some admirable jokes, about his lady loving a lawyer, because she was brought up to the bar herself; and when his customers follow up the pun, by asking some one to show cause why they should not have another glass of grog, he assumes the tone and manner of Justice Park, and exclaims, "Take a rule."

Here let me indulge awhile in the egotism of autobiography; for 't is of myself I speak, as

THE COPYING CLERK.

Reader, if you glance at the spirited likeness presented to you by the artist, you will find that I am not what the world calls handsome: yet, I say it under the mask of pen, ink, and paper, "there is something about me exceedingly interesting." I have not put before you a sketch which was taken of me in my nonage, in blue, green, and yellow, on a sheet of foolscap; no! I present you with Kit Mark, matured to manhood; when the dreary drudgery of my unchanging task had done its work upon me. Nine never struck but my hand uplifted the knocker. After stirring the fire that did'nt

want stirring, and doing the hundred and one things that a man does to avoid commencing a hateful task, I stripped off my street, and mounted my office-coat, (a copying clerk wears out six sleeves to one coat, a garmental fact that should be more extensively known,) I pounced my parchment, for the skin is even in its prepared state unctuous with the relics of *mutton*-ity, (this isn't English, but I can't help it,) and commenced lease, release, roll, or record.

"Next day 'twas the same, and the next, and the next!"

The blood stagnated within me; I was rapidly becoming a mere thing of pen and fingers—a producing power—a *copying-machine*. In a happy hour I met a few youths stage-struck, or moon-struck: nightly did I ponder over *Pierre*, or do havoc upon *Hamlet;* at last, by a desperate economy, I saved enough to purchase a character at a private theatre, and appeared as the *Fifth Robber*, in "The Iron Chest;" the onerous duties of which consist in saying nothing, whilst the other gentlemen say the rest. My success was perfectly unequivocal, for I was neither hissed nor pelted. I then assiduously applied myself to comic singing, and as I am allowed to have the faculty of making faces, horribly hideous, I am generally admitted to possess great comic powers. When the daily task is over, I repair to "The Pickled Egg," "The Pig and Thunderbolt," or "The Cow and Compasses," their respective landlords allowing me eighteen-pence, and a glass of rum and water, for the pleasure of my company, and the exercise of my capabilities. My mother, who took ill from disappointment at my not becoming attorney-general at least, has left this world for a better. Jane (with whom I quarrelled because she fell in love with a journeyman carpenter) is in Canada, where her husband's industry (for she married Chisel after all) has made his fortune. I find myself every day growing older and poorer; I have every now and then odd twinges of rheumatism in my hands, and my eye-sight is impaired; these are sad things where a man's eyes and hands are his fortune. I have been in the law a quarter of a century, during which I have been employed *seventy-seven thousand and five hundred hours*, pent in a dark office, copying the senseless absurdities called law-proceedings. Transportation and imprisonment must be comparative luxuries. I have not—I never had—a hope. Unless incapacitated by illness, and driven to a work-house, I must, after all my labour, die as I have lived—a LAWYER'S CLERK.



THE "LION" OF A PARTY.

God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THE "LION" OF A PARTY.

EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A SUBTLE Italian, no less a man than the Count Pecchio, has called London "the grave of great reputations." In simple, prosaic phrase, this our glorious metropolis is—a vast cemetery for "Lions!" They are whelped every season; and, frail and evanescent as buttercups, they every season die: that is, they do not die body and bones, but have a most fatal cutaneous and depilatory disorder—a mortality that goes skin-deep, and little more—a disease that strips them of their hide, and tail, and mane; yea, that makes the very "Lions" that, but a few months since, shook whole coteries with the thunder of their voices, roar as "gently as any sucking-doves." The ferocious dignity of the "Lion" in fine condition—the grimness of his smile—the lashing might of his muscular tail—all the grand and terrible attributes of the leonine nature pass away with the season—he is no longer a thing of wonder, a marvellously-gifted creature, at which

> "——the boldest hold their breath,
> For a time,"

but a mere biped—simply, a human animal—a man, and nothing more! He walks and talks unwatched amid a crowd; and spinsters who, but a year before, would have scarcely suppressed "a short, shrill shriek" at his approach, let him pass with an easy and familiar nod—it may be, even with a nod of patronage; or, if it happen that they remember his merits of the past season, they speak of them with the same philosophical coldness with which they would touch upon the tail and ears of a long-departed spaniel.

It is a sad thing for a "Lion" to outlive his majesty; to survive his nobler attributes,—it may be, lost to him in the very prime of life, thus leaving him bereft of all life's graces. And yet, how many men —"Lions" once, with flowing manes, and tails of wondrous length and strength—have almost survived even the recollection of their leonine greatness, and, conforming to the meekness and sobriety of tame humanity, might pass for nobodies.

Being desirous of furnishing the reader with the most full and particular account of the growth and death of the "Lion" of a Party, from the earliest appearance of his mane—from the first note of promissory thunder in his voice—carrying him through the affecting glories of his too short triumph, until every hair fell from his sinewy neck, his voice broke, and his tail—a thing that had been admired by countesses—was thin, and limp as any thread-paper: being, indeed, most anxious to lay before the reader a truly philosophical account of the emotions of the "Lion," varying with his rise and fall, we wrote a letter, explanatory of our object, to a gentleman—now a clergyman, late a "Lion"—in every way qualified to instruct and delight the reader on the important theme; and beg leave, on the part of our subscribers and ourselves, to acknowledge the spirit of courtesy and promptitude manifested in the subjoined communication—as we conceive, the very model of an epistle, albeit the publisher has his own opinion on the style of its conclusion:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

SATANSFIELD, Nov. 5, 1838.

Mr. Editor—In reply to your flattering communication, I have to announce to you my readiness to serve you, and instruct your very numerous readers, on the terms herein subscribed; and shall, of course, consider the insertion of this letter in your inestimable publication—(I have not yet seen the first number, it having, unluckily, fallen into the hands of Lambskin, a most respectable attorney of this village, who, in a fit of indignation, consigned it to the flames, for, as he said, "the unprovoked, unprincipled, and atrocious libel contained in 'The Lawyer's Clerk,' on a profession involving the dearest interests of mankind—a profession that, &c. &c. &c.")—I shall, I say, consider the insertion of this letter as an acquiescence in what I trust will appear a very trifling remuneration, which, *as the money is to be expended on charitable objects, it will, I trust, be forwarded to me as above without one minute's delay.**

* We may be wrong; our memory may deceive us; but when we were sub-sub-sub-editor to "The Gimcrack," the fashionable annual, which admitted no contributor under the rank of baronet, we think—we are pretty sure—we could almost swear—nay, we are ready to take our oath—that we have seen, generally in the form of postscript, the *very words* put in emphatic italic by our contributor from Satansfield, in the maiden's-blush notes, of at least three of the nobility—the literary props and jewels of "The Gimcrack." It may be charged against us, that we have in our notice of this strange coincidence, shewn ourselves ungrateful to our late employers; who, in the very dead time of winter, with

To begin my history:—

I have been a "Lion;" have been taken "among ladies"—have "aggravated my voice"—have had my mane curled—my tail-knot decorated—my hide made sleek—my teeth filed—my nails sharpened—and have stood amidst a "party" as stands the portrait—(with a proof of which you have kindly favoured me)—to these my confessions.

Never shall I forget my sensations as I gradually changed from nobody to somebody—from mere John Nokes, to "Nokes, the author of ——!"

How I rejoiced at the loss of "Mr.!" I was "Nokes!" In simple and expressive oneness—"Nokes!" I no longer owed anything to the courtesy of life—to the cheap civilities of society—I had sloughed the common title bestowed on the "great vulgar and the small," and was purely and greatly "Nokes."

"Shakspere," "Dryden," "Pope,"——"Nokes!"

I was astounded at the discoveries of my admirers. I found by all the reviews, that "I had the grace, the vigour, of ——, without the coarseness of ——;"—"the imagination of ——, but with no touch of the profanity of ——;" that "though —— had succeeded in depicting certain emotions, not even he, no, not even ——, with all his genius, had flown so high a flight as the inimitable Nokes." When reviewers enter into a conspiracy of praise, they do their work, it must be owned, most handsomely; in one little six months

"I had a 'Lion's' mouth, with all my *tail* complete."

In no less than eight reviews did I peruse these heart-delighting words, hanging like a golden fringe to the end of a satin-smooth yard of criticism. "No library can be considered complete without it." IT—*the* book—MY book—*the book of Nokes!* What a sublime thought is this! and being so sublime, what a pity it is, that it is made so cheap! Happily for my enjoyments, I was then unconscious of its frequent application, and was therefore possessed and elevated by the comprehensiveness of the compliment, that made *me*—Nokes—essential to the refinement of generations present and to come!

"No library can be considered complete without IT!"

coals at one-and-ten-pence per bushel, turned us off, and only for not knowing that Sir Mufflehead Bogby was an Irish knight, and not an English baronet; as, when we had given out "his copy"—a very sweet little poem to a "London Sparrow"—to be printed next to the Countess of Dewlap's "Thoughts in an Opera-box;" we had, in our limited knowledge of the baronetcy verily believed. And for this trifling mistake we were turned away, when coals—but an honest sense of pride, and manly independence, makes us dumb.—Ed.

The Bodleian, wanting me, would be little more than a place for lumber—the library of the British Museum, an undigested mass of printed paper—in a word, every library on the face of the earth, with Nokes absent from its shelves, would cease to be, what Cicero has called it—the "soul of a house;" and must henceforth be considered a chaos of words and sentences.

There was, I repeat it, a conspiracy among the reviewers to lift me high, only to make my fall the greater. With a refinement of cruelty, they evidently bound themselves one to another, to face it out to all the world, that until Nokes arose, the world was in comparative darkness, but being risen, there was light indeed! From the moment that my roarings were first acknowledged, all men shrunk and dwindled; their brains lost "their cunning;" their books—written o'er and o'er with golden sentences; made beautiful with glowing scenes of life; consecrated against the tooth of time by the noblest wisdom, and the deepest truth (for all these pretty things had been said and printed of them); were, when I drew my grey-goose Hudson, made as "nought." I dipped my pen in ink, and lo! the pages of all other men, from that moment, became blank paper. I nibbed my quill, and a hundred literary throats had mortal gashes!

Nor was this sufficient. It was not enough that all other men were slain, that I might sit upon a throne of carcasses; but the dead—the illustrious dead, as I had heard them called—were dragged from their tombs, and stripped of their winding-sheets to make my robes more ample. I was crowned the King of Foolscap and the Lord of Ink!

Years have elapsed since I felt the glow—the delirium of my new-born fame. I write this "a wiser and a sadder man;" but remembering, as I do, the "Nokes" mania—I had published a poem in quarto, on—(but it matters not)—recollecting the "*furor Nokesius*" that—brought about by the confederacy of reviewers—afflicted the town, I am convinced—and I write this upon due deliberation, my mind happily raised above such vain distinctions, possessed, as it at present is, by domestic affections, the care of a tolerably large family, two cows, and a flock of geese—I am convinced that had I in my days of literary glory condescended to the meanness of publishing as my own composition—giving to the world as the bright-haired child of my own brain—the very beautiful, and, by the way, too much neglected old English ballad of "Nancy Dawson," I should not have stood in need of benevolent critics, who would have gone up to their very elbows in ink, to make the ballad mine; and, in despite of the production of the original, have sneered it down as a contemptible slander, a venemous invention, the malignity of which was happily

its own antidote.—Whilst, as a reinforcement, other generous critics would have risen up, and descanting on the graphic originality of my ballad, have advised—and in words not to be mistaken—"Shakspere and Milton to look to their laurels!" Maturely considering the indulgence shown to me, can I think otherwise? Was I not eulogised as the first poet who, seeking into the hidden recesses of resemblances, had likened a "virgin" to an "ungathered flower?" Was I not smeared from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot with honey, for the simile of "life" and "a river?" Had any man—it was triumphantly asked—had any poet (and it only evinced the various and sublime capabilities of poetry, observed the reviewer, that so many thousand years had passed, and that so beautiful, and yet withal so palpable an emanation of true poesy had been reserved for the present day) had any poet struck out so touching, so original a thought?

I swallowed this—every word of it; and every syllable did me, as I thought, a world of good. I fattened upon incense—grew corpulent upon musk. The evil hour came. I was put into a room in a party, with another poet, as Brummell would have said, "damp from the wet sheets of the press;" I caught cold—fell into a rapid consumption—and was, in six months, typographically dead. I have dwelt thus long upon the cruel eulogies bestowed upon me by a brotherhood—a sworn band of critics—that the reader may judge me with charity, when shaking my mane, shewing my teeth, and twisting my tail at the hundred parties, whereof I was the principal attraction; or, in more familiar phrase—the "Lion!" What an atmosphere of joy I breathed! I stood and moved with five hundred lovely eyes upon my tail; and, wherever I turned my head, I beheld smiles, and now and then heard sighs that—but, no! I am now a married man.

How the women would flutter, and smile, and blush as I approached! how would they drink my words as they were honeydew; how, with downcast eyes and hesitating lips, would they venture to praise my "divine poem;" and then—how would they bind me in a solemn promise "to write something—if only a line" in their albums!

Was it possible for a mere "Lion" to endure these blandishments with no change of head or heart? Was it possible to hear myself quoted—and by such lips—and remain nothing more than Nokes? To be assured that my lines were inevitably to the end of the world household things—creatures that would perish only with the language—to be told that poetry had "received a diviner form, a higher influence—was destined to work a mightier change in the social habits

of a people than could have ever been predicted for it, and all since the appearance of Nokes?" Now, such were the precise words—for they sank indelibly into my heart—conveyed to me at "a party," by a tall gentleman in a blood-coloured satin waistcoat, embellished with gold caterpillars, who having hunted me into a corner, and delivered himself of the above opinion, immediately put his card into my hand, and tried, but could not express the sense of honour he should feel, if I would but condescend to sit to him for Somerset House! Now, the painter with the gold caterpillars was the tenth artist who, on the evening in question, had flattered me by a like request. Eight I had already promised, and——

And here I feel it due to Mildpen—(by the way, he had never been a "Lion," though he tried hard for the dignity; but somehow, when he strove to roar, he could rise to nothing better than whistling; and for mane and tail, they would not come kindly, do what he might)—I feel it due to Mildpen to state that it was he who saved me from the ninth promise; for I caught his benevolent eye, and saw his expressive mouth, and I civilly refused; Mildpen congratulated me on my escape; assuring me that the man was "a vulgar dog—a pot-house artist—a fellow who knew nothing of *society*, as he piqued himself on the stern reality of his likenesses, never putting a single spoonful of sugar into his colours, but painting authors just as they were. Now in the hands of Honeybrush—the gold-caterpillar artist—you are safe; he, depend upon it, will treat you like a gentleman." With this assurance I sat to Honeybrush; and am bound to say that he turned me out of hand in a very satisfactory condition. He painted me with a military cloak slipping off my shoulders—most literary lions were then painted in military cloaks, as if at their leisure hours they were majors of cavalry—my hand, with ten rings upon it, supporting my head—my forehead an enormous piece of white paint, and my eyes fixed upon a star, poetically placed in the corner of the picture within an inch of the frame. I was seated on a rock, with a very handsome inkstand beside me, and my right hand grasping, as if in a spasm of inspiration, an eagle's feather! Altogether I made a very pretty show; though a contemptible critic—after my leonine death—declared the picture to be an ingenious mixture of the seraph and the man-milliner.

It would, probably, Mr. Editor, lead me beyond your prescribed limits, were I to touch upon all the portraits painted of me in my roaring state. It may be sufficient for me to observe, that the artists have caught me in every possible variety of attitude and expression: cross-legged—leaning—sprawling—with arms folded, and arms

a-kimbo—contemplative—smiling—sneering, and for the admirers of the sublime and dignified, according to Dryden—

> "I looked a 'Lion' with a gloomy stare,
> And o'er my forehead hung my matted hair!"

This last portrait, I am happy to state, was hung so high, and in so dark a corner, that very few ladies knew of its existence.*

However, to quit the pictorial theme, which I resign with renewed acknowledgments of the kindness of Mildpen, a really fine fellow—at the present moment, I am told, editing "The Weekly Thunderbolt" in Penzance—an excellent fellow, for it was he, who on our return from a party in Fitzroy Square, in a moment of high excitement, pointed out to me the shop (the only shop in London) in Tottenham Court Road, where white kid gloves were cleaned at only threepence per pair; white kid gloves being, in my days, a more exclusive wear than at present: a most expensive article of dress too, for mere literary "Lions," for I know not how others have suffered, but I never took mine off at any party, that I did not lose at least one of them.†

I have endeavoured to describe my sensations as my leonine nature came upon me; I have now—and I shall as briefly as possible touch upon the distressing theme—to speak of my feelings as I again felt myself falling back to mere man. My fate is, however, the fate of all "Lions."

I was in the strength of my reputation, when Buggins, the great poet and romance-writer, arose.

> "We met—'twas in a crowd;"

but I saw the women hanging round him—all the ten artists, nine of whom had *done* me, watching him to catch him for "Somerset House"—a fashionable publisher (turning his back to *me*) glaring at

* Should Mrs. Nokes wish to possess this painting, we are happy to inform her, that it is now on sale, dog-cheap, at the left-hand corner shop of Broker's Row, Hanover Street, Long Acre; we saw it only yesterday.—Ed.

† Mr. Nokes will regret to hear that the worthy individual who kept this most convenient establishment—we knew it well—has since been bankrupt. Mr. Nokes alludes to his losses of kid gloves whilst a "Lion;" in the simplicity and ingenuousness of his nature, he is apparently ignorant of an astonishing but withal complimentary fact. The truth is, let a "Lion" of a Party only unglove himself, and the women—we have seen them do it—steal the kids. The pretty enthusiasts *will* have a relic of "the wonderful creature," and thus commit a theft, which even the sufferer must, as we have observed, allow to be very complimentary. How courageous are women when they really admire! To seize a piece of kid from the very paws of a "Lion."—Ed.

Buggins, as if he would have looked into his very bowels for "copy," —and two editors of rival magazines (their backs to *me*) smiling graciously on what I felt to be *the* "Lion" of the night.

I retired early from the scene; and never—never shall I forget the cool insolence with which one of my former worshippers, a beautiful girl, who had already appeared in one of the handsomest of the annuals, met me retreating to the door, and with her eye on Buggins, and half-turning her back to me, she cried "What! going? good-bye."

I went home, suspecting, nay more than suspecting, my fallen condition. The fact, however, was put beyond a doubt, when in the next number of "The Annihilator," I read the following passage—a passage taken from fifty eulogies redolent of incense. The words were as follow:—

" To say that Buggins has risen beyond all former poets in the portraiture of men and things is to say nothing; as he has surpassed all men, so will no man ever surpass him. In a word, he has all the grandeur (and ten times more) of Nokes, *without* one particle of his weakness!"

That "*without!*" My fate was sealed; from that moment my mane came off by handsfull!

The "weakness of Nokes!" I who had been quoted—lauded for energy—superhuman power—but it matters not; had I malice, the evil passion would be more than satisfied, for in a year or two afterwards, I perceived in "The Annihilator," the following gratifying intelligence:—

" For Slopskin—the new star that has risen in the firmament of literature—it may be truly said of him, that he has more than all the vigour of Buggins, without his poverty of expression."

And what is Slopskin now? No "Lion," but Bottom the weaver. Another "Lion" came with a "without" a something of Slopskin, and lo! Slopskin is now mere mortal man.

I retired from London in disgust; having, however, had the satisfaction of seeing myself bound in sheep for the use of schools—went to college—entered the church, and here I am in the parish of Satansfield, on the limited income of two hundred pounds per annum, house-rent, coals, and candles, included; no "Lion," but an unshaken pillar of Protestant ascendancy,—please to direct Mr. Tyas to immediately forward me the thirty pounds for this article, and believe me yours, truly and affectionately,

John Nokes.

We will add nothing to the "confessions" of the late "Lion:"—they shall stand unmixed "with baser matter."



THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

We murder to dissect (?).

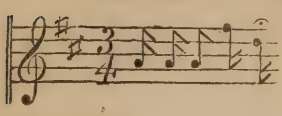
WORDSWORTH

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

ENTER abruptly on the scene—(the lobby of the Anatomical Theatre, —— Hospital)—the subject of our present sketch : a young gentleman, of about five feet eight inches in height, with dull darkish eyes, and eyebrows to match—interlacing over the root of the nose, the last-mentioned feature being large, long, and fleshy, and in excellent keeping with a couple of thick projecting lips. The complexion is a kind of smoky tallow ; the forehead is narrow and sloping, but the contour of the rest of the head is concealed by a four-and-ninepenny gossamer, with a very narrow brim and sundry indentations in front, worn sideways in the most approved fashion of billiard-room frequenters, and visitors of night-houses. A black neckerchief, tied à la *Ben Brace*, a very high and not very clean shirt-collar, a rough Flushing jacket garnished with broad black bone buttons, a very long waistcoat of a shawl pattern, and blue shaggy trousers splashed with mud at their terminations, complete the costume. The tout-ensemble forms an illustration of "December fashions for Gentlemen," as modified in the person of a probationary guardian of the public health "in statu pupillari,"—that is, in the course of "walking the Hospitals ;" a species of discipline which is strongly analogous to what is termed in some establishments for the reformation of offenders, "unproductive labour." The parallel, indeed, between this system and that pursued at a certain Institution in the suburban retirement of Brixton, is remarkably close, as regards the advantages of each, both to the individual and to society. The hands of this member of the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE" (and tails of his profession) are lodged in the wide pockets appertaining to his hirsute outer garment ; and under the left arm is carried a greasy octavo volume, the lids of which have been marbled in the process of binding, and stained in the pursuit of knowledge. But it is time that our head (like Friar Bacon's, 't is a brazen one) should speak.

"Va-rie-ty!—Hallo! Bill, how did you get home last night?



You're looking seedy this morning, you are; but what made you bolt so soon? You should have stopped, man, and heard 'The Little Pigs;' it was given in regular bang-up style, I can tell you—uncommon gentlemanly chap the bass singer, when you come to know him—came out afterwards in 'The Wolf;' my eye! what a voice he has; should n't I like to walk into his *larynx!* Then there was that little girl with the blue bonnet and white feather—you know, Bill—eh?—she flared-up like bricks in 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Well, after that, Jim and I felt rather queer, so we had a Welsh rabbit, a pint of stout a-piece, and two goes of whiskey; and here I am this morning, as fresh as a daisy, my tulip! I think I want some stimulus though. Come, as I say, what 'll you have; let 's send to Billy Barlow's for some half-and-half—I 'll toss you for it, if you like. Have a cigar? Deuced pretty girl where I bought 'em—promised to go with me to 'The Eagle' to-morrow—that 's the ticket, an't it? Why, there goes nine! Shan't you go in to a demonstration; Slogo gives the 'Reflections of the Peritoneum' this morning, and I 've got an *abdomen* in: not one of the branches of the *cœliac* have I made out yet, and the 'stiff 'un 's' to be turned to-morrow. Come along."—(Exeunt Arcades.)

In a large circular theatre, covered with a dome, and surrounded for one-third of its height (excepting the small space required for the performance) by benches rising one above the other on an inclined plane, are seated an audience of about two hundred, presenting a great variety both as to physiognomy and costume. Opposite to them stands a large table covered with a linen cloth, from beneath which a pair of legs and arms are seen protruding. Behind the table there hangs a board, whereon are displayed telegraphed illustrations of divers interesting peculiarities of the human frame. On one side of this piece of scenery a skeleton dangles from a kind of single-posted gibbet; on the other, there is a door for the entrance of the lecturer. A gallery runs round the upper part of the Theatre, and the whole is surmounted by a sky-light in the dome. A confused hum of voices arises from the medical multitude, some of whom are engaged in earnest, some in facetious conversation; some in copying the diagrams, others in paring their nails; while others again are arranging their note-books and cutting their lead pencils, and one or two are pelting each other with pellets of chewed paper. It is just lecture-time, and public expectation, strained to its highest pitch, is frequently disappointed by the entrance of some studious

young man, anxious for a seat in the front row, to gain which he is obliged to creep under the table. On each of these occasions, the individual who thus becomes unfortunately conspicuous is saluted with a round of applause, followed by a general cachinnation.

The lecturer now makes his appearance, and, after the necessary hushing and hemming has subsided, commences his discourse. He has proceeded for about five minutes—a scampering up the stairs is heard—the gallery door slams violently. The cause of the disturbance, namely, Mr. Thomas Hogmore, our hero, enters, and encounters a glance of reproof from the interrupted and angry lecturer. This he sustains with a visage of great gravity, which, the moment the stare is withdrawn, he exchanges for a peculiar grimace, formed by thrusting the tongue into the cheek, and momentarily closing the left eye. He then sits down, composing himself in an attitude of attention; his legs being supported against the iron railing, and his fore-teeth resting on the knobbed extremity of his thick stick.

At this period the board of diagrams is lowered, for the purpose of exhibiting one of them more clearly to the class. The effect of this movement is to produce an universal peal of laughter. The marble bust of a late celebrated teacher of anatomy, which had been before concealed, is now exposed to view, embellished by the ingenious Mr. Hogmore (previously to the lecture) with a pair of mustachios and an imperial, cut out of black cloth, and stuck on with gum. The lecturer stands astonished for a moment at this unexpected merriment; but, on turning round, at once discovers its cause.

"Gentlemen—some—I may say—individual, has though proper to disgrace himself!" [Bravo! Hear, hear!] "Gentlemen, whoever that individual is, I may venture to affirm that he ought to be ashamed of himself—I need say no more. I throw myself on the good sense and gentlemanly feeling of the class." [Hear, hear! Shame! Turn him out!] in which shouts the culprit loudly joins.

After this occurrence, the lecture proceeds, but having been prolonged a little beyond the hour; its termination is hastened by a general scraping of feet, and a fit of coughing which suddenly seizes the class. We will now accompany our neophyte, trusting, that he may have been duly edified by what he has heard, to his four o'clock dinner at that species of restaurateur's, which obtains, in his own classic vocabulary, the epithet of slap-bang.

"Now, then, Jack, my boy, what are you going to tackle? I've been hard at work all the morning with the *abdominal aorte*, and I shall be regularly knocked up if I don't pitch in pretty smartish—I'm tremendously peckish; here, Sally, what have you got?"

"Boiled beef, Sir, and greens—well done; roast veal and 'am—good cut; haricot mutton; liver and bacon; calf's head and brains—just up—I can recommond that, Sir; hashed venison" (with peculiar emphasis); "chops and steaks."

"Ah! let's have some liver and bacon. By the way, Jack, are you to give the minute anatomy of the liver at the College?"

"I don't know; I hope not."

"So do I. Mine was a capital one this morning."

"Yes. Why did n't you have it injected?"

"Too much of a fork out; besides, you can cram the liver from *plates*."

With this kind of conversation the rest of the meal is sweetened. At its conclusion:—

"Sally," (cries Mr. Hogmore), "what's the damage?"

"One calf's liver and bacon, Sir, ten—potatoes, eleven—one bread, twelve—two stouts, one and nine—a Stilton, one and eleven—and celery, I think you had, Sir."

"Yes."

"Two and a penny, Sir, if you please."

"Oh! two bob and a brown is it? I say, Sally, I wish I had lots of tin, for your sake."

"Do you, Sir? Hem!"

"Yes. I say, where do you walk on Sundays?"

"Sometimes at one place, sometimes at another. (*Apart*)—Coming, Sir, directly."

"No, but come, do n't mizzle: I've something to say to you."

"Well, what is it?"

"I say, Sally, you 're a very pretty girl."

"Oh! do n't be a stupid—there now look at my foot—see what you 've done."

Here it must be observed, that Mr. Hogmore, in order to give due effect to his last complimentary speech, treads engagingly on the young lady's foot; leaving thereby the muddy impression of a double row of small nails on the delicately turned instep. Having achieved this act of gallantry, he puts down the reckoning and sallies forth to "wander at his own sweet will" down Fleet Street, or the Strand, smoking a bad cigar, and jostling the passengers as he walks along.

His time is thus occupied till he goes to the evening lecture, after which he returns to his third floor lodging to receive a party of friends, who meet to amuse themselves with a game at whist. This sort of employment is generally called spending time; in the present instance, however, a laudable economy of that article is displayed—

a practical contradiction being given to the vulgar adage asserting the impossibility of doing two things at once. The attention of the players is divided between their game and their hot whiskey and water, a tumbler of which accompanies the heap of counters by the side of each individual. The contents of the glasses are renewed, from time to time, from a green bottle on the table, and a kettle which sings away on the fire; and which, in the course of the evening, is twice replenished from the wash-hand-stand in the adjoining bed-room. Between the play and potation, the spirits of the company become elevated to a very lofty pitch; the exhausted source of the aqueous supply, and its empty receptacle, are anathemised in the vernacular form, the candlesticks are flung into the grate, and a general "sortie" is made in quest of adventures. The young gentlemen "Jump Jim Crow" in the street, to the music of their own voices, wrench off knockers and bell-handles, shout, yell, assault a policeman, are finally consigned to the station-house, and discharged the next morning on payment of the usual fine for inebriety.

We will now imagine that having happened to receive an invitation from some gentleman with whom his family are acquainted, our hero has made the requisite alterations (or what he considers such) in his exterior, and is sitting at table in decent society.

The master of the house is decapitating a hare. His guest remarks:—

"Ah! you're hung up, rather, Sir, I think; you've got hold of the *ligamentum nuchæ;* it's very big and strong in some animals—I made it out the other day in a Nigger—he was pretty well off for one?"

"Made it out, Sir," asks a gentleman sitting opposite, "how?"

A nudge from his next neighbour reminds him of the presence of ladies. Instead, therefore, of conveying his meaning in words, he looks significantly around on the company, and bestowing a wink of much expression on his interrogator, holds his knife and fork like a couple of pens, severs, as if by some sleight-of-hand, the fat from the lean of a piece of meat on his plate, winks again on the querist, and applies himself to the discussion of the viands with renewed assiduity.

He is asked to take wine:—"Most happy," he replies, and familiarly invites a gentleman, some forty years his senior, to join him. On a similar honour being done him by his host, his answer is, "Thank'ee, Sir, I've got some."

The cloth is now removed, and dessert introduced. A young clergyman present happens to be speaking of the place which he took in the classical tripos at Cambridge. Oh! you've been up, then?" says our hero. "What sort of an examination did they give you?

Did they behave like gentlemen, or bully you at all?" A civil reply is given to his question, and he proceeds:—"However, your examination is nothing to ours; I've been grinding these three months, and Hoaxley tells me I shan't be fit for three more; I'm well up in anatomy too, and none of 'em know much about *that* at the Hall. But that's the very reason they work a man so. Why you're only examined in Latin and Greek; and we have Latin, and the Lord knows what besides. I've passed my Latin examination, that's one good job: they gave me a whole page, and if I hadn't looked over the fellow next me I think I should have been floored. I hate Latin—what's the use of it? As if Latin would teach you to take up the *femoral artery*—parcel of humbug!"

"You are fond of poetry, I suppose, Mr. Hogmore," enquires a young lady, trotting the orator out.

"Poetry?—eh?—what?—oh!—I haven't learnt any since I left school. I used to like the short verses best. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You like music, then, I am sure."

"Music? Oh! I like a jolly good song. Did you ever hear 'The Sea?'"

"No, I have not had the pleasure; is it pretty?"

"Just isn't it? Nor 'The Bay of Biscay?'"

"No."

"Ah! then, I'd just advise you to go to 'The Coal Hole'—no—that is—I mean—you can't do that exactly—but those are the kind of songs I like."

"'The Coal Hole!' Dear me, what an odd place to sing in. How very amusing!"

"I should think," remarks the wit of the party, "that it would be an admirable scene for the performance of 'La Cenerentola.'"

This sally occasions a general merriment, which Mr. Hogmore conceives to be furnished at his expense, and accordingly regards the speaker, with a look of anything but complacency; muttering, at the same time, the word "personal" as if he considered the title of Rossini's opera capable of bearing that construction.

"What do you think of Phrenology?" demands a maiden of thirty, in a cerulean dress, with a disposition conformable.

"What all that stuff about the bumps?—all my eye—regular sell—won't go down at our place; as if the *mastoid process* was the organ of Murder!"

"That, I suppose, Mr. Hogmore," says an intellectual looking, middle-aged man, with a capacious forehead and penetrating eyes, "is one of the facts of Phrenology, according to our teachers?"

"Yes. I'll trouble you for some of those walnuts."

"Well, but what do they tell you then is the use of the brain?"

"Oh! we're not examined in that. It's the great centre of the nervous system."

"Did not Gall and Spurzheim, Sir, prosecute their enquiries according to Inductive Philosophy?"

"Oh! I don't know. Philosophy's all moonshine. I like something practical. By the way, I'll tell you a capital joke. Gall had a son; the young chap had the bump of *self*-approbation too big; so old Gall got a tin plate, and a screw fixed to the head with an apparatus that he invented, and screwed the plate tighter and tighter every day to keep down the bad bump."

"Indeed; and pray, with what result?"

"Child kicked the bucket—hopped the twig—went off in convulsions! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Is not that story rather apocryphal?"

"Apoc—— eh? It was Gall or Spurzheim, I forget which."

"The ladies retire; the gentlemen talk about horses, politics, agriculture, and practical meteorology, the state of oats, and of the weather, until coffee is announced.

Music is the order of the evening: a lady sits down to the piano, to take a part in "La ci darem' la mano," in the middle of which our young gentleman signalises himself by a sudden and loud ebullition of mirth, probably imagining that he is listening to a comic song.

The music not suiting his taste, he betakes himself into a corner, and soon becomes engaged in deep and earnest conversation with a medical friend who has accompanied him. His remarks are quite audible:—

"Well, I never thought that was the kick, however. Why, they gave us wine and water after dinner, in great glass jugs—without sugar, too! I'd rather have had some 'cold without.'"

"What do you think of the girl who is singing?" asks his friend.

"Oh! she's smartish—deuced fine neck—*clavicles* and *sterno-cleido-mastoidei* too prominent though. *Crico-arytenoidei postici* and *laterales* very well developed, I fancy, judging from her voice. Talking of that, I wish you'd give us a grind—ask us anything?"

"Well then, come, what have you between the layers of the great *omentum?*"

"What have you?—come, no gammon!—why nothing to be sure."

"Oh! haven't you though? I can tell you they rejected Popjoy on that very question last Thursday."

"What did they want him to say then?"

"Why, *halitus* to be sure."

"Pooh! that's a regular catch question. I tell you what—if they floor me on a question like that, I'll pretty soon floor them, that's all. But, I say, they're going; come, let's be off; I'm tired—arn't you?—we shall be just in time for 'The Cyder Cellars,' and I'm tarnation hungry."—(Exeunt.)

We shall conclude with a brief summary of Mr. Hogmore's remaining moral and intellectual qualities.

The leading feature of his disposition is *amour propre*. He piques himself greatly on his sharpness and cunning, and, considering every one else a rogue, is especially solicitous to avoid being taken in or deceived. Accordingly, his favourite maxim is not merely to doubt, but positively to disbelieve whatever he does not clearly understand. His convictions, however firm, are, consequently, of a very limited nature. History is with him little more than a "grand peut-etre," and he probably esteems the account of Julius Cæsar's death quite as apocryphal as the story of St. George and the Dragon: as he believes nothing but what he can comprehend, so he comprehends nothing that he cannot see. Anatomy is, in his estimation, the most exalted of all sciences, and this not in consequence of its real bearings upon medicine—for of those he has very little idea; but because there is something in the mechanical process by which a knowledge of the human frame is acquired, particularly gratifying to his taste and genius. Refinement is, in his opinion, synonymous with effeminacy; and he is perfectly innocent of the fine arts in general, and of literature in particular. To the latter, indeed, he seems to have a conscientious objection, as though it tended to interfere with his professional pursuits. He thinks it much better to employ his leisure hours in drinking, smoking, playing practical jokes, and investigating human nature wherever it may be seen to the least advantage. His studies are of a material, his pleasures of an animal nature.

It is not denied that there are exceptions to the above description of a Medical Student. There are those who have adopted their profession as a branch of science, and a means of benefiting mankind. In the revolting tasks which unavoidably fall to their lot, they engage not from inclination, but from duty: these are Philosophers, and so many as there are of them, so many gentlemen are there in the Medical Profession.



THE MAID OF ALL-WORK.

I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE MAID OF ALL-WORK.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Splish, splash—splash, splish—flap, slap—slap, flap go the rain, the doors, the shutters, and all other dropping, loose-hanging, and dangling things. Whew! whirrew!—what a wind! Whish! whisk!—what a whirling shower! What a day to be out in! "Ye houseless wretches"—but there goes that poor girl over the way at Doublekey's, through the wind and rain, "With her heigho and her nonny no," but with neither bonnet nor umbrella, the street-door key "dangling at her cold finger's end," as merry and careless as if May, and not November, reigned, or, rather, rained. Now, where can the girl be going to "in such an hour as this?" Oh, I see—to "The Three Jolly Gardeners!" What, in November? Bless that poor girl, ye Fates, who make up marriages, with a good husband; and thou, good Fortune—as she conducts herself with propriety in her ten-pound a-year servitude as a Maid of All-Work and not an hour of play—look out for her for a place where wages *is* no object (on the mistress's side), where the work is light, and where three more maids and a man are kept, to divide two servants' work equally and impartially among them, and grumble at the hardness of their lot!

Barbara Briggleswiggle (for these are her baptismal names, and she makes no secret of them) is the most exemplary (quite the pattern) Maid of All-Work in our street, which is the largest in our parish, and our parish is not the smallest in the three United Kingdoms, and the three United Kingdoms do n't care one button how big the other kingdoms of the world are. So that Barbara Briggleswiggle may be allowed to have a pretty wide reputation—one that will bear taking in, or letting out, indifferently, and still wear well, and permit examination. My maid Susannah (a nice, "neat-handed Phillis" enough, and well contented with one elder) is envious of Barbara's reputation as a good servant far and near; and while acknowledging her remarkable merits, says, very candidly, that "She can't, for the life of her, make out how Barbara can do for three troublesome single gentlemen, all clerks, and punctually taking the stage at nine, besides Mr. Doublekey—who does nothing but get tipsy twice a day,"—(and that is a proof of application, however

misdirected)—" and Mrs. Doublekey, who does nothing, also, but scold her husband when he is sober, coax him to bed when he is not, and fills up the rest of her time by undoing the work poor Barbara has done, that she may have it to do again; and she does it all, more fool she, and makes light of it!" And this it is that provokes the indignation of my maid Susannah, when she has a mind to be provoked; and she usually selects that hour when her own work is all behindhand to blame poor Barbara for being so beforehand with hers, which, as she says truly, is setting a bad example! She allows, however (for she cannot deny), that Barbara's door-steps are always the first that are white-stoned in the morning, whether it be winter or summer: that her fire is first lighted and smoking: that her door-knocker is so slippery with polishing that you cannot hold it: that the name of "DOUBLEKEY," in large letters, is spotless, as far as whiting and wash-leather can make it so: that the early-rising, and therefore impatient, milkman never has to let down the cream of the morning with a strap into her area, because she is always up to take it in at the door: that the eight-o'clock postman never has to wait a minute for her Majesty's twopence: that when the newsman calls with his "Pa-per!" she is ready to take it in, and there is no need for him to thrust it under the door: that when he calls for it at nine, there it is, read, nicely folded up again, and looking as clean and neat as if it had never been opened: that the baker knocks but once, and before he can cry "Ba-ker!" she pops out between the two syllables: that with the butcher she is as prompt: that the beggar has, at least, a civil denial, and sometimes a penny *out* of her own pocket-money, and that she does not shut the door in his furrowed face, nor slam it against his tender heels: that the sweeps find her up when they knock: that the tax-collector says she is the nicest girl in his district: that the water-rate man says ditto: that the dustmen have such a respect for her that they call her "Miss:" that the street-musicians believe that she gives them every halfpenny she receives from the old gentleman in the first floor who loves to encourage native talent with twopence once a month; and in a hundred other *thats*, my maid admits that Barbara is unexceptionable. I am sure that she is, and that she is an example to all Maids of All-Work far and near, and more especially to my maid of a considerable deal of thinking about setting about it. Susan cannot now make out how she does all these her daily duties, unless she is helped by the fairies, or has dealings with the ——: but that unworthy personage is most suspected when he is most innocent; and, as for the fairies, they have left off rewarding household industry, and punishing, by pinching, kitchen sluts and slovens, for some centuries.

The rain is over (that is to say, it has tired itself out, like a child with crying—for one can never consider the rain over in this country, but only pausing a bit, that it may rattle away again with renewed vigour presently), but that old bully and blusterer, Boreas, still blows; and there, back again comes Barbara, with a foaming jugful of that justly famous stout, that endears "The Three Jolly Gardeners" to their pot-companions. There! whew! whisk goes the white head off the stout, full in the face of Mr. Sawtheair, our parish orator, filling his eyes, nose, and mouth with such congenial froth, that any one might swear that it was his last open vestry declamation come back again to "the lips it loves." Well blown, Boreas! Bravo, Barbara!

Barbara Briggleswiggle is the wonder and astonishment of my parish, and eke "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." All sorts of housekeepers wish they had such an invaluable servant; and wish, likewise, that she would not stay so long with the Doublekeys, when she might have the same wages, and no more persons to clean for, and do for, and wait upon, and wait up for, and be allowed as many followers as she liked to see at her garden-gates, and come no further—besides other perquisites. Bribes have been laid in the way of Barbara, to tempt her to change sides of the way; but the contented girl said "She was well enough where she *were*, and would n't leave the Doublekeys, unless, indeed, it *were* to be *permoted* to second-maid's place in a great lord's kitchen, she should so like to live where the great ladies curl up their hair every night in five-pound notes, and go to court in *Sir Dan* chairs, taking their hoops with 'em! *That* indeed!" The cheesemonger has been set like a mouse-trap to tempt her over to the service of the Rumkinses: Barbara did not bite. The baker thought "She *mout* get into a much better family:" Barbara thought she *mout n't*. The butcher said that "Mr. Jumpingson had two joints to Doublekey's one, and only the same amount of mouths, which was a proof how well the Jumpingsons lived:"—a foolish tempter, for Barbara directly calculated that the cooking of two joints must be exactly double the work of cooking one, and was satisfied where she *were*, as before said. The grocer thought he had lured her once, because he kept a handsome shopman, and an ugly dog of an apprentice, who was nearly out of his time, and wanted to settle, by uniting himself and his grocery fortunes to some very provident young woman a *leetle* older than he was; and, with her savings (disinterested Grabb!) and his great expectations (I never knew the young man without them), go into a small way of business of their own: but Barbara was *too* prudent a young woman to be tempted even by the handsome offer of a hus-

band with such an "ugly mug" as George Gabriel Grabb's, which was, sure enough, "Unhandsome enough," as Barbara told a female gossip of hers, "to frighten the china mug out of the Chinee child's hand that was painted on it, and that was not so very handsome, she was sure!"

There is an unwonted bustle and hurry about all that Barbara does this day, which I cannot account for. I must ask its meaning of my maid, as she is in the Opposition. Oh, here she is! Susannah, who is always ready enough to talk about Barbara, which is a proof that she thinks more of her than she allows she does, tells me, "That Barbara—the *domesticatored* Barbara!—who *says* she's never so happy as when she's at her work and in her kitchen, is positively a-going——where, of all places in this wide world, do you think she's a-going, please, Sir?" I endeavour to guess, as I never give up riddle, conundrum, or anything of that prevailing sort of wit, without making a shrewd guess at it, and sometimes two; and it has happened, when I pretty well knew the solution before I began to guess at it, that I have been most miraculously near the mark in my answer, and have given such quick-witted "Because it is so-and-so," to the "Why is so-and-so like so-and-so?" as to have astonished all who heard me. I guess, on this occasion, that Barbara is going to the Ranters' chapel—to Crockford's—to the Abbey, to see the wax-work and Lord Byron's monument—to Ash*l*ey's, to see the lions and tigers quietly waiting till their *man* is done enough for them to dine off him, as they don't like their *man* raw in this refined age——in short, I guess a hundred places where Barbara could go, but is not going to go to, as the wags say. Susannah, with a spiteful expression in her good-looking face, which she never shews except when she is speaking of her rival, announces, triumphantly, that "She is going to 'The Three Jolly Gardeners!'" "Why, Susan, so she does twenty times a-day, or as often as Mr. Doublekey is dry, and he never seems saturated enough to keep him damp very long," I remark. "Hah, but," says Susan, with a magnificent toss of the head, "She's got leave from her wicked missus to go to the grand consart and ball to-night, and she's a-going there with——who would you think, please, Sir?" I guess again, but am obliged to resort to Susan for the solution. She is ready to burst with it, and out it comes, bounce, like a cork from a soda-bottle—"With Puzzlecurl the hair-dresser's handsome man, Maxwell, because he's such a fine dancer, so she says, as if she could dance. She dotes upon that fellow, though she says she does n't. I 'm sure she's welcome to him, for my part; for, as he's been married once, and has lost his wife, he is but secondhand after all!" cries my maid,

with most delicious malice. I quietly remark that I think there is no great harm in a good girl like Barbara going with a well-behaved young fellow like Maxwell (though he *is* only a secondhand lover) to a concert at 'The Three Jolly Gardeners,' provided, &c.; and I go into the provisions of the act at length—— "Oh but, please Sir," cries Susan, interrupting me, "see what a consart and ball it is she 's going to honour with her white gown with four flounces!" And, as Susan says these contemptuous things, she draws from behind her bodice a small bill of the pleasures of the evening, in which I read, in not very good type, and in most careless composition, the Italic being mixed up with the Roman in the most social manner in the world, that—

"The *N*obility and Gentry of Highgate and its *d*elightful *V*icinity are respectably informed that in honour to do honour to the distinguished P*a*tronage of the series of six *C*oncerts and balls which has given so much decided satisfaction to the Mobility and Gentery of Highgate and its neighbourhood, M. Lewis Hypolito Narcisse Mirkidandi, *Grand Ballet Maître* of the Théâtre Royal, *K*ensington, is enduced to ixtend his *S*erias of Six Concerts and balls to a Seventh concert and Ball, being positively the last of the Season, during which the celebrated *Cantertrice*, Signora Pussilani, and the renowned barrowstone, Signor Drurilani, will sing Musard's justly celebrated *D*uett called *Ah, pa, don her.** After which the fairy, silf-like, Mademoiselle Vitechapelle, with the exquisite Mons. Pont-Battaille,† will perform the *Minute deel of core.* The whole to Conclude with a *Grand* P*as de Quarter of Four* by Mlle. st. Dunstanville and Mons. Napoleon Nieuinton with Mdlles. Vitechapelee and St. Giles; and a Brilliant display of Fire-works.

Single Tickit, 2*s.* Tickit for Lady and Gent. 2*s.* 6*d.*—No Money taken at the Bar, and No Money returned.

*** Horses Heads to sit down towards Holloway."

"Well, Susan," I remark, with a smile, "I see no great offence in this entertainment, save that "methinks it doth profess too much, and is not what it seems;" and I conclude by graciously saying that she may go too, if she likes, provided she takes a proper, respectable young fellow with her, who will honestly return her to my door at twelve precisely." "Oh, please, Sir, may I?" cries my maid, her household heart jumping for joy—"May I?" "You may, Susannah; but mind"——she will mind nothing, however, that I may feel disposed to add, I see that; but, curtseying, and flashing, and flurrying about the room, she does what I had previously desired her to do, and that done—(Exit Susannah hurriedly).

Not half an hour has expired, and I behold my maid flying across

* A misprint, perhaps, for "Ah, pardon her!" or is the "Ah perdonna" of Mozart the duet in question?—*Printer's Reading Boy.*

† Qy.—Mons. Battle-Bridge?—*P. R. B.*

the road to the Doublekey's ; and, after a few moments' stay, back she comes flying again ! As the concert begins at six, I shall take my station at the window, to observe the nobility and gentry who patronise M. Mirkidandi, as they come up. They are, apparently, the *élite* of Highgate : the mantua-makers supplying the ladies of fashion, the tailors and hair-dressers the Lord Chawleses, the kitchens and kitchen-gardeners the *oi polloi*—the mobility and common gentry. Suddenly, an unusual flash of whiteness occurs in the dense darkness of the night, and two young women, whom, by their turning their faces up to my windows as they giddily sweep by in innocent white, I take to be Barbara and Susannah, the handsome barber doing the genteel for Barbara, and, oh, wondrous ! Mr. Gustavus Gabriel Grabb, the rejected of Barbara, the accepted of my Susan, doing the same for her, pass over the stage.

I turn from the window, and ponder on the caprices of women generally, and my maid in particular—so often as she has declared that she would n't have a man who might be called *Gaby* by the malicious world, even if he was the Duke of—I forget what place, but we will say, to fill up the blank, Broad St. Giles's ! How often has she called him mean and mean-looking, and snubbed his nose, which was already snubbed enough ; and mocked at his claims to be the gentleman ; and laughed at his legs, which she has, in my hearing, compared to two skittle-pins going out to enjoy themselves in the custody of a pair of pantaloons—for my maid has a malicious humour of her own ! And there she was, a minute past, hanging upon his grocerly arm—admiring, it may be, the moustache and the tuft he cultivates in his leisure hours, which I have heard her say she hoped would grow thick enough to hide the entrance of that Merlin's Cave —his mouth ! And there——but there is no accounting for the whims of women. I begin to think that they cheapen men as they cheapen their ribbons, and silk bonnets, and such gauds : when they have made up their minds to have the flashy thing, let it cost them what it may, they begin by depreciating it, that they may get it a bargain ; and succeeding in that, then they buy up the whole piece, just to vex some other Barbara. I shall not be surprised, shortly, to hear the simple-speaking but sharp-witted wench come up to me some morning, saying, in her occasional way, as if she had just thought of it, " Oh, if you please, Sir, I 'm a-going to be married to-morrow to Mr. Grabb, Mr. Plum's *man* now, as he 's out of his time ; and if you 'll *suit* yourself in a month I shall be very sorry to leave you—very—if you please ! " And then Susan will cry, and wipe her eyes with a duster, and look very miserable, and wish there was nobody in the world but good, old, indulgent masters. " *Suit* myself in a

month," quotha! Unreasonable girl! Who ever heard of an essayist who could *suit* himself in a month? It is a Quarterly publication, is a suit just out, with the most famous wits; a Half-yearly with wits of less celebrity; a Nine-monthly with the third-rate sort; and an Annual with the Great Unknown; and then it smacks of Monmouth Street Monmouthy, and seems a suit that might suit anybody.

As I have undertaken it, I sit up for my maid, instead of my maid sitting up for me, as is too common; and already I begin to feel what an irksome task it is to wait up for anybody. I am persuaded that maids undergo a great deal when they sit up for bachelors, and that sitting up for a married man aggravates their complaint.

Oh, the weariness of sitting up! I try everything to pass away the time. I take up the "The Disowned," and lay it down again, as personal to me, situated as I am—alone—"deserted by those my former bounty fed," viz., my maid, who is by this time shaking the half-pence, keys, and other miscellaneous matters in her pockets, to a pretty tune at "The Three Jolly Gardeners"—(happy girl!); and my tortoiseshell pet, who is I know not where—unless he, too, is there! I try a game at draughts, and am beating myself hollow: here I am, up in a corner, with three kings, as tyrannical as the famous three of Brentford, ready to pounce upon me if I move—so I wo n't move, but will lie still, like Poland, for the present. I try my German flute, and find that, through putting it up wet in the warm weather, it has dry-split in the cold weather. I take a hand at cribbage with myself,—and, there, that Dummy has pegged me out already! I try a Sonnet to the Moon, as she has been neglected lately, and out of twelve steel pens I cannot find one that will describe a decent "O!" to begin with.

Just as I have come to this reflection, or it has come to me, a loud, startling, solitary knock comes at my outer-door, which causes me to leap convulsively out of my easy-chair, as if galvanised, and grasp the parlour poker—to—to—stir the fire. I listen—all is silent as a Quaker's meeting when the spirit thinks. I make up my mind that it was a runaway knock, or a knock of the imagination. I sit down, and putting the poker in its place, I snuff the candles. "Thump!" comes knock the second, with such an emphasis as brings to my mind the sturdy John Knox, there is such determination to be heard in it. I look at my watch—it is one minute past twelve—"Oh, that very good girl! It is Susannah! She shall go again to 'The Three Jolly Gardeners,' since she is so true to her time!" I hasten to the door—unbolt it—it is Susannah! But what am I to think? the handsome hair-dresser sees her home! "Where is Barbara?" I enquire. "Oh, if you please, Sir, *Mister* Grabb has

seen *her* home," answereth Susannah, with a significant fling up of her head, like a high-spirited Arabian wrangling with the bit. Maxwell bows to me, and then to my maid, like the first gentleman to the first lady in a country dance, and thence departs, with his toes so exquisitely turned out, that my Lord Burleigh, good old Bess's dancing minister of state, would have died with envy of his excellence in that manner of speaking. I say nothing further to my maid, but I look a great deal; and, giving her a light, retire to bed, determining to investigate into her tergiversations in the tender way to-morrow.

That morrow having come, "Susannah," I say, "you will prepare breakfast—I shall be back in half an hour;" and, as is my morning wont, I walk through the High Street of Highgate, to pick up an appetite, the fresh news, &c.; and, under pretence of ordering some grocery matters, I drop into Plum's, and there is Mr. Grabb as diligently as ever macadamising loaf-sugar into lumps of portable dimensions!

"Well, Mr. Grabb," I say, "I hope you had a pleasant entertainment of it yesternight." "Oh, certainly, Sir!" answers Mr. Gabriel; "nothing could be better mounted!" "Better what?" I cry. "Mounted,"—and he repeats the odd expression: "but I thought (I might be mistaken, though—we are so apt to think that no one *can* appreciate a highly-refined enjoyment so well as ourselves) I thought it was decidedly a cut above the cut of the Highgateteers, what Shakspere—divine man!—calls '*Cuvier* to the general!" "What, was the General present?" I enquire, for we have an old Indian officer a settler in our hamlet. "Oh dear, no; you mistake me quite, Sir!" answers Mr. Grabb, with a small chuckle of conceit, and two curls of his d—d moustache: "*Cuvier*, I take it, Sir, is French for our vulgar term *queer;* but Shakspere, you know, could n't say, '*Queer* to the general:' he had too much taste, Sir!" I look into the ugly puppy's face, perplexed—I cannot make him out! The rascal is either a wag (in which case I have fewer hopes of him than ever, and shall persuade Barbara against him, for I do n't know any sort of man who has so little chance of doing well in this world as a wag); or else he is the most impertinent dog in Highgate; or else he is extremely ignorant, and pretending: in all of which cases he is no match for Barbara; and I 'll take good neighbourly care that he has as little to say to her, and to my Susannah, too, as possible.

What am I to think of Barbara Briggleswiggle, my pattern Maid of All-Work? What do you think of her, gentle reader?—I ask you as an indifferent friend to both parties.



THE FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN.

He must have killed a great many people to get so rich.

MOLIÈRE.

THE FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN.

BY R. H. H.

Sir Courtney Palmoile, in the fifty-seventh year of his age attained the very summit of professional popularity and practice. None of the *haut-ton* could be sick without his advice ; no sick personage could die happy without his assistance. In short, there were no bounds to the mental satisfaction and substantial "relief" which the aristocracy and rich gentry experienced from paying a series of fees to Sir Courtney Palmoile—the most fashionable physician of his day.

With reference to the costume of the class, concerning which we are writing, we have a word to say. Our readers will be pleased to remember that the *ancien regime* of the physician's constant full dress—his black satin smalls, with knee and shoe buckles; his powder, queue, his glass and pin, his point-lace ruffles, and wise-headed gold cane—all have fled and evaporated. The character of the courtly physician remains much the same; but the dress is quite altered. The movements and style of manners are also different. They have lost their ball-room effect and presentation; though still very precise, soft, and of feline velvetude in noiseless tread, so that the ear of noble sickness knoweth not of their advance or retirement—"Come like Palmoile, so depart!" There is a certain something, however, about the hands, and the movements from the elbow to the wrist, of a physician of this class, which has never changed. They are continually displayed in a pacifying, dulcifying, deprecatory, reconciling, soothing, and patting position—of which action and expression the Doctor in Punch is the exact prototype. In place of the ruffles, however, he now wears an ostentatious mourning-ring—the gift of a dear, deceased patient, who died under his hands ; and sometimes pearl studs, attached to very large and finely "got-up" lawn wrist-bands. He always wears flannel down to his very wrists, where you just see it peep. He always wears a superfine great-coat, with long skirts, in the pocket of which he carries a stethoscope. This is a newly-invented instrument to examine the chest; and, in its genuine form, resembles a thick wooden ruler ; but, as used by a

Fashionable Physician, it commonly appears in the shape of a penny trumpet. He wears long black trousers and short gaiters, and his shoes are generally too large for his feet, in order to admit of extra flannel socks to keep his toes warm in his carriage during winter. His hair is short and rather straight, but very smooth, so that the peculiar shape of his scientific skull is clearly defined in the outline. After he has been knighted, he is liable to brush his hair up in front, in a high and copious manner, as if the hair was hurraing! This is, however, a rare instance of his imprudent display of feeling, and in almost all cases his head has a sleek appearance. His chariot is of laudanum colour, faintly streaked with cinnamon; or of a profound green mixture, which has a bitter look. His harness is all black, with an occasional stud of silver or bronze; and his liveries are brown drab, or Oxford-grey. His coachman is very thin, and holds a thin black stick of a whip in a highly-precise and formally-useless manner. His horses are disagreeably dark, and in a somewhat jaded condition. They are, however, among the most intelligent of their species; and, as they turn a corner and advance down a long and handsome street, you see their ears work to and fro with evident anxiety whenever there are any houses within sight, the shutters of which are at all closed. On arriving opposite a house where the shutters are closed from top to bottom, their ears fall back with an uncomfortable look of self-consciousness, and they quicken their pace; but where only one floor has the shutters partially closed, their ears shoot out and point to the house, while they slacken their trot, in anticipation of a check from the coachman. The footman of this equipage is also very thin: speaks in an under-tone, and has the same expression of face, in answering a question, that you see in an undertaker's clerk or foreman when engaged with a customer. A Fashionable Physician has his portrait painted at full length every third year, by the most fashionable painters among the Royal Academicians, and is represented in a sitting position, at a splendid table, covered with the works of Galen and Hippocrates, upon the top of which are piled several inscribed with his own name in a larger gold letter, while a bust of Esculapius, with an expression of great humility, stands pale before him. The royal artist seldom conveys the characteristic look of a Fashionable Physician, and few pencils are there which could ever succeed in delineating a face so softly advising, so acquiescingly gossiping and prescribing, so fee-thinking and insinuating, and so saturated with legacy-hunting tenderness. How much of this has been represented by the artist of our "Heads," we leave the reader to determine. We venture to observe, however, that a more charac-

teristically insincere face we never beheld: while the general action and expression denote the most tender solicitude about his patient's welfare, his half-closed eye seems to be prying into a purse.

Sir Courtney Palmoile was not always the great man above described. His origin was extremely humble. We feel considerable delicacy and hesitation in mentioning the fact that his real name was Grub. We can fancy the recollection might be very humiliating to any creature of the grub genus, after it had become a visiting butterfly, and was habituated to bask in the gold of the noon-tide sun; and pass, on simmering wings, from patient flower to flower. The fact, however, must be recorded. Mr. Grub was originally an inhabitant of a small country town, where he followed no particular calling. But finding, in due course, that a certain official "calling" was likely to follow *him*, if he continued to indulge his philosophical indolence any longer, he made up his mind to be a chemist and druggist, and to practise as an apothecary at the same time, in order to assist the sale of his wares. To avoid the loss of time in apprenticeship, as well as the law on the subject, he hired the services of a starving apothecary who had "passed the Hall," and placed his name over the door instead of his own.

It has been ascertained by philanthropic legislators, that the highest degree of the healing art should be exclusively devoted to those who can pay highest for the idea of obtaining relief. Various degrees of rank are, therefore, established. The highest rank in medical practice is a Fellow of the College of Physicians. To be eligible to this rank, all the usual gradations of knowledge and experience required in other professions are not only considered unnecessary, but detrimental and damnatory. It is requisite that a man should *not* have been an apothecary, on pain, we believe, of a heavy fine; *nor* a surgeon, on pain of a heavier. All that is required is this, —the candidate for medical aristocracy must have been "educated" at Oxford or Cambridge. Now, at neither of these erudite cities is there any public hospital, infirmary, or any institution for clinical practice, which will bear the designation of a medical school;—but they read the Axioms of Hippocrates, which have been long since universally exploded by practitioners. Being rendered competent to take charge of human life by these equivocal studies, the candidates are examined before the Great Authorities, probably without ever having seen a single dissection, nor, possibly, a single case of small-pox, measles, or common fever! The Licentiates of the College of Physicians may have had regular and elaborate education and practice in Scotland, Dublin, or London; but it is only the Oxford and

Cambridge gentlemen who can become Fellows—prescribe in letters of gold, and be considered as "pure" physicians. No base initiatory studies retarded the progress of Sir Courtney's fortune. He managed to take a good shop; he hired the services of one who *had* gone through such studies; he bought a new hat with a broadish brim, and went about advising.

Mr. Grub, always polite, simpering, and obsequious, was naturally a rising man. Being also a lucky man, success attended all his movements and designs; and eventually, the wealthy old widow of a methodistical chiropodist left him a handsome legacy in token of her lasting esteem.

Now rose the night-cap of Mr. William Grub, in midnight reverie! Perish for ever the dark memories of early years, the base-born herbs, the nauseous drugs! The spirit of the Grub burst its narrow confines; he sold his business and went to Oxford.

"The discipline of the English Universities," said Dr. Macmichael, "is such as to be, in every sense, a security of the moral character of the candidate (!): by giving him right feelings (!), and enlarging his mind, it is the best security you can possibly have. The circumstance of having completed the residence required by the English Universities, and been subject to the discipline (!) observed there, as attested by the degree (!), is the most obvious and the highest testimonial of character and general education that can be procured. I can conceive of no one better!"

Excellent man! most "pure physician." Mr. William Grub, after that period of residence, which is, "in every sense, the best security for moral character," and has the best security of receiving the divine gift of "right feelings," left College as the humble follower of a dashing young blade of rank and fortune, to whom he had rendered himself agreeable by his subserviency. This young gentleman, wishing to make some trifling change in his not very domestic arrangements, shortly after his arrival in London, informed his follower, without any waste of time in delicate preamble, that he intended to make him take up his abode elsewhere; and accordingly Mr. William Grub installed himself in a new house, and changing his name to Palmoile, had it engraved on a brass plate above his knocker. His generous patron next introduced him to a very handsome lady, attired in green velvet, and a hat and feather, who was persuaded to listen to his addresses, and shortly afterwards married him. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the young nobleman slapped the bridegroom on the shoulder, ejaculating, "Grub, my boy, you're really a very useful, talented sort of fellow—and I'll take care of you."

His lordship was as good as his word. William Grub, *alias* Palmoile, became a Fashionable Physician. Assisted by this powerful influence, he was soon elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians,—that "royal road" to "learning" the science of building a carriage out of tombstones, and filling coffers from the rich mine of human weakness.

Dr. Palmoile now took up his pen; he saw that it was good to be literary, and scribbled away. He saw that Scotchmen always advanced in the world whenever they had a chance. Regretting he was only a Yorkshireman, he did what he could to remedy the deficiency by hiring a Scotchman as a servant. This man was a wit, in his way, and "ower fond o' the toddy:" so Dr. Palmoile used now and then to make him excessively drunk, and taking down what he said, the Doctor was enabled by these means to concoct an article exactly in the high-vaulting and voluminously verbose style of a notorious Professor of Moral Philosophy. These truly astonishing productions found a ready admission into the mimetic pages of a certain London Magazine, where they were much praised by his friends and patients for the redundant fancy and unexceptionable morality they displayed.

Dr. Palmoile now presented to the public his "great work." It certainly contained some very valuable matter. This he had discovered in one of the manuscripts of the library of the Royal College of Physicians, and having copied out all he wanted, he watched his opportunity, and burned the original.* This elegant work, in nine volumes royal, was entitled, "On the Diseases and Disarrangements peculiar to Fashionable Life." It was dedicated to the Higher Circle, by their most humble, affectionate, and obedient servant, the author.

"Doctor, my buck!"—said his young patron—"Come under my arm to the Drawing Room, and I'll take care of you!" The Doctor was accordingly presented at Court. He laid his fulsome volumes, bound in crimson and gold, at His Majesty's feet, and was commanded to "rise Sir Courtney Palmoile!"

Shortly after attaining this military order, so appropriate to a professor of the "healing art," Sir Courtney received the shocking intelligence, while seated at breakfast with his lady, that their friend and patron had been shot in a duel. "Now," said

* This was a trifle. Sir Everard Home, after publishing his own works, in which he made what use he pleased of the unpublished manuscripts of John Hunter, deposited in the College of Surgeons, thought proper to burn them all. The act betrayed itself, for he set fire to his house in doing it, the quantity being so great.—See a masterly and comprehensive article on "Medical Reform," in No. VII. of "The London and Westminster Review."

the medical knight, replacing his uplifted muffin on the plate, "I must take care of myself." The young nobleman lived just long enough to make his will, in which he left the Doctor and his wife, each, an annuity of five hundred pounds per annum. A very pleasant and prosperous time they had. While he turned gossip into gold, she turned day into night.

A profession, the humane purposes of which—in the alleviation of sickness and pain, the eradication of disease, and the endeavour to prolong the duration of human life—are of a character so extensive and so important to the health and happiness of the world; a profession, in the right and qualified exercise of which, the lives of his fellow creatures are placed with humble reliance in the practitioner's hands, ought to be guarded by all the means possible to be devised, against both the uneducated and ill-educated, whatever degree of rank and assumption they may claim and possess in the dazzling glare of fashion and notoriety. But guarded it is not: on the contrary, great facilities are given to the ingress of imposters, and these *facilities* are guarded and preserved with the most watchful solicitude. We have only space to give a few memoranda of certain highly patronised proceedings, which may not, however, be altogether without instruction.

A Fashionable Physician has a favourite disease, and a favourite remedy—each of which changes like any other fashion. Sometimes it is the liver—then the lungs—then the head—then the stomach—sometimes even the heart. The stomach, however, is the favourite that "comes round" the oftenest. This is a *corps de reserve* for all failures, and a prescription for it must generally do good; because, while poor people are ill from a deficiency of food, and frequently from taking ardent spirits instead, the rich people are mostly ill from intemperance in all things.

A Fashionable Physician always leaves town directly after the "season," and his patients *keep* till his return. Those, however, who do not remain behind, are advised to betake themselves to the very place where he is going. But, among those who stay in town, there is seldom a cessation of fees, because a physician of this class employs several less fortunate physicians to call for him, he allowing them a "certain something" upon the fees handed over to him. Under their inferior skill, the patients are sometimes actually getting quite well; but, at this dangerous crisis, the "great man" suddenly returns to town, and, strange to say, the whole of them are again taken ill, as if seized by an epidemic.

We once heard of a physician who, being on his promotion, and very anxious to elevate himself into fashionable practice, always called

himself Dr. G***, Perpetual President Extraordinary of the Royal and National Eye Institution. As nobody had ever heard of this most excellent, majestic, and extensive Eye Institution, it was natural that its Perpetual President Extraordinary should some time or other be questioned on the subject. "Pray, Doctor, where in the world *is* this extraordinary Eye Institution?" Drawing himself up, he replied, "*I* am the Institution!"

A Fashionable Physician seldom loses the sense of his own dignity, through any inadvertent act of private good feeling. He would see any friend die before him rather than condescend to bleed him with his own hands—for that is expressly the business of a mere surgeon—and these kinds of things are never to be thought of for a moment by a "pure physician!"

A consultation of Fashionable Physicians recently took place on the case of an elderly and very amiable lady of rank, who was undoubtedly dying. Sir Courtney Palmoile had attended her from the commencement; and when he saw that nothing more could be done, he very properly called in the assistance of the celebrated Dr. Aymen Toom, L.S.D., F.E.E.; and Sir William Sganarelle, a descendant from the famous French physician of that name, who flourished in the time of the historian Moliere. They were shewn into a large room at the end of a suite; and, while passing through, a little nephew of the dying lady, spurred by a sudden curiosity to overhear the wonderful secrets and discourse of these profound magicians, slipped in at a private door, and squeezed himself behind a tall bookcase that stood at the further end. The three professors of elegant medicine entered—carefully closed the door—divested themselves of their hats and great coats, and drawing close to the fire a small refreshment table, on which some wine, cake, and hot-house grapes were placed, began to rub and toast their knees, and take something to sustain nature, and strengthen them for the consultation.

"When we look at the case in all its bearings," said Sir William Sganarelle, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, "and analyse the various thoughts and feelings called into complex activity upon the occasion, how plain it was to foresee that the mutual exactions superinduced thereby, would infallibly occasion the separation of Madame Grisi from her husband. This is a very excellent plumcake, is n't it?"

"Excellent," said Sir Courtney Palmoile: "but it's my opinion, with great deference to you, Sir William, that this separation is likely to be feigned, from policy. They both see that her reputation here is at stake. She dare not seem to sanction her husband's conduct. To think of the impertinence of a singing woman's husband actually calling out a member of the Royal College of——I mean of

the British Aristocracy, merely on account of a sort of overture of passing gallantry, to which her position in this country naturally subjected her! If such audacious resentments are to be tolerated for a moment, what in the world will become of the respect due to hereditary legislation? Shocking!"

"I wish," said Dr. Aymen Toom, with a profound look—"I wish, for the sake of example and a great moral lesson, that they had shot each other."

"And that they should have lingered for a period of fifty fees," interposed Sir Courtney, smiling with diplomatic humour. Whereat the other two rubbed their knees, and manifested sensations of additional comfort and self-complacency.

They now talked of Lord Durham; and blamed him for everything he had offered to do; for everything he had done; for all his past political life; and for everything he might do in future. They agreed that the Radicals were a precious set—that the Whigs were a precious set—and then they laughed at the Tories. They entered seriously into the consequences of Biddle's prospective banking system in America—into the merits of the King of Oude's sauce—of L. E. Ude's ditto—and of Sir George Smart's last composition. They now insinuated a tacit understanding of drinking the health of the President of the College of Physicians—they applauded the Duke of Wellington—they touched upon "The Quarterly Review"—they criticised the Queen's horsemanship—and passed some capital jokes upon Louis Philippe's sister.

While they were all laughing in full glee at Sir Courtney's finishing touch of rather high-flavoured wit, the tall bookcase was seen to rock, and then lean forward! The next instant, down came the whole concern flat on the floor; and amidst the chaos of gilt-edged volumes and rising dust stood the crinched-up figure of the little imp of a nephew, with stiff-spread fingers, open mouth, and round, staring eyes!

Before they could recover the shock, or at all understand the dreadful scene, the door opened, and a footman entered with the patient's compliments, informing them, that "in consequence of the great relief she had experienced by a touch of the lancet from a common doctor, a brother of her nephew's private tutor, who had accidentally called, she was now seated in her dressing-gown by the fire, taking a cup of tea." She had also desired the servant to say, "that although this obscure doctor had only been educated in the Edinburgh and London universities, he was evidently a most skilful and honourable practitioner, and she had, therefore, great pleasure in recommending him to their kind patronage and assistance."



THE SPOILT CHILD.

A child more easily conceived than described.

OLD STORY.

THE SPOILT CHILD.

BY R. H. H.

By the side of a deep-bosomed, smouldering Christmas fire, in the oak-pannelled drawing-room of an old manor-house in Herefordshire, sat two mild-featured grandmammas, awaiting, with placid dignity, the advent of the dinner hour. Their figures rose with equal state from their massy brocaded gowns, though their style and effect were different. One grandmamma was exceeding thin; the other grandmamma excelled in fat. Kind hearts looked out from both their faces; nor would this have been quite possible to any hearts *less* kind, for each face was surrounded and surmounted with an embattled cap, thick set with richly notched, though faded, ribbons, and five rows deep in starched point lace; so that each respected head bore a close resemblance to a *bouquet* of thistles exulting in a strong white frost.

They were beguiling the time with grave, yet pleasing conversation, till "papa" and "mamma" were dressed, and the rest of the family, with sundry guests, arrived; and the subject they discussed was the never-enough-to-be-repeated one, of how many perfections were displayed in the pretty person of their dear grandchild, and how many more were to be expected, from the constant care, attention, devotion, and universal admiration and flattery, bestowed upon the beauty and "bringing up" of little Darling Petkin.

A loud scream from the excellent lungs (lungs not to be equalled, of their size, in power of announcement) of the dear child upstairs, was quickly followed by the descent of the same in the arms of his maid, to be carried to the front door to meet a carriageful of aunts, another full of friends of the family, and sundry uncles on horseback, whose approach he had seen from the nursery window. In less than a couple of minutes, the whole concourse came dancing and crowing into the drawing-room, with Darling Petkin in the centre, mounted upon the left shoulder of Uncle Benjamin, where he sat with a drum slung round his neck, which he furiously beat with both sticks, screaming in vain-glorious delight, and never caring to perceive that each blow of the drumstick in his right hand "took" his uncle's

left ear in its way upwards. At length the general tumult ceased, and, in the pause occasioned by all the party "taking their breath," the shrill voice of Darling Petkin enunciated, with all the air of a little pagod just come to light, "Yah! o'ny nook a' ME!"

"Only look at me!" How often do we hear this from children; how seldom do we find the claim upon general attention and admiration made in vain! We begin to fear, that where we are fond of a child (and the same principle applies to a pet dog, horse, or favourite of any kind), there is always a natural tendency towards spoiling it *a little;* that is, towards rendering it vain, exacting, wilful, useless, or disagreeable, by the excess of our manifestations of admiration, and the concessions we make to all its sayings and doings, however capricious and hurtful. Our present business, however, is not so much with the good children, the pretty good, or the not-so-very-good-neither children, but the tip-top specimen of a——"O'ny nook" at the portrait!

The tumult having subsided, the uncles and aunts were enabled to offer a few words of recognition and merry-Christmas-wishing to the two grandmammas, and, at the same time, to perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Meredith (we beg Darling Petkin's pardon! we mean papa and mamma) had entered the room. The family now commenced a kind and solicitous conversation together, on the various gains, losses, changes, and prospects, which had occurred to each other since they met last Christmas; and this interesting conversation and affectionate intercourse was allowed to continue uninterrupted almost to the extent of fifteen minutes, during the whole of which time Darling Petkin was busily and silently occupied alone, in a distant corner, eating greedy handfuls of many coloured "hundreds and thousands," varied by sundry dips into paper packets brought him by Uncle Ben, containing bulls'-eyes, kisses, hardbake, almond sugar-plums, alicumpane, barley-sugar, gingerbread, white sugar-candy, pipe peppermint, lollipop-squibs, a quire-and-a-half of parliament, and everlastings. These little tokens of remembrance and affection, without which the giver would have met with a very different reception, were deposited in Darling Petkin's hands by mamma, to go and put away in his own pretty cupboard and drawers, and to take out only a little from each packet every day after dinner.

When the various greetings of the family had been exchanged, Aunt Nancy, looking at her watch, and observing that it wanted half-an-hour of dinner, drew a roll of paper from her pocket, and making a great deal of rustling in unfolding it, besides manifesting a more than usually grave look, she thus produced a silence fraught with expectation, during which she cast an interrogative glance around.

"Oh! *do*, Aunt Nancy!" exclaimed several voices apparently proceeding from minds previously instructed, or else very rapidly sympathetic; "oh! *do* read it.

"Pray do!—yes, pray do!" murmured papa and mamma, and several friends of the family. Aunt Nancy bowed her head with an air of self-complacency, which she intended for general respect, and commenced reading:—

"'The production of a rational essay on infant education, is at once an undertaking and an event of the most——'"

Rub-dub-a-dub!—Such were the sounds evidently destined to accompany Aunt Nancy's learned recitative; for Darling Petkin, having eaten hardbake and lollilops till he was nearly sick, suddenly came to the perception that he was no longer an object of interest to the company present, who, instead of being solely occupied with him, were actually going on very well among themselves without him! He, therefore, jumped up, seized his drum, and began to strut knee-foremost round the room, and through the seated party, beating it with all his might, sometimes on the head, sometimes with a "tack-tacking" noise on the tin sides or wooden rim, and bloating out his cheeks and his stomach as he ejaculated a "row-de-dow" as semi-chorus to the "rub-a-dub" of his belaboured instrument. Aunt Nancy's theoretic essay was, therefore, compelled to proceed with an *obligato* accompaniment on the drum, by the celebrated Darling Petkin.

"'The production of a rational'"—rack, tack-a-tack, dub, dub!—"'a rational system of'"—rub!—"'infant'"—dub!—"'education;' my dearest child! pray stop for only a *few* minutes!"—rub-a-dub-a-dub!—"'The production,' I repeat, 'of a rational system of'"—row-de-dow!—"'of infant education'—my darling, pray wait a minute!—'is at once an undertaking and an event of'"—ti-ti-rub!—"'the most'"—ri-tum-dub!—"'vital importance.'"—Rub-a-dub! a-dub! dub-doo!—"'It is of most vital importance, not only to one's own country, but to the'"—row-de-dow!—"'world at large. Instead of the erroneous'"—tack-a-rack, a-rack!—"'methods hitherto practised,'"—row-dow-de-dow!—"'the profound system I have adopted, of always permitting a child to'"—rub-a-dub, a-dub!—"'to have its own way in everything'"—ri-tum-ti!—"'is one, easy of accomplishment; and the results are equally'"—rum-ti-tum, ti-tum!—"'easy to be foreseen.'"—Row-de-dow, de-dow, doodle-doo!

"'But, as they grow up, there is the'"—rub!—"'there is the'"—rub!—"'there is'—my dear, sweet child! do, pray be quiet—only *one* moment!—'there,' I say, 'is the'"—rub!—"'in fact, the very greatest'"—dub-a-dub!—"'necessity that the adult

should, of its own good' "—row-de-dow, de-dow!—"'of its own good sense, should see the propriety, as well as prudence, of' "—ti-tiddley-ti!—"'of acting on a totally different plan.' "—Tack-a-rack, dub, dub!—"My dearest little boy!"—row-de-dow, de-dow, toodle-loo!—"poor grandmamma!"—ti-rub!—"her head aches, Darling Pet!"—yah! row-de-dow, de-dow, rub-a-doo!—"Oh fie! Uncle Ben!—see! he 's got the other drum, to help Darling beat his tattoo!"—Tra! tra-a-a-a, ti-rum! tra, tra-a-a-a-ti-dum!—rub, *dub*-a-rub-a-rub, rub-de-doo! tra-a-a-a-a-a-a-rub, *dub*-a-rub-a-rub, rub-de-doo! hurrah-a-a!

It is not very necessary to inform the reader that Aunt Nancy's learned essay on infant education was quite overwhelmed; and the discomfited spinster replaced it in her pocket, with a look expressive of very mixed and confusing thoughts and emotions. "Bless his dear, sweet face!" murmured mamma, "what a colour he *has* got! —he 's so fond of his drum, Aunt Nancy!" Whereupon, everybody in the room, except one personage, uttered some ejaculation of admiration; and Uncle Benjamin, and two of the Aunts, ran and covered him with kisses, and then carried him round the room on their crossed arms.

The one personage who did not contribute his voice to the applause of Darling Petkin's performance, was a corpulent elderly gentleman, who had arrived in his own carriage at the same time as the batch of uncles and aunts, but of whom we have no more been able to take any notice up to the present moment, than were the company assembled. Mr. Scrope Bellyfield had, therefore, sat in pompous silence, with an expression of much disgust and irritation. He was evidently very vain of his great, fat person; and wore a high-crested, rich-curling, dark brown wig, not unlike the head-dress of George IV. Mr. Scrope Bellyfield was, moreover, a great exacter of all sorts of admiration and attention: first, because, to do him justice, he was really a man of superior understanding, education, and great general information; and, secondly, because he possessed immense wealth and influence, and "commanded" the votes of half the "independent freeholders" in his county. For this county, Mr. Meredith was most anxious to be returned to parliament; and, as the day of election was approaching, he had recently sought the friendship and advice of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, who seemed disposed to exert himself exclusively in his favour. Mr. Meredith, and the whole family, were, consequently, anxious to show him every attention on the present occasion, although they had not yet been able to find any opportunity, except in helping him to alight from his carriage.

Mr. Meredith had stood rubbing his hands, with an obsequious

preparatory air, beside the arm-chair of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, during the lecture which had just been drummed into the ears of the party, as though he would fain have entered into some very interesting and deferential conversation; but the corpulent visiter was too irritated, and sat with an expression of assumed abstraction, pretending not to see him.

The dinner bell now resounded from the hall, and the whole party made a show of escorting Mr. Bellyfield, as they adjourned to the dining-room; but somehow or other, it happened that Darling Petkin got in the very centre of the group, and fairly carried off "the attention." They all took their seats at the table, Mr. Bellyfield being placed at the right hand of "mamma," who had Darling Petkin upon her knee. Grandmamma Meredith, it was observed, had not taken her place; whereupon Mr. Meredith informed the family that she had retired with a bad headache to lie down for an hour or two. "Ah!" murmured mamma, "she has been complaining a good deal of late; the weather you see,—the cold is too much for her; she will be better when she has been bled: John has gone off for Dr. Mayton. *Shall* I help you to a little soup, Mr. Bellyfield?"

"Thank you, madam," replied the great gentleman in a formal voice, bowing his red face almost down into his plate.

"Me, too, mamma!—me, too!"

"Yes, my dear!—there, love!—I 'll just give him a spoonful to begin with: I know Mr. Bellyfield will excuse it."

"Me, mamma! me!"

"Yes, my darling!—bless the child! the sweetmeats have made him *so* thirsty. Now, Mr. Bellyfield."

"Oh, no sort of hurry, madam!" ejaculated the gentleman; and down went his face again towards his plate, with preposterous courtesy.

It would be too arduous a task to ourselves, and too provocative to our readers, were we to attempt to give a progressive description of the scene which continued through this most trying dinner. During the whole time did the victorious Darling Petkin sit, and persist in sitting, on mamma's knee; interrupting every attempt she made to address anybody but himself; fretfully engrossing all her attention; and, in his unceasing attempts to engross the attention of everybody else, as he had always been permitted to do, thoroughly confusing and defeating all general conversation. The effect upon the spirits of everybody present, mamma and Uncle Ben perhaps excepted, was that of unmitigated and unconquerable exhaustion and disgust. But no one had the "cruelty" to say so; and few of the

family admitted the fact to themselves. What all the visiters thought was easy to perceive: what Mr. Bellyfield, in particular thought and felt, we dare not venture to conjecture. He enjoyed the reputation throughout the country of being an excellent companion in all societies; a man who possessed "a fund of anecdote" and urbanity. Certainly, on the present occasion he manifested no signs whatever of anything of the kind. He made no movement, except to eat, and to bow his head when papa and the uncles asked him to do them the honour of taking wine; and he never opened his mouth, except to reply in monosyllables. His face, charged with colour, presented the peculiarly ominous black-redness of long-suppressed breath; his manner was characterised by terrible composure; his silence was like the preliminary pause before the explosion of some capacious mine.

We pass over the dinner: the recollection of it has a choking effect. The desert was placed upon the table; the guests now bethought them of merry Christmas, and were anxious to talk of old times. But there was no doing anything with Darling Petkin in the room, except to listen and admire, or endure and be silent. There he sat, on mamma's knee, who was ready to faint from exhaustion, yet did not possess enough fortitude to send him to bed; there he sat, with his sweetmeats before him, his cheeks, mouth, and chin, begaumed with coloured sugars, tart, cake, and orange, all of which he insisted continually upon having kissed; there he sat, with messed hands, and "sticky" fingers, catching at the contents of every dish in his reach, or that he caused to be brought within his reach; then, flinging the conglomeration about the table, or into the plates of those who were nearest: and, finally, wiping his grimy little paws on mamma's satin dress, or on her cheek, and throat, under pretence of playful fondness.

The crawling clock-hands eventually worked their way into the middle of the fatigued night, and Darling Petkin's eyelids became heavy, as he made the preparatory movement to go to sleep in mamma's arms. It was now thought a little effort might cautiously be made to try and get him up stairs without her, so that she might have half an hour's respite to devote to her guests and family. The little effort was made in the following manner:—

"My sweetest!" murmured mamma, pressing the child closer to her bosom; "will my sweetest go to his bed?"

"No, I sarnt—sarnt go-a-bed."

"Aunt Nancy," pursued mamma, "has got a little finger that knows it 's time Darling went to his own pretty bed, Little finger, what 's o'clock?"

Here the accomplished theorist on infant education held up her gifted digit.

"There! Aunt Nancy's little finger says it's very late: and Darling will be so glad to go to his bed—won't he?"

"No, no, no!" squealed the peevish Petkin.

"My precious lamb! How feverish his dear face and hands are! *do* go to his bed."

"Ay, do goey, love;" echoed Aunt Nancy, in the tenderest voice; "Oh! don't beat mamma; you've hit her on the chin—see! you've made poor mamma ky!—poor mamma!"

Here poor mamma made a show of crying, during which the sweet lamb settled himself in her lap, and fell fast asleep. He was thus carried up to bed.

Now, in good sooth, did all present, shifting themselves in their seats, take a fresh breath, and reverting to merry Christmas, prepare to have a pleasant hour, and toast old times. Even Mr. Scrope Bellyfield showed signs of emerging from his pompous austerity and smouldering silence, and gazed at "poor mamma," with an expression in which some commiseration for her pale, worn face, was mingled with contempt and irritation at her moral weakness. Mr. Meredith now began to get alive, and pulling down his waiscoat and wristbands, and stretching his arms, called for fresh decanters of wine and clean glasses. The table was also cleared, and covered afresh with plates of oranges, olives, cakes, dried fruits, &c. "And now," quoth Mr. Meredith, rising with a bumper in his hand, and looking towards Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, "And now, I have to propose a toast!"

A loud yell from the nursery arrested Mr. Meredith's progress. Darling Pet having had his sleepy face washed before being placed in his bed, had so completely recovered himself as to insist upon coming down stairs again. He was now heard on his way, beating his drum, and singing and shouting as he descended. Papa, however, began his speech again, in hopes of finishing before the accompaniment overwhelmed him.

"I have to propose"—rub-a-dub-dub!—"a toast to you all,"—ti, rub-a-dub, rub!—"which, I'm sure, you must drink with delight."—Row-de-dow, rack-a-tack too! "It is the health of a guest, who has honoured us here with his"—rub-a-dub-dub, doodle-doo!—"a gentleman, whose well-known urbanity, and fund of anecdote, is the universal——"

The tumultuous entrance of Darling Petkin here rendered the speaker quite inaudible, and "poor papa," casting a deplorable look at deplorable mamma, fairly gave it up, and sat down.

The Spoilt Child was in his night-gown and nightcap; his drum was slung round his neck; he had a sword at his side, and a drumstick in one hand, while he used a wooden gun as a drumstick in the other. In the very middle of the table did he insist upon being placed, with his drum before him, and then he commenced an uproar and havoc on everything within his range, such as we shall refrain from attempting to describe. At length, by a whirl of his gun, the sweet lamb smote a tall candle, which, falling sideways, touched the head-dress of Grandmamma Thompson, and set it all in a blaze. With a loud screaming, "Take me, mamma!" (while Uncle Ben extinguished the fiery old crown) the sweet lamb flew along the table to mamma's expanded arms, and, in doing so, overturned a heavy cut-glass decanter, which rolled off the table, and fell with one edge upon the toe of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield!

"Base urchin!" ejaculated the long-smouldering and now agonised and infuriate gentleman, jumping up with a rapidity never to be anticipated from one so corpulent, and extending his right arm, the clenched fist whereof trembled above the table with passion; "Base urchin! is it to see and hear your yells and antics that I am invited to this place to-day! Was I inveigled here to enjoy your pretty play and prattle close to my elbow all dinner-time!—to feel continual gouts of gravy, and bits of fat and sweetmeat dropped upon my knees;—to have filbert maggots tossed into my waistcoat, and orange juice and pips shot and squirted into my very face!—Mr. Meredith!—sir!—this is not to be endured. Talk of system—theory—infant education, indeed!—your advisers are lamentably in the dark. There is not one idea entertained upon the subject by that child's grandmammas, uncles, aunts, nor, give me leave to say, sir, by his papa or mamma, which is not directly the opposite of right. I wish distinctly to say, that the whole system of behaviour and treatment adopted towards that creature, is as wrong and injurious to him now, and will be for his future life, as possible. A more ruinous system could scarcely be invented by the most elaborate intention of mischief. You think I say all this only because he has flung a decanter upon my toe; but I don't. It is the pain, sir, which has shot the truth out of me all of a lump. I say again, a more complete specimen of an atrocious 'Spoilt Child' I never read or heard of—with all my 'fund of anecdote;'—so base an urchin I never saw in the most tormenting dream!"

With these words, Mr. Scrope Bellyfield floundered out of the room, and left the house, never again to set foot in it. Mr. Meredith never had the satisfaction of writing M.P. after his name: he saw it was of no use to stand an election.



THE OLD LORD.

Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord!

TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE OLD LORD.

BY ECHION.

Nothing but a Lord! why, then, nothing! Doff your hats to the important cipher, ye smoke-worshipping crowds!—bow low and greet it gracefully, philosophers, statesmen, churchmen, men of genius, and men of war! It is my lord, his grace, the Duke of Summerscourt, by the law of primogeniture, possessed of revenues so enormous that he could not possibly spend his entire income, even if, in addition to the liberal outlay his station requires, his grace should amuse himself by daily sowing an acre of his broad lands with golden sovereigns, or yield to the patriotic idea of driving a carriage-load of the same every morning to the Treasury to pay off the National Debt. These revenues are principally derived from lands given to my lord's grim and helmeted ancestors by William of Normandy, upon occasion of their accompanying the warlike duke upon his amiable invasion to see what they could get; and, although the possessions of this noble family, like those of many others, have suffered the contingencies of war and political changes of all kinds, yet by a fortuitous concurrence of events, and unlike many others, the whole have been recovered to the family, and much "glebe added thereto"—our noble hero claiming large slices of several fine English counties. You may ride miles and miles in one country,—ay, for half the day—and still see nothing on one side of the road but his grace's fences.

However we may philosophise or utilitarianise upon the subject, there is something, we confess, exciting to the fancy in the view of a lordly domain, possessed by a family whose ancestors were lords of the same soil, and walked beneath the same trees (not quite so venerable and gigantic), and moved in cavalcade down the same long avenues centuries back. We can scarcely believe but that some of the rooks we see now were alive when our hero's ancestors carried their banners to the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. The old armour in the hall connects the dreamy past with the fleeting present; the habergeon worn by Fitzmaurice Fitz-Marmaduke, in 1066, speaks for the honour, dignity, and exclusiveness of the fine

spun coat, and for the untarnished lustre of the star upon it, worn by his present grace in 1839; and, strangely different in character as the noble relations might appear, could we behold them now alive together at Bottlebury Abbey, quaffing the same Burgundy, there would be found at the hearts their same deeply-entrenched and immoveable aristocratic pride: indeed, there is a pretty little story told in "the circles" of our Old Lord's father, the late duke, which proves the exposure of this feeling under circumstances, which, in our day, we cannot but think would dictate its suppression. The story is as follows:—*

The duke was in the painting-room of Sir Joshua Reynolds, talking in warm terms of a picture which he called a Titian. The president quietly said he had seen the picture, and did not think it was by Titian.

"How, sir!" cried his grace, "do you mean to say that picture is not genuine?"

"You may depend upon it, my lord," replied Sir Joshua, "Titian never saw it."

The duke's countenance reddened beneath his powdered wig as he passionately vociferated, at the same time shaking his clouded cane over the little president's head, "Do you dare, sir, to dispute with me on the merits of a picture?"

We would have given something to have seen Sir Joshua's expression at that moment: what the sensitive mind of a man of genius would feel we can concieve, but, whatever the tumult of his thoughts, all that happened was,

"He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Reynolds felt the insult keenly; he appealed to Burke and Johnson, asking their advice under the circumstances.

"Pooh, pooh," said Johnson, "you must take no notice of it; you live by these people."

Now, had our great painter lived a few centuries earlier, and encountered a duke so boldly in opinion, the chances are he would have been turned head over heels by a blow from an iron hand, or have been spitted like a bit of meat with a huge sword. We cannot conceive such a scene occurring in our times: who can fancy, without laughing at the absurd conceit, the Duke of Bedford brandishing his stick over the head of Wilkie, or his Grace of Sutherland running a tilt at Callcott?

* This is told by a veteran artist now living, and who was intimate with Reynolds; we believe it has never before been published.

We beg to inform those unfortunate persons who have never yet had the chance of seeing a lord, that there are various kinds: tall lords and short lords—handsome and ugly—amiable and irritable—clever and stupid—in short, varying like men of common clay; some lords wear very bad hats and others very smart ones; there are mean-looking lords, to whom Nature, satisfied with giving a title, has denied the capability of appearing like gentlemen. Lord Grubble was one of these, and, from his deficiency in the power of making up the genteel, occasioned an awkward mistake to an old lady at a crowded party. His lordship was cooling his heels on the staircase, when the lady above-mentioned, issuing from the rooms, mistook him for one of the footmen, and very civilly requested he would order her carriage. "With the greatest pleasure," said his lordship, moving towards his hat which lay on a chair. The manner and the hat opened the eyes of the old lady: "Dear me," she exclaimed, "I beg your pardon I am sure, but really servants are so much like gentlemen now-a-days!" Whether the poor old creature finished her night's entertainments by taking a dose of prussic acid, we are not informed. His lordship told the story with great glee; no matter what he was taken for, he was still Lord Grubble. There are also fine-looking gentlemanly lords, and some we have seen would not disgrace the ranks of the Royal Horse Guards Blue.

Our Old Lord is a thing apart from the mixed crowd of nobles; he is not of the last batch, and he knows it. All his state and equipage sit as easy upon him, as upon a journeyman his accustomed wages. It is as natural for him to possess so much, as for the labourer on his farm to possess so little. He does not perceive anything more in the existence of such vast distinctions between man and man than as necessary distributions of Providence, for the balance of the social frame, and for the opportunity it affords the wealthy to exercise their benevolence—a virtue they always possess. His grace subscribes largely to every charitable institution in the country; as patron, president, vice-president, or chairman, his title is identified with power assisting weakness; to the rest he is indifferent—individual petitioners are bores requiring strong recommendation, and although we will not venture to say of our hero, he

> —— "holds it for a rule
> That every man in want is knave or fool,"

he dislikes a beggar as a dog abhors mustard.

The Old Lord is of an "order" he feels bound to "stick to;" he supports it as a main prop of the constitution, and watches jealously,

from his seat in the House of Peers, every attempt to encroach thereupon. The agricultural interest is another of his darlings, which his vote carefully guards and "covereth with its wing." Our picture represents him in his place in "the House," where he quietly waits for the division; as he is nothing but a lord, he never speaks. Our artist has certainly "hit him off" well: there is a mixture of delicacy and aristocratic pride in the profile—a sloping-off in the forehead, denoting inactivity of the thinking qualities; we fancy the clean, white, powdered head, the fineness of the skin and complexion, and the whiteness of the hands. The unlimited power of indulgence in youth, and an habitual luxurious style of living—in spite of healthy rides on horseback and the sports of the field—have left their impression, and distinguish my lord from Squire Weathergreen, whose rubicund face perpetually shines and smiles with inward satisfaction. The squire would make a most undignified lord; he could not sufficiently repress his feelings. Whether my lord ever feels delighted we know not, he certainly never appears so: it seems impossible to prick him into a transport.

So ample is the space, so generous the wide circumference of circumstances amid which stands "The Duke"—so exclusive in short his position—that, unlike the common race of men, he has never known what it is to be jostled in the crowds of life. The tails of his coat are in no danger from contact with the baker's man; the star on his breast runs no risk of reflecting the brassy light from the numbered plate sewn over the heart of the charity-boy. All about him bears the same elbow-room character, the entrance to his hall—the hall itself—betoken a liberality of space which strikes a sort of respect into the mind, and, with the addition of the groups of liveried servants keeping post or moving about, must be calculated to fill the heart of a humble applicant for admission to the presence of his grace, with despair: while ascending the marble stairs our reverence increases, but when treading over the soft carpets of the long suite of apartments, in that noiseless step all self-importance sinks, and the power of wealth and rank momentarily triumphs over plebeian nerves. In the extensive park where the deer feed, and the old trees extend for miles around—forming deep shades and solitary looking avenues, where the enormous oaks and elms seem grand parts of nature, above the caprice and interference of man's cultivation or possession, the thoughts sink deeper: "Are these God's trees?"—"They are my lord's!"

Many persons in society seem to possess a homage-paying spirit to the nobility far beyond the rest of the world; they are gifted

with a peculiar facility in bowing, ducking the head, and taking off their hats to lords and ladies; the sight of a lord is to them an event far greater than would be that of a Shakspeare or Milton. Mr. Stubbs tells his wife he saw Lord Mizzle this morning—Lord Mizzle being a person neither Mr. nor Mrs. Stubbs are acquainted with in the least degree, nor do they possess the remotest chance of becoming so; Mr. Stubbs, moreover, is unacquainted with any anecdote connected with his lordship, and is, likewise, ignorant of his residence; somebody however told him, the gentleman so well mounted, with groom to match, was Lord Mizzle: it was enough for Stubbs—he had seen a lord, and a sort of satisfaction floats in his mind during the remainder of the day. How absurd it would appear now if a friend of Stubbs had pointed out to him a well-dressed gentleman, and said, "Stubbs, that's Mr. Johnson;" and Stubbs without knowing anything about the said Johnson, or making any inquiry, were to go to his wife, and communicate the important intelligence—"My dear, I have seen Mr. Johnson." "Who's Mr. Johnson?" inquires Mrs. Stubbs; "I don't know, my dear." "But what concerning him?" "Oh, nothing, only I saw him pass down China Row."

Excluded people! nothing but enormous wealth or great distinction in the world will admit you within the magic domestic circles of the aristocracy. You may see their dresses at the drawing-room, their splendour in jewellery, furniture, and table entertainment at their fêtes, but to spend a few days in a quiet way with the duke and duchess and their family is the lot of few out of the "order." You must be a physician or an artist to do it. Fascinating is the life to a man of the world, who is in a situation to feel at ease in such society; if he is observant, and alive to elegant enjoyment of every kind, he will be content to remain a denizen of this sphere; every thing seems provided against any hitch in the smooth running hours of amusement—all is easy and pleasant—the duke's house is the visiter's paradise.

> "Look how *his* servants do attend on thee,
> Each in his office ready at thy beck."

A horse or a carriage is at command. If you are inclined for sport, there is a gun (if you have not your own); and you may either join a party in a *battue*, or wander among the preserves to knock down whatever may get up; or you may take your rifle and bring home a buck. You have made a capital breakfast; you found my lord already seated at table—a pile of newspapers by his side; these he reads while he sips his chocolate. He asks you some few questions,

and leaves you to select from the multitude of good things what may best please your palate;

> "I'm quite ashamed—'t is mighty rude
> To eat so much—but all 's so good."

Venison ham, the cold haunch itself, cold game, and fowls, fruit, &c., load a side-table, and divide your choice with hot steaks and mutton-chops, marmalade, eggs, &c., temptingly placed before you: but more arrivals attract your attention to the company. As each lady or lord or gentleman is seated, a servant offers the choice of tea or coffee, which is instantly provided, without any waiting for either being made. The ladies are lively and beautiful. Plans of amusement are formed for the day; the weather being fine, they are of course to be executed abroad. But it is impossible you can pass over without observation the charming breakfast-room itself; and the view from the window, which is wide open, admitting sight and scent of flowers. Pictures hang around you, each of which is a *bijou* worth your whole income. Whilst you eat your broiled ham, you may feast your eyes upon an exquisite head by Reynolds, and enjoy the coffee and a Gainsborough at once. You wonder the Old Lord never looks at them himself (he will make some applicable remark, perhaps, if he catches you doing so), and that he can keep poking over those newspapers whilst there is so much of enchantment around him. The Old Lord is at home. We have said nothing of the duchess: she is at Roseberry, a seat of the duke's in Devonshire. The fact is, her grace is seldom at Bottlebury Abbey at any time but Christmas; she prefers Belgrave Square, or Newburgh Lodge, but Roseberry is her favourite retreat in September. The duke retires to his own room, to confer with his steward or write letters. (Parliamentary reports amuse him at his town house, in the season.) A slight degree of restraint seems removed from nephews, nieces, and visiters; some have but just made their appearance: there is a great deal of talk—the Honourable Augustus Murryane takes the lead. He is a conceited fellow: the ladies quiz him—the men hate him. In his eagerness to show off, he breaks a valuable dish—no trifle would buy its fellow: he appears, at first, disconcerted: but his impudence carries him through without a blush. Comments are freely made upon the dandy china-breaker in his absence; and, in spite of his hair, he is pronounced a bore.

The breakfast-party at length breaks up. The Ladies Seraphina, Georgiana, Clementina Fitz-Marmaduke attend to their lady-guests; and—sweeping through the rooms with an air and manner exclusively

the property of the aristocracy—dignified, easy, graceful—followed and preceded by a train of "darling pets"—spaniels, terriers, pugs, greyhounds, blood-hounds, and every "Scotch variety"—repair to their own apartments, to indulge, for an hour or two, in their various accomplishments. The carriages are ordered after luncheon. Others, to whom Bottlebury Abbey is a novelty, wander through the galleries of pictures, statues, drawings, and miniatures. Of course there are portraits of the duke and duchess, by Lawrence; and one of his grace before he lost his hair, by Hopner; a long list of Vandykes—portraits of ancestors: or the library and billiard-room are inspected.

You issue, ready for your expedition. Before the hall-door, on the gravel sweep, are groups of saddle-horses and grooms. Servants, with children (mushroom dukes and duchesses), are walking about the garden and green plot. A travelling carriage has just crossed the bridge over the beautiful piece of water, where the proud swan enjoys his state; it contains a noble family, which has just taken its departure. Some of the gentlemen, arrayed in fanciful sporting costume, are talking in groups. There are Lords Augustus Fitz-osborn Fitz-Marmaduke, his grace's second son (the Marquess, with his family, is on the Continent), and Lionel Fitzmaurice Fitz-Marmaduke: the Marquess of Headalbane, son to the Duke of Boltaway; Lord Henry Fitz-Marmaduke, my lord's brother, and his son, Mr. Henry Fitz-Marmaduke: all these exalted personages, in their ordinary costume, possess an air *distingué*, but some of them are so disguised in sporting attire, one might fancy them the natives of an uncivilised and savage country.

After a day's pleasant sport, you return in time to hear the first dinner-bell, repair to your room, dress, and descend to the drawing-room. My lord is standing in the midst of a group, which is composed principally of "fresh arrivals:" he asks you a few questions respecting your day's sport, and recommends you to try another preserve the next day. Dinner is announced. The duke takes the lady of highest rank; and, according to this etiquette, the whole party moves towards the dining-room. The magnificent room in which you dine, and splendidly-furnished table, have no power to wean your thoughts from "the haunch." The exercise of the morning has prepared you to do justice to my lord's hospitality; and, after two or three glasses of wine, you are more at leisure to attend to conversation. Here you feel a want: there are plenty of pleasant, superficial talkers; but you would like a few men of genius whom you know, to participate in the luxuries before you—

"To share the ven'son, and partake the wine."

After the ladies have retired, you enjoy the claret, and get into free and easy conversation with all around. Suddenly, a simultaneous rising of the party seems to take place, with the exception of the duke and yourself. You are left together—

* * * * * * * * * *

A dreadful noise is heard without—the door of the dining-room is burst open with the force as of a whirlwind; a mob of servants in the duke's livery rushes in, armed with clubs, fowling-pieces, pokers, and other formidable weapons; in the rear are two figures in white caps, brandishing spits—they are the cook and confectioner. "Where is his grace?" cries the foremost of the gang, a stout, well-fed-looking, red-faced creature with powdered hair: "We are resolved, my lord, to make known our wrongs and to obtain redress. Our sufferings cannot be known to your grace, or we are sure they would have been relieved. Why, my lord, we ask—why are we fed on nothing but venison and game?—why, for these many weeks, not allowed to touch butcher's meat? We want a plain answer.

The Old Lord seems about to speak: his face has turned ashy pale with rage, but he is unable to give utterance to a word. You start up from your chair, and address the powdered rebels.—

"Fat and pampered wretches! Have ye not heard, 'he is a fool who quarrels with his bread and butter?'—and *what* bread and butter is yours! Think of the poor wretches in workhouses—the common labourers—the manufacturers: but it is vain reasoning with you; your good living, easy work, and liberal pay, beggar your wits. I see how it is—you think my lord saves by giving you venison."

Here a cry of "No, no!"

"Well, I tell you what I will do, if you will one and all peaceably retire to your several offices. I will engage that to-morrow you shall have mutton broth and hard dumplings for dinner. I have influence with the duke, and I will guarantee you this favour."

"Thank ye, sir, thank'ee," bursts from the crowd as you conclude your harangue. The malcontents turn tail, and vanish from the room. You sink into a train of reflections, raised by this singular scene, and seem to account for the Old Lord's indifference to the beauty of his possessions. That a man should ever be tired of venison! 'T is strange—such is human nature. After a long interval, during which you have no distinct recollection of anything happening, you find yourself at full length reclined upon an ottoman close under the window, the moon shining full upon you. You rouse yourself, and rather think you drank too much claret: you make your way to your room, slink to bed, and dream again of the Old Lord.



THE BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday Beadle, when he has kicked down the unrahowen stall of a profane old apple-woman.

THE BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

He answers to the name of John Justin Bubb promptly—a name that furnished the parochial wits with much amusement on the day of his election: for, before the state of the poll was declared, those facetious persons tried often to impress upon his mind that he was not John *Just-in* Bubb, but John *Just-out* Bubb. But Bubb came in triumphantly by two casting votes—his butcher's (and Mr. Brisket wished him elected, as he had eight mouths to find in meat, inclusive of his own), and his baker's, who, for weighty wheaten reasons, came up in the nick of time and turned the scale, which descending, Bubb was duly delared beadle of the parish of St. Mary's, ——

John Justin Bubb answers promptly to his name when it is authoritatively pronounced by a churchwarden: or by a parish commissioner for anything that pays the commission: or by 'Squire Clark, the great man of the parish, who has the great family-pew in the church, and comes,

> "With all the little Clarks,
> His children, blithe as larks,"

in the great family-carriage, from his great family-mansion, five hundred yards off, to morning service; that in the evening being attended by the Clark servants only, without the great family-carriage. Mr. John Justin answers very quickly to his name when the rector calls "Bubb," from the vestry-room: he can hear his "Call to the Unconverted" at any corner of the church. Nay, even at "The Red Lion" over the way, if the doctor invokes him, he pauses in the middle of his draught of ale, and wipes his mouth; or darts down his dram, half fills his mouth with caraway seeds, and, chewing them as he goes, is at the vestry-door just as the doctor is about to call "Bubb" a second time. If the doctor demands why he could not come when he first called, he answers that "He heard him, and was coming; but those boys—they will get into the churchyard, over rails and all,

before my very face, and an angel would n't drive them from jumping over the tombstones!" The doctor is apparently appeased—the rector relies on his rectitude, and does not notice how entirely out of drawing are the perpendicular lines which Bubb endeavours to preserve when standing still; and that the horizontal lines he is describing, in quitting the robing-room, are serpentining, and not straight, and vanishing at a point in the distance. The rector detects nothing but the fragrance of the caraways; and sniffs, and looks round the room, and asks Bubb "If he does not remark a smell of something not unpleasant?" The wary Justin does, and lays it to the seed-cake in the cupboard; the doctor thinks that, perhaps, it is that; and Bubb would get acquitted of four quarterns of pine-apple rum between two—Bubb and his brother beadle, Cobbes; but when the doctor looks up in his face, his eyes, which the fragrance of the seed-cake could not thus have affected, are plainly dodging the doctor, and getting into all sorts of eye-holes and corners, and turning and twisting about, and darting up and darting down, to avoid the scrutiny they are undergoing. At last the worthy doctor catches one eye as it is getting into the right-hand corner of his nose, and sternly says, "Surely, I am not deceived: no! Bubb, you *are* tipsy; that is to say, you are overpowered with drink!"

Bubb is undoubtedly affected by such a strong charge, or something as strong, for he staggers as he replies, "Doctor Drawly, reverend and revered sir, I'm overpowered with nothing of the sort! I'm simply staggered, as I stand here, by so serious a charge—nothing more! Me—I—drunk? The head-beadle of this most extensive parish set such an example to the three beadles under him, and to the poor of this parish, as to be already tipsy, at twelve o'clock in the day? Impossible! It's a moral impossible, dearest doctor, most reverend sir!"

"It is an immorality possible, sir:" says the doctor.

"'Sir,' and not 'Bubb?' Have I lived to see this day? It is too much!" and, by a forcible pressure of his knuckles, the great snubbed rubs a drop of the rum-and-water he had been imbibing out of one eye; and, as he perceives the doctor beginning to look sorry for his severity, he pleads, "Your reverence, now, could I, under such an eloquent ministry as yours"—(the doctor looks still more sorry)—"after hearing, as well as I could, for the boys were extremely noisy, such a heavenly sermon as you delivered only yesterday on the virtues of intemperance——"

"Temperance," suggests the doctor, as a correction.

"Could I fly in your face, or walk in your face not properly—

not straight—and set a bad example to Cobbes, and, through him, to Simes and Brown, his junior beadles? I could n't go to do no such thing, your reverence!"

"Well, well, my good Bubb——"

"Ah, doctor, now you make me Bubb, indeed, by that condescending famil'arity!" cries Bubb.

"Go, and let me see no more of this," continues the doctor, kindly.

"No, doctor, you shall not!" and, glad of his acquittal, Bubb takes care that the worthy rector shall see no more of it, by rolling himself away as fast as those pedometers of the parish, his legs, can carry him. With a sly tap of his cane at the window of "The Red Lion," as he reluctantly passes it by, he draws Cobbes to the door, who understands the signal. "The doctor's abroad!" whispers Bubb, and he walks off to the right. "Is he?" squeaks Cobbes, and he walks off to the left; and, both making a circuit round the houses, singularly enough they meet at the same instant at the door of "The *Blue* Lion," and look in to see that the house is orderly and well conducted, and that no improper characters harbour there.

Bubb is not so particular, not so quick, he does not hurry himself so much, in personally answering the curate (who is so old and poor, that, like an old lieutenant, he has outlived promotion): he answers him at a distance, but civilly, if it is worth while answering him at all: if not, he lets him answer himself.

Bubb holds up his head in a remarkably erect attitude, as though he were scratching the lower part of his spine with his left hand (his right being engaged with his stately, silver-headed staff of office), when Briggs, the poor organ-blower, bows to him; and sometimes he says, rather condescendingly, "How do, Briggs?" and does not wait to hear how he does, but, with a frown severe settled upon his imperious brows, warns him that any further familiarity he can dispense with for the present, and turns upon his heel; which beholding, Briggs looks after him as he goes, and, muttering, creeps back to his own workhouse-hole, where there are no such dignified characters as Mr. Bubb, the Beadle. With Mr. Softstop, the organist, Bubb, in the next minute, is as open as the church-door—as accessible as the church—as affable as a charity-boy when he sees you mean to give him sixpence as the reward of virtue, or, if he has not that, of merit. Mr. Bubb has been accused of pride since he rose to his present proud pre-eminence: we never knew a man who rose to anything, that wholly escaped that calumny. Yes, one we have heard of, who took no pride in his elevation: he could have

been content with a lower station ; for he saw nothing to be proud of in rising very high, to drop as low just when he had reached the climax of his climbing. Mr. Bubb, we should say, is not proud in himself, but in his clothes. Gold lace would degenerate directly that it was worn with an humble air, and look as mean a pretension as copper lace ; and he is conscious of that, and supports its superior worth with all the dignity he can. A new red waistcoat, with gold-worked buttons, is not, like " the napless vesture of humility," to be buttoned up to the throat, to save the ostentatious showing of no shirt. The parish pay for it, and the parish should witness their own waistcoat upon all occasions—on week-days as well as on Sundays—in the simplicities of his daily life, as well as upon state occasions. A cocked hat, edged with gold, was not designed to be passed unregarded ; the very construction of it shows that its corners were meant to catch the eye. Black plush breeches, gold-banded and gold-buttoned at the knees, shining in the sun, and shifting the sunlight all over them, as if they courted inspection, and cared not where " the garish eye of day" glanced on them, were never made to steal through the street. Let the man who is too conscious that his "tartan trews" are time-worn glide through the streets, nor dare the public gaze.

Mr. Bubb is not proud : he is simply mindful that he is a great public specimen of the blended natural and artificial dignity of man. If, therefore, he affects not now the company he kept in his street-keeping days, before he arrived to this great eminence ; if he accepts not the nod of Tiffin ; and deigns not reply to Cummin's inquiry into his health ; and looks "duberously" at Simmons, as if he had a notion that he knew nothing of him somewhere—it is the officer, and not the man, that is thus chary of himself. No ; Bubb has a due sense of his dignity only : he is not proud.

The poor have altered his opinion of the poor since he became head-beadle. He has heard a great deal about their poverty since, but, for his part, he never witnessed so much of it as is said to exist. " Where is it ? Who are the poor ? Where do they live ? What do they want ? What would they have ? A'n't there ten twopenny loaves (left by the late Alderman Guttergrub, of this great parish) given every one away on the first Sunday in the month ? And coals at Christmas ? And a shilling in money given to five poor widows ? And fifty flannel petticoats contended for annivally by five hundred decent women, being poor parishioners ? If four hundred and fifty go without them, whose fault is that ? They should be more prudent in their petticoats : but they won't ; that's the worst of them,

poor weak creatures!" He "don't see that the poor are so very poor—not he! They are only not so extremely well off as other people! He has heard of starvation—he never saw any of it—and he has been now at seven parish dinners, where there was a confusion of everything as was in season—especially peas, which wer'n't, and a guinea a-quart! There was, it's true, one man who was said to 'ave died of starvation—a manufacturer of stage plays, or some of them wicked profanities; but how could he be starved, when, as soon as ever he was brought into the house, he ate so voracious, that he choked himself? There a'n't so much poverty in our parish as is said to be, excepting among the bettermost classes."

It is plain that Mr. Bubb's great sympathies are not with the poor: householders, with a vote, have all the sympathy he has to spare. To these he bows and bends, and touches and takes off his hat most condescendingly; but in the presence of the poor he has no hat: he elevates himself, and stands erect, and, as he is six feet high, looks over their heads at anything—he is indifferent what—in the distance, while they are interceding with him; lets them cry, and does not interrupt them; if they are starving, tells them "There's plenty of work;" if they are sick, prescribes for them—"Take a penn'orth of bitter *always*, and you'll be well enough to go about your business in a week!"

The poor old women are not much divided in their estimate of Mr. Bubb, for his conduct to them is certainly not conciliatory. A great officer, who listens to their wants with his left shoulder, his head averted all the while, as if he was going immediately, must not wonder if he misses their good word: for old women, with a sad story, do not like to be listened to by men in authority "in that cavalry manner," as they term it. They do not agree in the terms of their dislike, but they do in the intention, as the following dialogue will testify:—

First Spiteful.—"An agreeable man, that Mister Bubb!"

Second Spiteful.—"A dis-agreeable wretch, that Mister Bubb!"

Third Spiteful.—"He a beadle! Brinks *was* a beadle, his intercessor! He *was* kind to us poor creeturs, the more's the pity!—heaven help us! But he's gone to goodness knows where, bless his dear old soul! But this Bubb, ma'am, I've no patience with the hard-hearted vagabone! I wish I was a beadle for his sake!"

Fourth Spiteful.—"I'm sure, Mrs. Gruntle, he oughtn't to hold his head so high that there's no seeing it, though he has gotten a gold-lace hat on it now—more's the shame! Let him look at his gran'mother!"

Fifth Spiteful.—"And his wife, poor thing! She had a fine time with him before he was made beadle, I'm sure! Let him look at his own poor dear father!"

Sixth Spiteful.—"Ah, Mrs. Sleeke, it's of no use looking at anything in this hard world! Look at him—the porpus! He's so fat a'ready, that he can't get into his own door, and he hasn't been two years a beadle! Whilst us poor creeturs (Heaven pardon the rash expression!) are so thin, that six of us might walk in arm-and-arm!"

It is a remarkable fact in the natural history of beadles, that no sooner is one returned, by however small a majority, than the portly process begins; and in about nine months after his induction, the Sir Plume of the parish becomes so fat, that coats, waistcoats, and waistbands have all to be let out, to accept and take in the greatening man, so

—— "justly vain
Of the nice conduct of his clouded cane."

But I have observed that, like other great men, Bubb holds himself superior to the calumnies of his small inferiors, and goes on in his own pre-eminent way, heeding nothing but the preservation of his white stockings from the spiteful splashing of the parish scavengers, to whom he is obnoxious, because, as those susceptible servants of the parish say, "He wanted to domino [or domineer] over them, and instruct them in their line o' life!"

Mr. Bubb is charged with pride. If he will not know (that is, see) some persons, there are some other persons who will not see (that is, know) him, now that he is so considerable a man.

"Envy doth Merit, as its shade, pursue,"

to quote that fine copybook line of the moral poet. But Mr. Bubb sometimes suspects a disrespect where none exists. I saw him, the other day, looking with such an intense power of indignation across the High Street, that, if the road had been five times as wide, his indignant eye would have reached across it. I wondered what so moved him, till I noticed a humble-looking but gentlemanly man creeping close to the wall on the other side, as if he did not wish to get in the way of any one. And yet it was this meek, quiet creature that had stirred up the bile of a beadle to such bursts of invective as these:—"The pitiful fellow! Who is he, that he holds his head so high, like my Lord Somebody in distress, and won't acknowledge *my* bow? —Cobbes, will you stand staring there, and see me *not* bowed to by I don't know what?" (Cobbes looked uneasy; but what could *he* do?)

"Where's your patr'otism, sir? Where's your loyalty? your love of country? your respect for Church and State? I blush for you! Unbutton my top button, sir! But there, you needn't stir a peg! *I* am able myself to look him down, and look him up, and look him out of this extensive parish into nothing—nowhere! Keep my collar down, sir!" Meek Master Cobbes complied, and, thinking to "smooth the raven down" of his indignant Head "till he smiled," timidly dared to say, "Good sooth, Mr. Bubb, it is up to-day wonderful high!" meaning his choler, and not the dignified cape of the great coat of the great Bubb.

"Cobbes! Mr. Under-Beadle Cobbes! Sir!" And with an imperious frown he suppressed the irreverent spirit of the inferior, making him to shrink in his shoes; and then magisterially he bade him to "Take notice of that man! I don't know who he is; but this I know, that I've seen him at the church twice if I've seen him once; and I said at the time to Brown, that his hat was not a best hat—by no means a good hat, but a shabby, second-hand, exchange-able-looking hat—a suspicious hat. Keep your eye upon him, Cobbes, for I have my *sirmisers!* Look to him, sir, for I have my doubts! Seize him, sir, if you observe he's at all partic'lar in picking an empty pew with best prayer-books in it, for I am not without my suspicions! The fellow looks as if he'd steal a bell from a belfry! He's either a bad man or a madman! I saw him give a shilling to one of our paupers the other day; and when I gave him a broad hint that the sun was very warm, and going about this highly extensive parish was dry work in dusty weather, he gave me —what do you think?"

"Half-a-crown," said Cobbes.

"No, sir; he gave me a sircastic screw of his mouth, and told me the parish pump was as wet and as cool as ever! What a reply!—Not bow to *me* when *I* bowed—*me*, the head-beadle of this great parish! What is this world come to? But this is another flagrant proof of the unfidelity of the age, as our doctor says. Oh, Cobbes, we live in awful times!—Beat that boy away!—Awful times!"

Mr. Bubb, I noticed, after this impassioned colloquy, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand; and I left the worthy pair looking round to see who had his eyes on "The Red Lion." The doctor's eyes were not in that dsrection.

It must be said in praise of Mr. Bubb, that if he has not the respect of all men, he has all his own. No great man is on better terms with himself—therein setting a good example to the rest of

the world. This self-respect has led him to think lately, that, as beadles are elected to their high state and great trust with much ceremony; after much canvassing, bribery, hubbubbery, appealing to feelings; much repetition of the six small children, and the ailing mother with a seventh; much speechifying of the parochial orators, clattering of cabs, jangling of hackney coaches, opposition of Tories, clamour of old women, indifference of Whigs, raving of Radicals, and roaring of boys (who put no trust in the professions of his canvassing letters); he has thought, I say, that as a beadle comes into office amidst such a stir and parochial uproar, that a foreigner would think that the next revolution of opinion (which everybody says is to take place) has broken out alarmingly in that parish, and all Europe was to be disturbed for the next fifty years, so a beadle should not be suffered to die out of office like the snuff of a candle! And yet kings go out in the same quiet way! But, then, a king is not a beadle!

It is already recorded that the old-womanhood of the parish do not love Mr. Bubb: it must now be recorded that the entire boyhood, including all kinds, rich and poor, dirty boyhood and dandy boyhood, hate him—he is so harsh a Herod and tyrant over those young innocents. It is remarkable that beadles never were looked upon with a favourable eye by youth generally. The very word "beadle" seems to them synonymous with "chastisement," in the canons of church discipline; and "canon," as they spell it, is *cane-on*. Bubb, by his severities, has rendered the office more odious than ever in their young eyes. I was not surprised, therefore, at observing that all the Guys of the fifth of November last past bore a considerably greater resemblance to the burly person of Mr. Bubb, than to the traditional effigy of ancient Master Guido Faux, that "gunpowder Percy." Fortunately for the ends of justice, however, as the papers say, the worthy beadle was at that time laid up with his *first* fit of gout (for he has been in office but two years); and, as fortunately, Cobbes was too dull a beadle and a man to detect the audacious parody of the person of his great chief, or I know not what might not have happened on that memorable day. As it was, Bubb burnt very brilliantly at night, and was squibbed and martyred at the stake in a truly christian manner, to the great edification of the young Protestants who assisted at his *auto da fe*.

Upon the whole, it is due to this great functionary to say, that, notwithstanding his indifference to the poor, and the unlimited use he makes of his cane, he is an extremely becoming Beadle of the Parish.



THE LINEN-DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

He hath ribands of all colours i' the rainbow——inkles, cadisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over as they were gods or goddesses.

WINTER'S TALE.

THE LINEN-DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

"NOTHING else to-day, madam?"

"N——o; n——othing else," replies the lady; and ere she has deliberately pulled on her glove, there is something else unrolled before her.

"A beautiful thing, madam! and" (this is said half-confidentially) "the first of the season."

The lady, with a predetermination not to buy, asks (but only in the way of curiosity) "How much?" On this, the linen-draper's man, lowering his voice as though he felt within him a glow of shame to utter to the winds the (to her) absurdly low price for so beautiful an article, blandly smiles, and whispers the sum.

"Humph! ha! I don't much like the colour,"* says the lady,—the article being very dear.

"I do assure you, madam, the only colour that is,—I mean, that will be, worn;—a beautiful colour! Upon my honour! a colour that, of all colours—quite a new colour!—so far away from the common!—you really—pray—a thousand pardons!—but allow me to give it the benefit of a little more light;—a delightful colour!—not but what it looks infinitely better in the dress than in the piece."

"Some colours"—and the lady begins to melt; and her husband's pocket (the poor man at the time, perhaps, driving his honest calling in the corn-markets or the Stock Exchange; or, it may be, in the sweet precincts of Furnival's Inn or Chancery Lane, displaying the practical philanthropy of the law to ignorant men who cannot understand the full philosophy of costs in its comprehensive

* Ladies have generally a fine eye for colour, albeit they sometimes (if we are to believe Dr. George G. Sigmond) exercise the faculty a little capriciously. The doctor asserts, that even in the article of rhubarb, *colour* is a great object with the fair; for, says the doctor, "it is a well-known fact, that 'fashionable druggists' (there really ought to be 'fashionable viscera') are obliged to gratify the eye of an elegant customer; and many a fine lady would not take rhubarb if the colour did not come up to the precise standard of her inclinations."

excellence): we say that, as the lady relents, the pocket of her husband (if the pocket have sympathy—and some misanthropists have stated it to be the seat of the passions) must shrink with apprehension—"Some colours," says the lady, "*do* look better in the dress: I think I 'll try it."

(Here have we a golden piece of advice for all husbands and fathers. The advice is, we know, second-hand, but, like a second-hand guinea, has not lost part of its value in its transit from a friend.

The Very Reverend Archdeacon Paley, in one of his familiar table discourses, touching upon the expenses brought by original sin upon husbands and fathers in the way of cambrics and satins, says:—"I never let my women" (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley)—"I never let my women, when they shop, take credit; I always make them pay ready money, sir: ready money is such a check upon the imagination!"

There is fine philosophy in this,—a fine orthodox view of human nature. However, as some readers may dissent from the implied wisdom of the position, we can supply such disagreeing parties with an antagonistic axiom from the self-same reverend author: for it is also to Archdeacon Paley we owe the following advice:—"Never pay money until you can't help it: *something may happen.*"* The reader may say, "Here are two principles, opposite as white and black;" to which we make answer, that we shew the said principles as the linen-draper shews his goods of many hues: our customers may select the colour that suits them best.)

It is the prime duty of the linen-draper's shopman to make wants for his gentle customers; his one question succeeding inevitably the sale of an article—"Nothing else?"

"*Nothing else?*" This sinister interrogative, this mischievous Puck, waylays men in their private walks; comes to them day-dreaming a-bed; infests the hearth; nay, goes with them to the Exchange; and has been known to possess very respectable people, supposed at the time, to be giving all their hearts and ears in their family pew, to a touching sermon on "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

"*Nothing else?*" Captain Brace had made a very handsome fortune in the South Seas;—the whales had taken to him kindly;—and he came home, bought house and land in Devonshire, grew his own corn, and killed his own mutton. Who so happy as Captain

* A living Jew had doubtless heard this maxim; for having, not many months since, been cast in an action in damages, said confidentially to his attorney, when speaking of payment to the histrionic plaintiff, at the time very ill, "For God's sake, put him off; *he may die!*"

Brace? What, "nothing else?" enquired the imp, one day meeting the captain in a pensive mood—"Nothing else?" The query sufficed. The captain immediately set his heart upon a coach and house in town: he kissed his wife, hugged his children, took ship for "only another voyage,"—and behold! coming home, the ship went down, and the captain's bones lie buried in the Goodwins!

"*Nothing else?*" Our great Aunt Penelope was a charming independent maiden at the age of forty-one; a happy soul, with one of the handsomest country-houses in the west of England: her currant wine was as spotless as her virtue; and many a licensed dealer in champagne would have blushed the deepest crimson at her real gooseberry Suddenly she became serious: Aunt Penelope sighed, and assured enquiring friends, that she was wasting to a shadow! What could ail Aunt Penelope? In an evil hour, a regiment from Cork had been quartered in the town: and one fine sunshiny Sunday, as the veterans marched to church, her eye fell upon Serjeant Macfillyloo, a warrior of six foot three; and as their eyes met, the demon of all domestic mischief whispered, in the sweetest tones, to Aunt Penelope, "Nothing else?"—and the unwary maiden bought the serjeant out, married him, and became —almost within the same month—Mrs. Macfillyloo, and the most wretched of women.

"*Nothing else?*" is, in matters of trade, the peculiar weapon of the linen-draper. He puts the question in the most unquestionable way: he is sure there *is* something else; he knows the wants, the wishes of the fair dealer, and, with a benevolent alacrity, proceeds to unrol another article. For the time, the price is not to be thought of; every meaner consideration is utterly forgotten in the crying necessity of the customer. Silks and cambrics lie glistening "many a rood" upon the counter, and the fascination is, nine times out of ten, irresistible. "Let no man say," exclaims Sterne, "'I'll write a duodecimo:' matter grows under our hand." Let no lady say, "I will buy three yards of muslin:" gowns are to be sold!

We know of no race of dealers so gracious, so alert, and so unwearying, as linen-drapers. To be sure, they are every day twelve hours at school, and are taught by the prettiest teachers. Their governesses are among the loveliest of the earth; and the manners of the pupil must necessarily smack of the gentleness and forbearance of the preceptress.

And yet these men (so capricious and so discontented is human nature) are at this moment clamouring for leisure—for time for

self-improvement! What would they have? Are they not the chosen servitors of the fair? Do they not for nine, ten, eleven hours per diem, only six days out of the week, live in the very atmosphere of beauty? What have they to do but to take down and put by; to smile, to speak softly, to protest; and, for the benefit of the "concern," to tell a lie with the grace of perfect gentlemen?

"My friends and fellow-sufferers," said one of these men at a recent public meeting, somewhere convened, to consider the rights and wrongs of the shopmen:—"Friends and fellow-sufferers! the Linen-Draper's Assistant is little better than a hedgehog [Hear!]: for twelve hours a-day he has little more to do than to unrol, and then roll himself up again!" [Cheers!]

Still, there are bright minutes in the long day of the Linen-Draper's Assistant;—minutes of half-confidence with shopping beauty, coveted in vain by other dealers: and the address, the delicacy displayed by him on these occasions, test him as the master of his craft. There are certain questions which he hazards with a self-deprecating look, as though he were "dallying with an interdicted subject." It is, as we have observed, the linen-draper's province to suggest the want of things, the very existence of which is not to be merely doubted, but to be utterly unknown to mankind at large. It is his business to harp continually, by inference, upon the result of the "fall," and to impress upon the minds of Eve's daughters the consequence of their first mother's transgression. And this the linen-draper does in so bland, so smiling a manner;—in the generosity of his nature is so utterly forgetful of the share his own sex bears in the general calamity, that it should be no wonder when we see ladies as generously forgive the insinuation, and as largely buy.

Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, in allusion to the fruitless condition of our original father, says, "It irks me to think of poor Adam laying out his halfpenny for apples in Mesopotamia!" This regret of the philosopher presents to our mind Eve at the linen-draper's. We see the shopman bow and smile, and roll out, and roll out, and roll out! The lady purchases; and, it may be, the necessity of the purchase—the evil that makes it indispensable—is, for a time, wholly forgotten in the loveliness of the article bought. "Nothing else?" asks the shopman: and other trifles are rolled out—measured—cut. At length, the Assistant assumes his delicate privilege; and having suggested all the known and palpable common-places of dress, stops, smiles, and with his palms upon the counter, and his eyes half-abashed, half-closed, lets two words escape flutteringly—"*Any flannel?*"

And yet these are the men who wish their condition ameliorated! Men, licensed to put queries such as these to the best beauty of the earth—the aforesaid beauty taking the interrogative with the sweetest possible grace, and thus granting indulgence for new enquiries! "Any flannel?" But we cannot—we may not pause to philosophise on the question: we leave it in its suggestive simplicity to the imagination of our readers.

The Linen-Drapers' Assistants crave time that they may improve their minds, they would fain know if all human existence is to be passed in unrolling and rolling goods, and pressing remnants thereof. They think it much to work twelve and fourteen hours a-day, albeit half the time is spent in pretty protestations to pretty faces, for the benefit of the firm! What would they learn—morals? If so, do they think, by the successful pursuit of the study, they would render themselves more available to the masters of Oxford and Regent Streets?

"Will it wash?" was once the enquiry of a gentlewoman, as the linen-draper displayed to her a "beautiful article," quite new. "Will it wash?" asked the lady. "Wash, madam!" replied the shopman, "I 'll warrant it to wash!" The piece was bought; and in a fortnight or less, the lady returned to state her grievous wrong, "You told me, sir, the print would wash!" she exclaimed, shewing to the unmoved shopman the colourless purchase." "Very true, madam—I said it would wash—I pledged myself to the fact—but I did not say it would keep its colour." This man—we really speak of breathing flesh, and not of any linen-draper of the imagination—was a genius; and had his rightful reward in the approving smiles of his master. Let us, however, suppose that he had had time for self-improvement. and had answered the "Will it wash?" in the spirit of honesty, replying in the negative. He would probably have received sundry silver medals in token of the feelings of his master on the occasion, with a recommendation to seek a nobler sphere for the exercise of his heroic virtue.*

We want to know what these misguided young men wish to have. If they become rigid truth-tellers, there is an end to business. "I don't know any house," said the most respectable head of a most respectable firm, "I don't know any house that could last a month with such a state of things. Truth, sir, truth is very well in a story, or in a sampler, or in any matter of that sort; but the downright,

* It is stated that Mrs. Siddons, it is supposed absorbed in the consideration of professional matters, once put to a linen-draper, "Will it wash?" in tones that made the shopman gasp again: had she, as *Lady Macbeth*, asked, "Are you a man?" she could not have produced a greater effect upon her auditor.

naked, plain truth behind a counter—pooh!—I should like to know how, by such means, we are to pay rent and taxes."

"There 'd be a pretty list of bankrupts every week, I take it," cried another, with a sly wink and an anticipatory chuckle at the social chaos.

"When I was a young man," says a retired linen-draper, who, during the war, had a confidential, and withal not unprofitable, correspondence with sundry gallant smugglers—"When I was a young man, I never heard of such an article as mind."

"Nor, I, neither," observes another; "but I suppose it is a new thing, just come up."

We entreat the Linen-Drapers' Assistants to dwell in their present Arcadian simplicity; to enjoy the many delicious prerogatives of their profession, and, by calmly and deliberately considering the foregoing sentences—would we could print them in gold!—of heads of firms, to put it to themselves what must necessarily be the forlornness of their condition, if, by resolving to improve their minds, they raise themselves, in vulgar phrase, above their business! Can Cato measure muslin? Can Aristides put in a bad article, and swear it to be first-rate? Why should a man, whose doom it is to tear calicos, attend a lecture on the solar system? What has "The Quarterly Review" to do with

"Lawn, as white as driven snow?"

What is there in common between ginghams and geometry?—what, in the study of Malthus and fashionable checks?

The spring season should have its peculiar charms in the thousand new patterns that it brings—but it is therefore only spring. Why should the Linen-Draper's Assistant wish to know if grass be green, or if, indeed, there be vegetating sprigs, or, indeed, sprigs of any description, save in his prints and his muslins? If the shop-window blossom, it is enough for him; if the yard measure—seeming dead wood—bud like Aaron's rod, and bear golden pippins for the master, it is, or it ought to be, all-sufficient for the man. Cannot the Assistant sweat under the gas without yearning to haunt the Mechanics' Institution, to learn the nature of the vapour that poisons him? Does he pant to die instructed? Can he not pledge his honour, in consideration of his wages, without mischievously enquiring into the moral responsibilities of civilised man?

At the present moment, the privileges of the Linen-Draper's Assistant are many. He is allowed, in his own person, to work a most interesting experiment; namely, to prove upon how little it is

possible for a young man to wear a good coat and white linen. The journeyman bricklayer may beat him at wages, but he must beat, if possible, the man of independence, in the fineness of his apparel. It has been stated to us that, at this moment, there is a conspiracy among the shopmen in a certain West-end house, to outdress an illustrious Count; and, sinking the shirt-studs, it is thought that one Assistant has already achieved the undertaking!

Next, for time: we know it to be the custom of many establishments to give at least one whole hour per diem to the shopmen, for needful recreation of limb and abstraction of thought from the pressing demands of business. One whole hour! Now we very much doubt if any patriotic prime minister, with the good of his country thumping at his heart, could ever boast of so much positive leisure in the whole live-long day. (It is one of the objects of this work to eschew all personalities, or we would incontinently send to Brighton, that this our speculation might be satisfactorily resolved.)

We have thought it due to the interests of the world at large, to dwell thus at length on the present movement of the Linen-Drapers' Assistants; for we see, in the success of their struggle, the beginning of an utter change in our whole condition. Let it be granted, that the linen-drapers succeed in their demand for leisure—in their cry for time to unroll their minds, to see of what stuff and pattern they are composed; let us allow that they have obtained their end: well, does any reasonable tradesman suppose that the evil is finished? Certainly not. What, then, is the next calamity? Why—yes—absolutely—

"We see, as from a tow'r, the end of all!"—

we behold the fluttering of ribands—the waving of handkerchiefs; we see the milliner's girls in wild rebellion! They, too, cry for leisure!

The result of all this is as plain as the nose in Mamma's face—the result is an utter subversion of the present principles of society.

John Bull—should the linen-drapers succeed, and after them, the milliners, and after them, whatever class chooses to march through the breach made in the outworks of trade—John Bull must undergo an utter change of character. By the way; it was but three days since that we viewed the type of trading John Bull, in all his fulness; and, at the risk of offending a few of the sons of John, we will tell them what it was:—

A mountain of an ox, almost crushed upon its knees by its own unnatural fat, limping through Fleet Street, triumphant from the

Smithfield show—its horns decorated with sky blue ribands—its eyes dead as lead—its tallowy glories a burthen and a misery to it! "What a beautiful animal!" cried some of the unthinking worshippers of superabundant fat. "What a lovely ox!" exclaimed (it might be, from his looks) the purse-proud owner of thirteen drapers' shops. "What a lovely ox!" cried he, and stood to gaze. "What a nasty beast!" said we, and pushed through the crowd.

Now the John Bull of trade is but too often little more than the prize ox; an animal whose whole nature is to eat and eat, and to accumulate in its own carcase, a weight that makes it hideous. Have we not the oxen of commerce, crammed with oil-cake from the bank; with a thousand and ten thousand lean and withered feeders of the one thing, all mouth? "Well," they begin to say, "we will not for twelve hours a-day do nothing but cram this ox; let us, at least, have a little leisure to look about us, and see what the world is made of, and not pass all our lives at the meal-tub of another!" This is the present cry of the linen-draper; a cry that will sooner or later be heard from one end of the kingdom to the other; and, as the cry be unheeded or responded to, will the great mass remain mere money-diggers, or become thinking, reasoning men! A guinea is a good thing—an excellent thing; but, after all, it is not the best thing: there is a leisure that is better than gold.

To return, in conclusion, to our Linen-Draper's Assistant. There may be, among our readers, those who have felt annoyed at the perseverance with which the man has prayed them to purchase: alack! he may have had the dearest cause for his pertinacity. We will illustrate this probability by a true story:—A gentleman entered a certain shop, and was shewn some article by a youth of the establishment: the article was rejected as unfit; and the stranger was about to leave, when he was earnestly entreated by the lad to "buy something." The agitated manner of the boy excited the curiosity of the customer, who begged to know why he so earnestly pressed goods that he might perceive were not required.

"I am obliged to do it, sir," said the boy. "I have nobody in the world to help me, and have to do what I can for my widowed mother; and, sir, it is a rule in *our house*, that whoever lets a person leave the shop without buying something is discharged that very night."

The gentleman, doubtful of the truth of this, enquired of the master, who could not deny the statement of his servant. Fortunately for the lad, he had appealed to one with heart and means to assist him, and he was immediately preferred to a better situation.

NOW THIS IS TRUTH!



THE AUCTIONEER.

His eyes were grey and piercing. They nailed a bidder at a glance, and could detect him, 'spite of the shabby coat, dingy neckcloth, and flopped hat in which he was disguised.

LITERARY SPECULUM.

THE AUCTIONEER.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

"MR. REDBREAST, when you shall have a sale of any importance—"

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Redbreast, hooking one thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and swaying majestically round upon the speaker, "*all* my sales are of importance!"

In this brief sentence did the Auctioneer, on a certain memorable occasion, avow and publish the whole philosophy of his calling; nothing could by possibility fall into his professional hands that—till sold—did not increase in value, becoming priceless until it was knocked down. "Gentlemen,—a most remarkable—a most curious and admirable specimen of diseased *spleen*," exclaimed an Auctioneer, honoured by the late Professor Brookes with the sale of his anatomical preparations; "what shall we say for this most valuable article? —really, an extraordinary specimen—a most beautiful thing—quite a *bijou* for the young student! Thirty, thank you, sir—only thirty for this delightful—thirty-five—this delicious—forty, thank you, sir —this most inestimable preparation; only forty? gentlemen, this is not selling—this is giving away the spleen! No advance on forty? Yours, sir. The next number is ——;" and then the Auctioneer proceeded to descant upon the extraordinary attractions of an ossified heart, late the personal property of a distinguished attorney, assuring his auditory, that never since hearts began to beat had there been a heart "so peculiarly and so thoroughly ossified." On this, a slight titter was heard among the company, when the Auctioneer ventured to observe, in a low voice—audible in every part of the room—that the heart was worth double the sum bid for it, if only to be manufactured into chess-men or tobacco-stoppers. This sly jest, to the astonishment of its author, convulsed his audience; and with renewed hopes of bidders, and a rubicund face, shining like carbuncle with self-complacency, the Auctioneer proceeded in his task; and, to our mind, proved himself especially worthy of his office: for the true Auctioneer would "put up" some of the plagues of Israel, with a grave assurance that there never had been "such locusts," and that

"probably never such a favourable opportunity would again present itself to the lovers of entomology."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Redbreast, presiding at the disposal of some very ancient Indian china, "Gentlemen, the last lot is that most magnificent mandarin vase, which, it affords me peculiar satisfaction to offer to your notice."

"Mr. Redbreast—hem!—the vase," said one of the spectators in a half-confidential whisper, "the vase is————is cracked."

"I am most happy to inform the company," shouted Mr. Redbreast, "that the vase *is* cracked; that is, slightly cracked. The circumstance is a triumphant evidence of the extraordinary strength of the china; for it is upon record, gentlemen—there is a document somewhere proving the fact—that the blow received by that vase would have shivered a brick-bat; and yet, gentlemen, you will perceive that the superb vessel I have the honour to submit to your notice is only—slightly—cracked; flawed, I should say, gentlemen, flawed."

Profound and universal is the knowledge of the Auctioneer; or, if sometimes it be not, the true Auctioneer possesses, in an admirable degree, the most useful of the arts of life—the art of successfully disguising his ignorance; an art which has done more for some men than true knowledge has accomplished for others. The Auctioneer, as old Burton would say, is "a miracle of nature, breathing libraries;" he can, at any time, talk a sheet of encyclopædia on any given subject, mounting into an extraordinary glow of enthusiasm on certain romantic occasions; such, for instance, as selling the autographs of dead statesmen and starved authors, the picture gallery of a departed president of the Royal Academy, or the theatrical properties of a retired or defunct tragedian.

We were present at the sale of the effects of the late ——; and, with all the honesty of which we are capable, assure our readers that Mr. Redbreast wept real tears upon the wigs of *Sir Giles Overreach* and the *Duke of Glo'ster*. There were the sympathetic gems upon the locks of the domestic and the royal tyrants:—

"—— dews of morning,
Strung on slender blades of grass:"—

and never, never shall we forget the heart-gush of indignation with which the Auctioneer knocked down the rapier of the *Prince of Denmark* for——fourteen shillings! He looked, for a moment, as it would have been an inexpressible relief to him if the roof had descended, and the floor opened beneath him; and then proceeded to ——"the next article, *Shylock's* gaberdine and hat."

Fortunately for our readers, we have been favoured with an early copy of an advertisement which displays the literary abilities of the Auctioneer; a document, in its graphic simplicity, touchingly illustrative of the pursuasive powers of the writer. We subjoin the production:—

To the Nobility, Gentry, and Lovers of Art collectively!

MR. GEORGIUS REDBREAST

Has the honour to announce that he is entrusted with the Sale (without reserve) of

A RENTER'S £50 SHARE

Of that most gorgeous, most classic, and most under-let establishment in the United Kingdom, known as the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE!

This Share—Mr. Redbreast feels an unknown satisfaction in stating the fact—awards to the fortunate possessor, the inalineable right of

A FREE ADMISSION BEFORE THE CURTAIN!

A privilege in no way depending upon the caprice of a new Lessee, but as unalterably vested in the Renter, as is the ground-landlordship of the Theatre itself in

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD!

Mr. Redbreast, with a due regard for that professional probity which, he is proud to assert, has been acknowledged by the most distinguished men of the "Western Isle," amongst whom he is justified in enumerating

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK!

Conceives it to be necessary to premise that the purchase of the aforesaid Share does not give to the holder,

A VOTE FOR WESTMINSTER!

This circumstance, however, must be rife with peculiar self-congratulation to the buyer, as it preserves him from the exhausting excitement of political warfare, and thereby leaves his mind open to those sublime and exhilarating impressions to be received by sympathising spirits, from

THE WITCHERIES OF SHAKSPEARE,

Whose statue adorns the magnificent portico of the great national pile, and whose plays—when the amphitheatre is open—are, at times, represented within: where still

THE SHADES OF KEMBLE, SIDDONS, AND KEAN!

May be seen by "the mind's eye" of the visiter, in all their pristine terror, tenderness, and might!

Mr. Redbreast is further strongly impressed with the necessity of assuring

All Lovers of Horse-Flesh,

That, under the spirited and tasteful management of the present Lessee, they will meet with a species of entertainment to be found at no other theatre, which has, of late, supplied grooms and jockies from its *corps dramatique*, to many distinguished members of the turf; the Lessee having further pledged himself to keep a constant supply on hand, to meet the demand of

All Patrons of the Legitimate Drama!

Mr. REDBREAST, feeling very strongly on this important occasion, will venture even though he risk the charge of tediousness, to dilate upon the thousand moral, to say nothing at all of the pecuniary, advantages arising to the shareholders of

THE NOBLEST FABRIC IN EUROPE!

When it is remembered that the first of English moralists and lexicographers,

THE GREAT AND PIOUS DOCTOR JOHNSON

Was the friend of Garrick, and, himself, a writer for the stage; when it is upon record that he has appeared, "even in one of the side-boxes,"—(See BOSWELL)

"In a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat;"

When, it is an historical fact, not to be set aside by all the ingenuity of sophistry, that Dr YOUNG, the immortal author of

THE IMMORTAL "NIGHT THOUGHTS,"

Wrote a tragedy; and, that, to take the reader back to a remoter age, for a remoter, but surely a no less illustrious instance,

THE TALENTED MILTON

Actually contemplated the composition of a legitimate tragedy; when this

Invincible Phalanx and Galaxy of Morality

Can be triumphantly adduced in favour of the innocence, and even the utility of the drama, Mr. REBREAST, backed by such authorities, is bold to affirm that the purchase of

THIS UNIQUE SHARE

Cannot be rejected upon any religious grounds (however admirable and conscientious) to be found in the bosom of even

THE MOST TIMID DISSENTER!

The many advantages accompanying and emanating from the Share, are too numerous to be fully developed in the limited precincts of an advertisement; hence, having touched upon the *morale* of the transaction, in its highest and most serious sense, Mr. REDBREAST must content himself with a mere barren allusion to the other multifarious excellencies radiating from the possession of what he anticipates will be

A MOST WARMLY-CONTESTED TREASURE!

Drury-Lane Theatre is so felicitously situated, that let the shareholder have his abiding place in any part of the metropolis, it will be impossible for him to visit

THAT SHRINE OF GENIUS

Uninfluenced by the scenes of busy life through which the fortunate shareholder must "happy, take his way." Mr. REDBREAST will assume the liberty of assuming the purchaser to dwell in the suburbs, nay, near that Monument of Philanthropy,

THE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL,

His mind, going and returning, must be elevated by the consideration that he is treading near that classic ground,

WHERE SUETONIUS MET QUEEN BOADICEA!

A fact, enshrined even in its present homely and familiar name of

BATTLE BRIDGE.

Or, presuming that the shareholder dwell in the picturesque locality of

TOTHILL STREET,

Can he, at solemn midnight (for of course he will always stay the last piece), pass homeward to his balmy couch, without a sense of moral elevation as he glances at

THE AWFUL ABBEY AND ITS MIGHTY DEAD!

Or, allowing that the shareholder be sufficiently prosperous to reside in

THAT SUBURB ATHENS—BROMPTON,

He must be more or less than man, if, passing Apsley House, he fail to breathe a mute benediction of gratitude for

THE CONQUEROR AT WATERLOO!

Or, let it be imagined that the shareholder have his 'whereabout' in Cheapside, can he retire to his hearth, and pay no homage—a homage that elevates the payer—to

THE ARCHITECTURAL GENIUS OF WREN!

Granting that he be a denizen of Walworth, his mind must be fired with sentiments of real old English hospitality, as he glides by that well-known hostelry,

"The Elephant and Castle,"

Indeed, let the shareholder be merely a happy and contented pedestrian, or let him, as one of

"THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE,"*

Be whirled to the theatre in his carriage-and-four; it is impossible that he can reach the Temple of the Muses without passing through scenes, and over ground which (it is only making Metaphor the handmaid of Truth, to state the fact) are

Paved and Lighted with Historical Associations!

Mr. REDBREAST, having, it is hoped, with becoming brevity alluded to a few of the many local advantages arising to the shareholder, feels that he should omit a very pleasing part of his duty, did he fail to direct the attention of purchasers to the many beauties of

THE THEATRE ITSELF.

* We beg leave to acknowledge this most delicate allusion of Mr. REDBREAST towards our work. It is the more valuable, as it was not solicited, and will not be paid for.—ED.

The Box-entrance for renters may lay claim to the peculiarly English term of "snugness;" it is, indeed, a perfect bijou—a very bower, erected by

A SPIRITED LESSEE,

For the accommodation of gentlemen and of "ladies" on the Free List, when "not suspended." Having emerged from this modest nook, the renter finds himself in

A MOST MAGNIFICENT LOBBY!

And here Mr. Redbreast must direct the attention of the renter to a statue, cut by Carew, in the very choicest Parian Marble, of

Edmund Kean, Esq. as Hamlet, with Yorick's Skull!

A most apt and judicious subject, most judiciously placed, to refine and elevate the mind of the visitor, ere he mount

THE TRULY GORGEOUS STAIRCASE,

Which conducts the dramatic worshipper to

ALL THE TIERS OF BOXES!

Mr. Redbreast feels, acutely feels, that much might be said of the elegance of the interior—of the classic beauty of the proscenium—of the width of the orchestra—of the suavity of the box-keepers—and, *en passant*, of

The Accommodation of the Saloon itself;—

He must, however, avoid the fertility of the theme, striving to content himself with the pleasing assurance that

THE ACTIVE SPIRIT OF LOYALTY

To be found in this our favoured Isle—a spirit which, in its purity and splendour, makes dim all

TORCH-LIGHT MEETINGS—

Will excite in the generous breasts of Britons a most laudable contest for the Share in question; when it is confidently made known that

OUR YOUNG, LOVELY, AND VIRGIN QUEEN

At the National Theatre, and for the glories of our National Drama,

HAS A ROYAL BOX

Most elegantly, and yet withal, most simply and most characteristically decorated,

WHICH SHE NEVER VISITS

But to the increased affection of her subjects, and the renewed hopes of dramatic regeneration,

ON ANY OCCASION WHATEVER!

It is in this magnificent structure, that the Fifty-Pound Renter may elevate his mind, and cultivate his British loyalty, by beholding, at one and the same time, Mr. Van Amburgh and his lions, and

THE SMILE OF VICTORIA;

May, in lighter and more sportive vein, between the acts, compare the splendour and the glitter of the fairy-like chandelier, with the lustre and brilliancy of

The Eyes of the Maids of Honour!

It is not the wish of Mr. REDBREAST to divulge the "secrets of the prison-house," as to

THE GREAT ATTRACTIONS IN EMBRYO!

To be produced next season at DRURY LANE THEATRE; and yet he cannot resist this opportunity of informing purchasers, that the spirited Lessee has given orders for the construction of an enormous tank beneath the stage, and that

A Fine Lively Hippopotamus

Has been more than obscurely hinted at; being the first appearance—if it appear—of that most interesting animal in any theatre in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

In conclusion—and Mr. REDBREAST feels it hard to conclude—bidders are respectfully informed, that further particulars of the further advantages connected with the Fifty-Pound Share in question, together with a lithographic plan of the Theatre, its Lobbies, Saloon, &c. &c., may be had, price one shilling, at Mr. REDBREAST'S Office, the week previous to the day of sale, which is positively fixed for the ensuing First of April, 1839.

In this document—preserved, as we fondly hope, in these our pages for the curiosity and admiration of posterity—the Auctioneer shews his fine knowledge of the world; displays, in an eminent degree, the utility of enlarging nothing into something, by the mere force of words; all men being assailable by the ears, according to their length.

The Auctioneer knows mankind—knows it to be impossible for would-be buyers to read the before-quoted jargon of words, and keep their minds upon the mere "fifty-pound share" in its individual littleness. No; the admission—the privilege which the purchase bestows—cannot be considered in its abstract simplicity; it is so incorporated by the "so potent art" of the Auctioneer with nobler and mightier things—it comes so recommended to the senses of the hesitating buyer by advantages miraculously made manifest to him by the eloquent imagination of the tradesman—that the Dukes of Bedford and York—the shades of Kemble, Siddons, and Kean—of Johnson, Young, and Milton, are in some way associated with the article to be disposed of, and give a worth and dignity altogether extrinsic of the commodity. There is—and the eccentric gentleman yearning for the "fifty-pound share of the most under-let establishment in the United Kingdom" cannot wean himself from the delusion—there is a strange, mysterious connexion between the advertised commodity and the glorious objects touched upon by the Auctioneer; the "share" is hallowed by its compelled association with so many brilliant images, that, incapable, or even unwilling to separate the real from the fanciful, the reader purchases, and the eloquence of Mr. Redbreast has its wished reward.

How often have we turned from the rancour of politics and the crimes of the police, to seek in the self-same newspaper the fairy bowers and silver streams—the groves of Arcady, and meadows of perennial emerald—constantly offered by Mr. Redbreast to the world-wearied heart! How often has our imagination revelled in the scenes of "more than Italian beauty," somewhere in Lancashire! How have we wished for the wings of a dove, "that we might flee away and be at rest" in the sylvan haunts and "more than hermit-like seclusion" of a most unique estate, situate in Kent! How have we yearned to take up our abiding-place in that "romantic abbey" near the village—that happy village!—the inhabitants of whieh are of so primitive and benevolent a character, that "the word incendiarism is unknown in their vocabulary!"

Proceed then, Redbreast! Still conjure to the wondering eyes of Britons haunts of delight—abodes of peace—temples of Druid-like sanctity! still have patches of the Hesperides "continually on sale," with this further advantage, that the dragon "going with the estate," combines "with the poetical configuration of the dragon the sagacity and docility of the tamest Newfoundland."

Thank Heaven! despite the opinion of Mr. Serjeant Arabin,* there is imagination left in this trading age of pounds, shillings, and pence; a fact as incontestably proved by the brilliant creations of the Auctioneer, as by the parties made captive by them. Mr. Redbreast would not make flies of beautiful colours, were he not—wise angler in this world's dark waters—well assured that there are gold-fish to bite at them!

The Auctioneer is a dealer in words; and his success with the elect and chosen of fortune proves that human nature is in all ranks the same. The illiterate countryman, or simple apprentice, is gulled by the protesting Levite, who, with all his tongue, his eyes and eye-brows, swears that the pencil-case is all silver, when it is the thinnest copper thinly-washed; and the Auctioneer, by the same weapons—the mere artillery of syllables—"takes the reason prisoner" of the man of many thousands!

* This learned gentleman recently complimented the boy who was found in Buckingham Palace, with the possession of the imaginative faculty in a very high degree, and that in "a country by no means celebrated for its imagination!"



THE MONTHLY NURSE.

From the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

The Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her (excepting her own family), consist of wives who are brought to bed, and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minnikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink—provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a "bit o' dinner" that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at "a dish o' tea," or at that which "keeps cold out of the stomach," and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all old household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swathes; the inhabitant of a hundred bedrooms; the Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of child-birth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest consolation under a death

(next to the corner-cupboard, and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life is, when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a "counteraction")—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box.

Good and ill-nature, as in the case of every one else, make the great difference between the endurability, or otherwise, of this personage in your house; and the same qualities, in the master and mistress, together with the amount of their good sense, or the want of it, have a like re-action. The good or ill, therefore, that is here said of the class in general, becomes applicable to the individual accordingly. But as all people will get what power they can, the pleasant by pleasant means, and the unpleasant by the reverse, so the office of the Monthly Nurse, be her temper and nature what it will, is one that emphatically exposes her to temptation that way; and her first endeavour, when she comes into a house, is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this object, she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband (as she tells him) "can never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account;" or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentleman, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about "natural living," and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or "master," as the humbler ones call him—is, according as he behaves himself, and receives her revelations for gospel, a "sweet good man"—"quite a gentleman"—"just the very model of a husband for mistress," &c. &c.; or, on the other hand, he is a "very strange gentleman"—"quite an oddity"—one that is "not to be taught his own good"—that will "neither be led nor *druv*"—that will "be the death of mistress with his constant *fidge-fidge* in and out of the room"—and his making her "laugh in that dreadful manner," and so forth;—and, as to his "pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candlestick."

"Holding the baby," indeed, is a science, which she reckons to belong exclusively to herself; she makes it the greatest favour to visiter or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs, in the world; and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin, and find your competency come to nothing before the explanatory pity of her information.

Respecting the "doctor," her thoughts cannot be so bold or even so patronising. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she has her hearty likes or dislikes of him too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there "never *was* such a beautiful doctor," except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Buttermouth (both dead), and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a "fine man"—so patient—so without pride—and yet "so firm, like;"—nobody comes near him for a difficult case—for a fever case—for the management of a "violent lady." If she dislikes him, he is "queer"—"odd"—"stubborn"—has the "new ways,"—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses, in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Doctor Gripps, who is "always" called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his "other right hand," and "the *jewel* that rhymes to *gruel*."

Armed with these potential notions in general, and the strongest possible sense of her vice-royalty over master and mistress for the time being, she takes possession of the new room and the new faces; and the motto of her reign—the *Dieu et Mon Droit* of her escutcheon—is "During the month." This phrase she has always at hand, like a sceptre, wherewith to assert her privileges, and put down objection. "During the month," the lady is not to read a book. "During the month," nobody is to lay a finger on the bed for the purpose of making it, till her decree goes forth. "During the month," the muffle of the knocker is at her disposal. And "During the month," the husband is to be nobody, except as

far as she thinks fit, not even (for the first week or so) to his putting his head in at the door. You would take him to be the last man who had had anything to do with the business. However, for her own sake, she generally contrives to condescend to become friends with him, and he is then received into high favour—is invited to tea with his wife, at some "unusually early period; and Nurse makes a bit of buttered toast for "master" with her own hand, and not only repeats that "baby is as like him as two peas" (which it always is, the moment it is born, if the lady's inclination is supposed to set that way), but tells him that she fears he is "a sad charming gentleman," for that "mistress talks of him in her sleep." The phrases commonest in her mouth are mostly of an endearing or flattering sort, with an implication, in the tone, of her right to bestow them; and she is very aristocratic in her ideas. She tells the lady in her hour of trial, as the highest encouragement to fortitude she can think of, that "the Queen must suffer the same;" and the babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, be sure:—and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and "the child is father to the man," mankind, according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full grown; and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms. But she has also modes of speech, simply pathetic or judicious. If the lady, when her health is inquired after, is in low spirits, she is described as "taking *on so;*" if doing well, it must not be too well, for the honour of the importance of the case, and the general dignity of ailment; and hence the famous answer, "as well as can be expected." By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill-used of infant elegancies, if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig, and, when it is sleepy and yet will "not go to sleep" (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea), or when it is "fractious" for not having had *enough* pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear, that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair, will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back, and jolting of its very soul out, will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation, prostrate across the nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating

such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with "brats," and "drat it," and "was there ever such an 'obstropulous' little devil;" while her lips are loud in deprecation of the "naughty milk," or the "naughty cot" (which is to be beaten for its ill-behaviour); and "Dordie" (Georgy) is told to "go" to a mysterious place, called "Bye-Bye;" or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of "Was it a poppet then?" and "Did it break its pretty heart?" up to the future glories of "Shall it be a King then?" "Shall it be a King Pepin?" "Shall it be a Princy-wincy?" a "Countess," a "Duchess?" "Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?" In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort, have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shaksperes.

Alas! that it should be made a question (ridiculed indeed by the shallow, the nurse among them, but very seriously mooted by philosophers) whether in that first and tenderest month of existence, the little bundle of already made organs, sensations, and passions, does not receive impressions from this frivolous elderly "nobody," which may affect the temper and disposition of the future man or woman! whether the "beautiful fury"—though we confess we never saw such a phenomenon—whether the crash in the china closet, or the sacrifice of a daughter's happiness to a father's will and obstinacy, had not its first seeds sown in the lap of this poppet-dandling simpleton. Not its "first," we apprehend. Those, we take it, are of far earlier origin, the little creature being much older than is generally supposed, when it comes under the influence of this its third, and most transitory, and not always most foolish modifier. But we have no doubt that she contributes her portion of effect. This is, however, what she herself can by no means comprehend. "As if any treatment" (she thinks) "except in the article of rum and sugar, and the mode of holding, can be of consequence to one so young!" She is nevertheless very diligent in looking for "marks" about its body, and tracing them to influences on the mother's mind; and yet she cannot see that the *then* impressible little creature is still impressible. Heaven and earth are to come together if the piece of fat is not supplied, or the clothes are not of the proper fashion: but the sudden affrightment, the secret blow, the deadening jolt to sleep, or the giving way to nothing but the last rage, these are to be of no importance. She has no doubt, nevertheless, that its brothers and sisters are all impressible, whatever the infant may be;

and accordingly, with her usual instinct of the love of power, she generally contrives to do as much inconsiderate harm to them as possible, and lays the seeds of jealously in their minds—if none be there already—by telling them that they must now cease to look upon themselves as the only important persons in the family, for that "a little stranger has come to put their noses out of joint." Pleasing and picturesque introduction to the fraternal affections!

Do not despise her; no, not even when pourtrayed as in our artist's picture, under her worst aspect, for a warning. Engage not such a nurse as that if you can help it; yet pity while you refuse her for perhaps she would not have had that aspect, but for the unnatural sleeplessness to which her duties forced her, nor have been given to that poison by her side, but for some aggravation of care occasioned by domestic troubles of her own. Even she—even that wretched incontinent face and burly person—has once been an infant, as we all have,—perhaps flattered for her beauty, (who would now think it?) the darling and the spoil of some weak mother like herself. Thus are errors propagated, till we discover that personal reproach and satire are of little use, and that it is systems which are to be better taught, before individuals can improve. Poor old nurse! Strange indeed would it be to begin with reprobating her! Let us see that she does as little harm as may be, crown (or *half*-crown) her with fees for her caudle, and dismiss her as fast as possible, with a deprecation of her sciatica.

There is not only a good as well as a bad side in everything (and with the addition of a little good sense to good-nature, you may make a very pleasant nurse even out of such an one as we have described), but there are exceptions in all classes, better even than mere partakers of bad and good. The Monthly Nurse as you ascend in society, is not seldom a highly respectable woman, who is nearly all that she should be—mild, firm, and well-meaning; and we have known instances—or rather we should say, as far as our personal knowledge is concerned, one rare instance—in which the requisite qualifications were completed, and the precious individual (for when can a mother's luck be greater?) was an intelligent gentlewoman! This is what the assistant-moulder of the first month of the existence of a human being ought always to be, and what she always *would be*, if the world itself were older, and every the humblest and earliest form of education regarded as the important and sacred thing which it is.

The poets, who are the vindicators of beautiful and everlasting truths, in contradistinction to the fleeting deformities of mistakes and half-truths, made the greatest goddesses of antiquity preside over child-birth; and the reader, supposing him to be the worthy

reader of whatsoever relates to humanity, and aware what small and indifferent things are its least dignified infirmities compared with its powers and affections, will not be sorry to have any ill-taste taken out of the mouth of his imagination on this subject by a passage from one of the earliest of them—supposed by some to have been Homer himself—in which the glorious old Greek, whoever he was, celebrates the birth of Apollo, and makes heaven and earth, the goddesses, the trees, the green meadows, and the incarnation of the spirit of sunshine, contribute to render it beautiful. We quote the version of Mr. Elton, as better even than Chapman's, only wishing that he had said "prevailing," or some more potent word of that sort, instead of "valiant," as the latter has come to mean a very ordinary sort of strength and heartiness, compared with that of the divine archer. As to apologising for this final exaltation of our subject of the Monthly Nurse (which is a name that the "sage and serious" Homer would not have scrupled to give to Diana herself, who was at once the *moon* and *midwife* of the ancient world), we shall no more think of doing it, than we should of blushing for the very moonlight when it sheds its beams on the bed of some newly-blessed mother, and combines thoughts of angels with her cradle.

—— "As the feet
Of the birth-speeding goddess touched the isle,
The labour seized Latona, and the hour
Was come. Around a palm-tree's stem she threw
Her linkéd arms, and pressed her bowéd knees
On the soft meadow. Earth beneath her smiled,
And Phœbus leaped to light. The goddesses
Screamed in their joy. There, oh, thou archer god!
Those goddesses imbathed thee in fair streams
With chaste and pure immersion; swathing thee
With new-wove mantle, white, of delicate folds,
Clasped with a golden belt. His mother's milk
Fed not Apollo of the golden sword;
But Themis with immortal hands infused
Nectar and bland ambrosia. Then rejoiced
Latona, that her boy had sprung to light,
Valiant, and bearer of the bow; but when,
Oh, Phœbus! thou hadst tasted with thy lips
Ambrosial food, the golden swathes no more
Withheld thee, panting; nor could bands restrain:
But every ligament was snapt in scorn.
Straight did Apollo stand in heaven, and face
Th' immortals. 'Give me,' cried the boy, 'a harp
And bending bow; and let me prophesy
To mortal man th' unerring will of Jove.'

Far-darting Phœbus of the flowing hair
Down from the broad-tracked mountain passed, and all
Those goddesses looked on in ravished awe,
And all the Delian isle was heaped with gold,
So gladdened by his presence the fair son
Of Jove and of Latona. For he chose
That island as his home o'er every isle
Or continent, and loved it as his soul.
It flourished like a mountain, when its top
Is hid with flowering blossoms of a wood."

What a mixture of force and beauty is in these pictures! How affecting is the graceful patience of the mother, and the gentle beauty of the landscape! And how noble, Apollo's suddenly "standing in heaven;" and his descent down the mountain, striking the goddesses with awe, and showering golden light on the island, which from that day forth flourishes out of the sea, like his own luxuriant head of hair, or some woody *mountain-top in blossom!*

Yet the birth of the commonest human being is an event hardly less divine, if we think of all that he is destined to suffer and enjoy, and of his own immortal hopes. Here is a charming passage from Beaumont, which comes more home to us than these out-of-door maternities of the Pagan heaven, with all their beauty. A daughter is attended in child-birth by her mother, who has warranted a betrothment not yet sanctioned by the father:—

Violanta. Mother, I 'd not offend you: might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening?
Angelina. Well,
Bid him do so.
Viol. Heaven's blessing on your heart.
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?
Angel. Yes.
Viol. It may well be so. The bare-foot traveller
That 's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groaned thus for me,
And yet how disobedient have I been!
Angel. Peace, Violanta: thou hast always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. Gerrard is better, mother.
* * * * * * * I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease. I 'll sleep.
Angel. * * * * * * Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up.



THE LANDLADY.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.

As You Like It.

TAVERN HEADS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

In the suburbs of this vast metropolis (but in what quarter it behoves me not to set down) stands a house of entertainment which, in common with many others, is dignified with the name of "The Castle." Underneath the portico—too mean, I have often thought, for the building—might be seen, in gilt letters on a chocolate ground, "Charlotte Chatham, Licensed Dealer in Wines and Spirits;" and on the front of the house, in type almost as large as the posters of the patent theatres, (can I say more?) the droughty inquirer is set at ease as to the particular tap he is about to imbibe.

Of the late Mr. Chatham—the worthy host (for all hosts are of prescriptive right, worthy)—the less, perhaps, that is said, the better; not that much good might not be said of the deceased, but that, being so, however much was said could do him very little good, and I have no right to prejudice vested interests. Of his facetiæ and fur cap, then, I shall speak absolutely nothing.

Mrs. Chatham—the Landlady—of whom I shall have more to say hereafter than it is my present hint to speak, was formerly well known to the frequenters of one of the many "Three Tuns" in this city, as Charlotte Lovage, the good-looking, well-behaved, and assiduous only daughter of Stephen Lovage, the landlord.

People may talk as much and as vainly as they please of the folly of indulging sentiment; but I contend—in the words of that most pleasing of all literature, newspaper advertisements—"no family ought to be without it;" least of all, the younger branches. "The Three Tuns" was hardly the place, and Mr. Lovage was hardly the person, to afford time and opportunity for the indulgence of that luxury in the bosom of Miss Charlotte, and she was coaxed and convinced, and argued and threatened, into a marriage with Chatham, before she had taken into account one tenth of the awfully solemn considerations which some of our modern lady-writers* consider indispensable,

* Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson, *passim.*

preparatory to the solemn contract of marriage. She, poor thing! had no notion that it was necessary to inquire whether Chatham's heart was this, or her own that; or both, something else: or whether his feelings were deep, and her's strong; and his affections strong, and her own deep. She by no means knew what kind of a soul he had, and she had never inquired much about the temporal requisites and human yearnings of her own, or she would probably have left off, as others have, by being without a soul at all. She only thought of making him as comfortable as she could, and of being as happy as as possible in return—not an unreasonable or illaudable thought, when a woman marries one towards whom she feels no particular partiality.

It must be confessed that "The Castle" was a serious consideration. To become the mistress of that, was to gain a point in the game of life, and she did gain it; and if she did, by these means, attain what the soul-and-body-harrowing gentry of fiction call "splendid misery," she hid it where other miseries of a less brilliant description were kept—in her own bosom; and nobody was the wiser for it, except perhaps herself. Chatham played his Castle, but she checkmated him at last. He was twenty years older than herself, and died twenty years before his time, leaving forty years "to the good," and if any one can offer any feasible reason why Mrs. Chatham should not marry again, I forswear ethics, and renounce physiognomy evermore and for ever.

As a Landlady, Mrs. Chatham was irreproachable. A better woman within the limits of becoming chalk never put trust in the faith of man. When her spirits did meet, it seemed only natural, proper, and fitting, that they should come together. It is not well that the strong should lord it over the weak—that is tyrannous; that the weak should control the strong—that is unspiritual. In a word, Mrs. Chatham settled the point at issue between Sir Hugh Middleton and Sir Felix Booth with a most praiseworthy and admirable equity.

Next let me furnish a brief memoir of Susan Hawkins, the girl who waited in the parlour; and of Tom Trotter, the pot-boy of "The Castle:" these individuals appertaining and belonging to the establishment, and being on that score entitled to take precedence of their betters.

Susan Hawkins is the daughter of a small tradesman in the "chandlery line," who once sold everything in the way of business, and was at length compelled to sell everything in the way of necessity; and who, shortly afterwares, took to his bed and died, as men of broken hearts and fortunes will do. Subsequently, the widow



THE BARMAID.

I understand the business——to have an open ear, a quick eye, and nimble hand, is necessary.

WINTER'S TALE

took in washing, while she had a peg and a line, and three yards of space to hang "the things" on; and, after that, went out as a char-woman, at eighteen pence a-day and her victuals, when she was called upon, which might occur, on an average, about three days in the week. The poor woman had ceased to have any care for herself since the death of Hawkins, who, somehow or other, strangely enough perhaps, always appeared before her mind's eye as she had first known him, not in the form to which the sordid wants and abject miseries of the world had at last reduced him. Her sole anxiety was to keep the little girl to her book and her needle, till she was of age sufficient to get her own livelihood.

It required no small degree of financial dexterity, and a conjuring up of resources hitherto unknown, to render the girl presentable when Mrs. Chatham, then newly-married, hinted to the mother that something might be made of Susan, and that she might send her for a few weeks on trial. This difficulty surmounted, Susan came on swimmingly. She was soon an especial favourite both in parlour and bar, and mine host was often heard to declare that he would not lose that girl for a trifle, meaning, I suppose, for three times as much as the trifle he gave her; which, however, was considerably augmented afterwards: so at least it may be presumed, for the mother subsequently made a much more comfortable appearance.

If a statistical report of the compliments paid to the fair sex, during the year in this metropolis, were drawn up, I think it would be found that the girls who wait in tavern-parlours would furnish a large—perhaps, an undue proportion of them. Of these verbal nothings, these evanescent expenditures of breath, Susan Hawkins received her full share. The reader will hereafter have an opportunity of deciding how far she was entitled to them. But whether it was from an inherent simplicity of nature, or from an inbred good taste whlch superinduces that exact propriety of conduct so difficult to be preserved in any station, I know not; but these complimentary tributes had no perceptible influence upon her understanding or behaviour. Certain it is, there was so much native sweetness and modesty about the girl, that it would have been almost as difficult for one man to meditate an insult to her, as it would have been to restrain another from knocking him down if he had done so.

That Thomas Trotter, the pot-boy, once had a father and mother, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. The parochial authorities at all events thought so when Tom, then rising three months, was found in a dry ditch at the back of the workhouse; for they bestirred themselves with laudable alacrity, but sorry success, to discover them.

The lad owed his name to the circumstance of his running alone at an unusually early period of locomotion, and earned it afterwards by running away from the workhouse at the age of ten years, thereby frustrating the benevolent intentions of the authorities, who designed to apprentice him to a tailor of melancholic temperament, who wanted the premium to enable him to stave off the necessity of sending his five children to the house from whence Master Trotter absconded, and for one of whom he considerately supplied room.

To the imagination of the young and tender Trotter, the world presented itself as a concern rather comfortable than otherwise, in which the work bore no comparison with the leisure, and wherein he might do as he liked and care for nobody. But this is a mistake that is sooner discovered than rectified; and the little fellow, after giving an unusual degree of mental trouble to his tiny wits, and living any how, and sleeping any where, sometimes under the dry arches of a bridge—but the fresh air from the water gave him too keen an appetite—was glad to close with the liberal offer of a small green-grocer, who proposed to him the tempting terms of one shilling per week, dinner when he could catch it, and half-a-dozen potato-sacks under the counter, along with the oyster-shells, by way of lodging. For two years did Tom carry about Coster's vegetable productions, and

"Do his errands in the gloomy deep"

of the contiguous coal-shed, during which time he contracted an intimate acquaintance, or rather, cultivated a close friendship, with a certain butcher, arrived at years of maturity, 'ycleped Chuck, who was the innocent means of removing him from his enviable position, and thus:—

The sexton of the parish was married, after much formal and solemn wooing, to the lady who took in mangling; an event which Chuck purposed to make extensively known. He wished to regale the newly-married pair with a concert of music, to be performed by *artistes* on the marrow-bone and cleaver, and other festive instruments: at which concert he invited his young friend to assist. Tom Trotter not having the fear of his master before his eyes, and, indeed not having any fear—unless, a natural anxiety to acquit himself creditably on so important an occasion may be called so—undertook to perform third tin-kettle in the band; and, for being absent without leave, and other outrageous conduct, now remembered for the first time, his too stringent master, to use his own language, "gave him the sack;" not to speak poetically, dismissed him.



THE PARLOUR ORATOR.

Turn him to any course of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

HENRY V.

Tom now became a faithful adherent of the overgrown pot-boy at "The Castle," who was half as tall again as the pot-rack that stood, of a morning, at the front of the house. He slept at large as heretofore, giving no undue preference to any particular locality; but, during the day constituted himself a kind of *ex officio* pot-boy—a supplementary vassal—an appendix to the paid functionary. When, however, the giant enlisted in the Horse Guards, Tom walked into "The Castle," and quietly inducted himself into the vacant place, and he gave the utmost satisfaction. Certainly, in the collection of pots there are few like him; he knows the very spike of the railings from which the required quart or pint should be gathered; and in the hunting up of old ladies for "The Dispatch," even at the latter end of the week, it may confidently be asserted he has no equal.

Having described the individuals appertaining to the establishment, it behoves me to speak of the frequenters of "The Castle."

It was about half-past six in the evening, that a tall stout gentleman—the ladies called him a very personable man—entered "The Castle," and, instead of proceeding directly to the parlour, halted at the bar, as was his custom, and lifting his hat, paid his formal and elaborate respects to the landlady.

"Mr. Ormsby," said Mrs. Chatham, rising to return his politeness, "first, as usual, I declare."

Mr. Orby Ormsby, the Parlour Orator, was a bank clerk, and a bachelor, about five-and-fifty years of age—seven-and-thirty of which had been devoted to that national institution. For many years past, the daily exercise undergone by this gentleman had not differed twenty paces, and his understanding and conversation were of the same unvarying description, so far and no further, and then back again. In the earlier portion of his life he had been somewhat of a reader, but most especially of "Plutarch's Lives," an old translation of which—the one by Dryden and other hands—he had conned over many times, with more pleasure, I fear it must be said, to himself, than profit to his listeners. For so treacherous was his memory, or so nearly balanced in point of merit did he consider the sayings and doings, the exploits and apothegms of the illustrious heroes, philosophers, and, above all, *orators*, who figure in that delightful work, that he ascribed them to each indiscriminately without scruple or hesitation. In addition to this, Mr. Ormsby entertained an overweening attachment towards long words, which he abridged or extended at pleasure; and what are commonly called hard words he rendered malleable at will, constraining them to do duty for such more significant absentees as, in the vehemence of his rhetoric, could

not be immediately laid hold upon. A style of oratory founded upon this basis, and set off by a voice to which Stentor was only worthy to sing second, maintained and secured for him the supremacy of the room. No one could—no one dared to dispute with him. No clamour could put him down, less than the simultaneous rumbling of half-a-dozen earthquakes, and a few avalanches *in*. His was the triumph for a time of sheer unmitigated sound over sense, reason, intellect, wit, humour, everything. There was one comfort—he was not often at it. Silence was a luxury after him, to be sure.

"Madam," cried Mr. Ormsby, in a very bland and gracious manner, "I will take my usual half-pint here, and I will trouble Miss Susannah to prepare my brandy-and-water."

As these were the identical words uttered by Mr. Ormsby every evening of his life, it commonly happened that his orders were obeyed as soon as he had pronounced them.

"I shall take an early opportunity this evening," he resumed, "when the gentlemen are assembled, of communicating the proposition I hinted to you, my dear madam, last night."

"Oh! you are very kind, I am sure," returned Mrs. Chatham, "very kind; I hardly know how to thank you for your—it's so considerate of you, sir; really——

"Not a word, madam, not one word," interrupted Ormsby; "to be considerate is——"

At this moment the door of the tap-room was suddenly flung open, and an individual rushed out, nearly overturning Ormsby, and quite upsetting his speech, as with averted head he tumbled against him.

"Beg forty and eleven pardons, and as many more as you please," cried the delinquent, looking up. "Mr. Ormsby! haven't you done it now, Joseph Atkins?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Atkins, exclaimed Ormsby, "I am surprised—astonished——"

"They were a chaffin' o' me in there, interrupted Atkins, "and so I cut it. I hope I haven't shook you—wouldn't for the world have done it if I'd known 't had been you, I'm always making a hole in my manners, I am."

"No offence in life, my good friend," said the pacified Ormsby, preparing to follow his brandy and water, with which Susan, in obedience to an order from his expressive eye, was about to leave the bar.

"Well done, noddle," cried Atkins, tapping his own skull approvingly, "that reminds me. Will you let me have a *tay-to-tate* with you for a moment?"



THE PRESIDENT.

—— I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.

SHAKSPERE

"What is it, Mr. Atkins?" said the other benignly, and inclining an ear towards him.

"Why, I hear you're going to have a grand to-do up stairs in a few nights, and I want to be amongst you. It ain't often I come it strong; but upon this emergency——"

"One would imagine, my good friend," said Ormsby, surveying the gilt-buttoned blue coat and coloured silk neckcloth of his companion, "that you had mistaken it for to-night."

"I've been to see a rich relation which I've got," returned Atkins, "and it won't do to go the old hog with him, Mr. Ormsby; he's a naristocrat."

"Will you come into the parlour," said Ormsby, after a moment's consideration, leading the way.

"Be after you in a moment; just staying to give orders. Here, Susan, my girl, just mix me up sixpen'orth o' gin and water, hot, and lus-ci-ous, and very ginnified, and here's the tizzey. Always pay as you go, Susan, that's my motto, and when you can't pay no longer, then get yourself set down in the inventory."

"Will you take it in with you, Mr. Atkins!" said Susan.

Joseph waived his hand, "No," said he, "that's against all rule; that's not according to ettiket, Susan. When I come the gentleman, I expect to be treated in a gentleman-like way. Follow me with the mixed liquor." And he walked off with a ludicrous attempt at dignity.

Strictly speaking, Joe Atkins had no business to be in the parlour, seeing that he was a constant frequenter of the tap. But, upon special occasions, by application to Mr. Ormsby, whose vast learning and stupendous talents he had taught himself to look upon as supernatural he was permitted to take his seat amongst them. But this indulgence was subject to certain conditions: he was to make his appearanee in his best clothes, and to put on his best behaviour, the last being a most arduous and difficult operation. To these stipulations, however, Joe at the time cheerfully assented.

"I must beg you," said Ormsby, when Atkins had taken a seat, "not to make a premature annunciation of the intended festivities on the first floor. That will best emanate from myself."

"Not split?" said Atkins inquiringly, dropping a penny into the tobacco-box, and extracting thence a compactly rolled "screw," "honour among thieves; I'm above it."

"It might do a serious injury to the cause we have at heart," pursued Ormsby: "You received a notification of it from——"

"Susan—confidential," said Atkins. "What a gal that is: one

of the best-going, beautifullest young woman eyes were ever clapt on. Go where she will, Susan 'll give satisfaction."

"A very creditable young person, indeed," returned Ormsby, "and a feature in the establishment."

"And Tom, sir," said Atkins, "the pot-boy—is n't he a credit to any house? not a better in this town. Mr. Ormsby, that lad's as sharp as Sheffield; not like the high 'un that was used to be here—long, lazy, and lubberly, that could n't do nothing well but walk into the grub. What Tom has gone through in his little time—'stonishing! he 's told me the whole pedigree many a time."

"He has suffered reverses?" inquired Ormsby.

"He just has," replied Atkins, and it's a praiseworthy action of Mrs. Chatham to have took him in. Aye, sir," and he looked wisely at Ormsby, "that 's a female which requires no comment. As for Chat——"

"Not a syllable of the departed," interposed Ormsby, with a warning fore-finger, "the dead are entitled to——"

"Nothing—I 've done," cried Atkins, "mum, mum. But if she don't get another afore long—that 's all. You see if she don't."

Mr. Ormsby's visage assumed a purple tinge. "You think she will marry again, do you, Joe? Mrs. Chatham is a delightful woman, indeed, Mr. Atkins."

"A very good careful huzzivey woman," answered Joseph, gravely, "Marry again? Widders always do marry again; no one can upset that; it 's fact. See if Mr. Wright don't walk in one o' these days, and hang up his hat."

"Mr. Wright!" cried Ormsby, fidgetting in his chair, "who is that individual?"

"It 's a manner o' speaking," replied Atkins, "the right man is Mr. Wright, and he hangs up his hat when he 's carried his object, in course."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Ormsby, considerably relieved.

"Excuse me," said Atkins after a long pause, "but I 've often thought it particular strange that you have never thought of making up your mind, and taking a wife."

"I, Joe?" cried Mr. Ormsby, quite thrown off his balance by this sudden appeal, but endeavouring to conceal his embarrassment by giving vent to some spurious laughter; "ha! ha! what made you think of that?"

"I don't know," said Atkins, scratching his ear with the end of his pipe, "but it seems only natural that every gentleman should have his good lady. Your time is not come yet, I suppose?"

"Why, Mr. Atkins," observed Ormsby solemnly, "women are strange unaccountable beings."

"Think so?" said the other; "well, let every one enjoy their opinion. Not more uncountable bein's than the men, take a fool's word for that: some good—some bad—some o' no use. Do what you will, they 're no good. They 're like horses—some 'll shy, and won't run in harness kindly; but when you do lay hold of a good 'un—my wigs! you may shut up shop, and leave the yard door open."

"I remember," said Ormsby, with much importance, "what Dolabella said to Mark Antony, when he was so deeply fascinated by Cleopatra, Queen of the Egyptains; 'If every tree had a woman hanging from it, what excellent fruit it would produce.'"

"Then Dollybella—what d' ye call her?" cried Atkins, in a high state of excitement, "was a scandal to her sex, and Antony should ha' told her so. Antony! a precious Sammy he was! Never," continued Joe with friendly earnestness, "never take one woman's word against another, or you 'll never hear a atum of truth."

"My dear fellow," cried Ormsby, with a smile of piteous commiseration of the other's ignorance, "Dolabella was a man—the friend of Marc Antony."

"Oh! he was—was he?" said Atkins, "not he, depend on 't. He was no man. It was n't the speech of a man—that was n't. Women that 's any good are angels without wings; and when they ain't, you wish they had wings to cut away altogether."

"Much may be said on both sides indubitably," remarked Ormsby.

"Good," said Atkins; "th' observation 's just."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an old gentleman of rather sedate appearance, who was welcomed by Mr. Ormsby with much urbanity.

Next in importance to Ormsby, and on merely colloquial evenings, at no great distance, was Mr. Asgill, the Parlour Politician, who always entered the room with a pint of porter in his hand, to save trouble and delay, reserving about one-fourth of that fluid to mix (partly for its colour and partly for its flavour) with the gin and water, of which it was afterwards his pleasure to partake. Mr. Asgill was an ironmonger, but had long ago transmuted, by something better than alchymical art, some portion of that metal into gold. In his leisure hours he was a great politician, and at his approach the newspaper was surrendered to him by its possessor without reserve or qualification. With his spectacle case in one hand, he gravely but courteously received the paper into the other, and was presently

absorbed in its varied intelligence—"possessed beyond the Muses' painting" with its contents.

There are some politicians who it would seem strive to follow the example of the elder Brutus, that is to say, they (let us charitably suppose as much) feign themselves to be fools, for the purpose of serving their country. But the worst of it is, their time never comes, and so they remain fools to the end of their days. Mr. Asgill was not one of this class of enthusiasts. He was no fool, and he did not particularly desire to serve his country. All he wanted was a nightly growl at all measures and all parties. It served to allay the bile, and did him much good.

"You will find very little news, I suspect, sir," remarked Mr. Ormsby, as Asgill proceeded to lay hands upon the paper.

"I dare say not—I dare say not," replied Asgill. "The old story, I'll be bound: ministers won't give the people what they require, and the people don't know what they want. All according to the system, Mr. Ormsby."

Mr. Asgill's remarks upon men and measures, when he condescended to comment upon them, were invariably received with marked respect. Even Ormsby deferred to his opinions, except upon rare occasions: and then, no authority drawn from the ancients was of much efficacy, unless it were the authority of one who had five syllables to his name; Marius, Cæsar, Sylla, Cicero, would not do; but when he came down upon him with Epaminondas, Asgill gave in, and tacitly acknowledged defeat.

Upon this occasion, however, Mr. Ormsby was not disposed to enter, into colloquial conflict with the politician, who, nodding familiarly at Joe Atkins, whom he by this time recognised, and taking a deep draught of porter, sat down to serious study.

That Mr. Ormsby might not be left entirely to his own mental resources, Atkins drew his chair closer towards him, and began to recount the goings on of a certain mad dog that had bitten an ostler, a monthly nurse, a lady's parasol, and a twopenny-postman; and was about to enter upon his feats on the brute creation, particularly on pigs, when another gentleman came into the room.

The relative situation of the company in the parlour was abruptly changed by the sudden and unceremonious flinging back of the door, and a gentleman entered, followed closely by Susan, bearing a glass of brandy-and-water. The stranger advanced directly towards a chair, and then quickly wheeling round, he faced the girl, and gazed at her for some moments vehemently with a most lack-lustre eye.

It was the private opinion of Mr. Dewham Hall—for such was

the gentleman's name—that little delicate attentions from mankind to the fair sex were what the latter had a right to expect. Accordingly, as was his wont, having secured his brandy-and-water, he seized the little finger of the reluctant Susan, and bestowed on it a pinch which the girl often told her mistress was "enough to make her squeal the house down;" and having done so, he took another intense glance at her face, and permitted her to depart in peace.

Mr. Dewham Hall was in practice what is termed a soaker; by profession he was a solicitor. His profession was his pleasure; soaking was his business. Dewham Hall drank, to use a common expression, "like a fish," although a fish could not have managed the water, let alone the brandy, which Mr. Hall never did let alone when he could get it. He was given also to snuff, which he consumed in commensurate quantities.

In his profession, Dewham Hall was what is called a sharp practitioner; a sort of devil-may-care (and he does very much) professional gentleman; one of those who study their own interests, and would as lief sell a client as serve him—for ready money only. He was not particular to a shade, or to a substance either, especially if that substance came in the form of a poor devil of a debtor, who would bear the application of the screw kindly, and had a large family, and an unaccountable antipathy to the Fleet and the King's Bench; which sanctuaries, he was wont to observe, were the only places a fortune might be made in now-a-days.

At "The Castle," however, Dewham Hall was looked upon as a pleasant companion and a jolly dog; though why he should have been so considered, an adept in the science of good-fellowism can alone explain. His voice was seldom heard, except in the order of "another go—as before;" and his jollity consisted of grim and unearthly grins, that ever and anon glared over his tumbler, which was usually upon a level with his chin, the tumbler being lifted up to that feature at the earlier period of the evening, the chin descending to the tumbler when it waxed late. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain.

"I am very glad you are come, sir," observed Mr. Ormsby; "I feared we should be without the pleasure of your company. Do you think it likely we shall see Mr. Hillary or Mr. Tidmarsh during the evening?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Hall, "they are gone to the theatre to-night together."

"A pity!" sighed Ormsby; "we are without Mr. Whittaker, and Mr. Nightingale also. I have a proposition to make to the company, which I do not wish to defer longer."

"Is it not probable," suggested Dewham Hall, "that the gentlemen absent will accede to it when it is mentioned to them?"

"I sincerely trust they may, and I believe they will," said Ormsby. "Would you have me proceed?"

"By all means."

"Hear, hear! silence! order! bra-vo!" cried Joseph Atkins.

Mr. Ormsby was seized with a timely fit of coughing: and, having completed a few prefatory hems, he arose upon his legs and addressed the company, in parlour assembled, in manner and form following:—

"Gentlemen—all!"—

Here the speaker made a pause, as is the custom of other great and practised orators, and looked around with a view to ascertain whether each particular ear was duly pricked up.

"My excellent friend," said he, turning to Mr. Asgill, and at the same time gently and insinuatingly twitching at the corner of "The Times," with which the politician was mentally grappling, "will you do me the favour to suspend the perusal of that repertory of miscellaneous intelligence for a few minutes!"

"What is it?" cried Asgill, awaking from his abstraction, "Oh! I beg pardon;" and he laid by the newspaper for future reference, and sat submissively waiting till the other should "let fall his horrible pleasure" upon them.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Ormsby, "several weeks have now elapsed since the demise of our ever-to-be-lamented and deeply-to-be-deplored landlord, the late Mr. Chatham. It is not for me, all-unsufficient as I am, to take in at one view—as it were to circumnavigate—his virtues; or, as the father of English poetry, the stupendious Milton, says, 'to drag his failings from their dumb abode;' I shall only observe, as a matter of mere paramount justice which I am necessitated to mention, that a more respectable member of society, whether we consider him as a son, a father, a husband, a friend, or a licensed victualler, never, never——"

The speech of the fervid president was stopped in mid career, at this moment, by sundry half-stifled but pathetic sobs, which proceeded from behind the screen that stood against the door.

Mr. Ormsby was transfixed, till the rustling of retreating bombasin died away in the distance.

"Is it possible?" cried he, pointing with significant finger towards the screen: "could I have believed it to be within the bounds of credible hypothesis, that Mrs. Chatham was domiciliated behind that screen, I throw myself upon the room for the assurance that I

would not have made the remotest allusion to her departed conjugal spouse; I would not have whispered, even in the ear of Dionysius, which is the same—tantamount to talking of one's self—a syllable, a tittle, an azimuth respecting him. But now, gentlemen, to the point, which I am above all things, at all times, anxious to come to, and which——"

"Nobody 'll let you come to, if they can help it," cried Atkins, provoked beyond endurance by the opening of the door, which admitted a stranger. "Oh! it 's only you; walk forrards—here 's room here."

"Mr. Whittaker, I am glad to see you," cried Ormsby, waving his hand, and taking a long breath; "be so kind as to be seated."

"You should have heard it from the first start," cried Atkins, giving Whittaker a familiar nudge, "however, the marrow 's all to come; we 've not got through the bone yet."

Whilst Mr. Ormsby is re-arranging what he would call his dilapidated thoughts, let me offer a short description of Mr. Whittaker.

Will Whittaker was a young gentleman upon the turn—say about two-and-thirty. He delighted, but not with culpable over-much-ness, in whiskey and cigars, and was town-traveller for "The Eagle Brewery," which turned out the best ale in London. If its value were to be estimated by its scarcity, it had been good indeed; for "hang me," he used to say, "if I can prevail upon those confounded noodles, the licensed victuallers, to take it, as we could wish."

Whittaker had rather a roguish look about the eyes, acquired doubtless, by a habit of allowable leering at landladies and other feminine *desideratæ*; and he just made up by animal spirits and good humour for his defficiency in wit, of which no man who has a great deal, has not often cursed the possession.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Ormsby, "the proposition I have to disseminate for your approbation is this, that we shall best shew our unalterable sense of the excellent accommodation to be found in this establishment, and an unflinching determination to uphold its best interests, and our resolute consistensy in adhering to it, by meeting together at supper, in the room up-stairs, on Tuesday next. Remember what Alexander the Great said to his son Philip, when the boy complained that his sword was not long enough, "add a step to it," exclaimed the Lacedæmonian hero. So I may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in this apotheosis—let your inclination run in a parallelogram with your reasoning faculties, and all will be well: gentlemen, I have done."

In the midst of the vociferous cheering which followed this

speech, and whilst Mr. Ormsby was yet mopping his forehead, an accession to the company was made in the person of a quiet and reserved gentleman, who silently slid into a seat. It was Mr. Nightingale.

Mr. Nightingale was a clerk in the long room at the Custom House, whose early—whose first affections had been blighted and crushed by the heartless caprice of a certain Miss Jemima Jiltinton, whose miserable mistake in not choosing him hurt him more than all beside. His own proper personal feelings he could have borne, and would bear; for, as he remarked, Byron says, "the wolf howls in secret," but *her* feelings—the feelings of Jemima Jiltinton—the Lord only knew what they *must* be. The lady, it seemed, had liked him well enough till she saw his brother, and she then ran away with a gentleman who did the hideous at one of the *minimum* theatres, whose moustachios came off in the very post-chaise, and who, instead of making her the lady of Captain Hannibal Fitz-Carnegie, authorised her, before the blacksmith at Gretna Green, to use the style and title of Mrs. Stormont Tempest Tibbits.

Since that event, Nightingale had undergone a metamorphosis. With his hat over his eyes, he took his five feet eight by one foot six of wretched humanity to "The Castle" nightly, and endeavoured to keep his heart out of his stomach as he best might. He was unrivalled in a sentimental song, which he gave with frightful and soul-piercing expression; and he was never known to laugh except upon two occasions, and on one, he laughed at nothing, and on the other, there was nothing to laugh at.

The proposal of the president having been duly set forth, the woe-begone sentimentalist acceeded to it with a grave and sickly smile, and, moreover, undertook to apprise Messrs. Hillary and Tidmarsh, the absentees, of the appointed evening; and pledged his word that they should be forthcoming.

These and other preliminaries being arrrnged, the company severally abandoned themselves to extra glasses, and kept it up to an unusually late hour.

The evening appointed for the supper being arrived, a few minutes before what he termed feeding-time, the much-desiderated Mr. Isaac Hillary—by his friends familiarly called "Ikey"—appeared, supported on either hand by several boon companions, enlisted under his banner at various other houses to which it was his custom to resort; his disciple, Mr. Tidmarsh, with three more recruits, bringing up the rear.

Hillary had been well off in his time—had sported a curricle and

kept a good house over his head: but the dark days came, and then it rained, and at last it poured, till Ikey, figuratively to speak, had not dry thing about him, except a wind-pipe, and that was always dry. The world had treated him scurvily enough, but he had not a word to say against it. Whilst there were men in it who would pay his reckoning, or give him the means of paying it, he appeared content. Nor did he ask these civilities; they were proferred and unreservedly accepted, from young men, with a gracious condescension, as one who confers a favour. Money—gold and silver—and he had friends who "bled freely" (at heart too, I suspect, to see him thus fallen): money given, he would consider as a loan: nay, it must be so. He would promise to return it at one o'clock on Lord Mayor's day, at Temple Bar, if he had it by him; or on the twenty-ninth of May, at Whitehall, or he would forfeit his head. With such sorry jests would he beguile the misery which, I cannot but think, he felt inwardly. He had lost *caste* in society—that was not much; he had lost his self-respect—that was much more; but he never lost the power of putting a good face upon his misfortunes; if he had, that had been worst of all, and he would not be worsted:

> "The lamentable change is from the best,
> The worst returns to laughter,——"

and enjoys many a hearty laugh before it returns. "Care killed a cat," and Ikey would have killed care upon less provocation.

It were idle and unprofitable to speak of his companions of whom the reader is destined never, after this evening, to hear more; but of his highly favoured and truly grateful pupil I must permit myself to indulge in a word or two.

Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh was the juvenile frequenter of "The Castle." He was one of those young men whose parents are so long deliberating what they shall be, that they, without intending any harm, take to being gentlemen, and begin to qualify accordingly. Many a sad bout have the governor and the old lady had of it over the fire, on a winter's evening, touching Master D'Oyley's proceedings.

But what did Master D'Oyley care for that? Was n't Tom Spindle of the Polygon a "precious sight" more "rummy" than he was? Did n't *he* stick it into his progenitors most awfully? Tom Spindle certainly did come it too strong, especially as his old ones did the handsome thing by him; but for his own part—oh! it was too bad—such respectable people as he went amongst at "The Castle," and elsewhere. Why, Ikey was quite a chance to any young fellow—

a perfect godsend! He had a sincere respect for that man, and he *would* go to "The Castle."

In the meanwhile, he was an universal favourite, and was happy, occasionally betaking himself to other parlours of minor pretensions, where he contrived to imp his wings, and in which he was looked up to as a star of rare brilliancy.

The company being assembled, and a notification having been made that supper was on table, an adjournment took place to the assembly-room upstairs. Mr. Ormsby, in a very dignified manner, proceeded to lead the way thither, the long train of ascending guests being closed by Mr. Joseph Atkins, who plodded his course up the flight, without bestowing a thought upon the efforts he must hereafter make to enable himself to get down again in a perpendicular manner.

Mr. Ormsby was presently hallooed and vociferated into the chair, and thereupon requested his esteem friend Mr. Hillary to face him in the capacity of "Vice," a proposition which was sanctioned by similar acclamations, and the party severally took their seats, Atkins adroitly securing one admirably located for his purpose, which was to "peg away at the good things, and no mistake;" that gentleman being, on his own shewing, so sharpset that he could stow away a donkey and a sack of grains.

Such a supper as none of the company had ever before made, and the equal of which they never expected to sit down to again, was at last concluded; and the cheese having, as usual, remained on the table till every individual had bestowed a private curse upon it, was at length withdrawn, the cloth was huddled up into a many-cornered heap, and laid upon the bread-basket, and thoughts of pipes and tobacco and mixed liquors became prevalent.

"Gentlemen," thundered the chairman, hammering away at the table with a vigour which Thor or an iron-founder might have envied, "gentlemen, the waiter is now in the room, will you be so kind as to give your orders?"

It must be stated that Mrs. Chatham, with a delicacy of feeling which "speaks volumes for her head and heart," would not permit Susan to officiate in the assembly-room on the present occasion. She knew the gallantry of the unfair sex too well to trust a young and pretty girl to the tender mercies of some inveterate topers amongst them, whose noses indexed the work they were constantly employed upon. She had accordingly retained the services of an elderly but most nimble official, who commonly beat carpets, cleaned knives, carried letters and messages, and took home his wife's washing; but who was not unaccustomed also to wait on gentlemen, and who knew accurately all their gradations, from the first sip to the last hiccup.



THE SENTIMENTAL SINGER.

Oh listen—listen to the voice of Love!

Old Song.

The more active services of Mobbs (for such was his name) being called into requisition, he acquitted himself with uncommon volatility and skill, meandering between the chairs as though either he or they had no legs. It was, as Atkins wonderingly observed, "'stonishing how he cut about" with the hot spirits and water, of which he never spilt a drop, and which he carried unerringly to their destination. His waistcoat pocket yielded up "change" miraculously, and his teeth seemed made to hold shillings between.

"Gentlemen, are you all charged?" cried Ormsby.

The question having been answered in the affirmative, "Close the door after you, Mobbs!" he said, with suppressed emotion; "you may retire."

The chairman now placed himself upon his legs, and fulminated a fearfully long speech about nothing in general, and "The Castle Tavern" in particular; during which he took occasion to liken the landlady to a goodly vessel without rudder or compass, tossing about on the tremendious bosom of Neptune; and drew a comparison between her and Portia, the wife of Tarquin, who would have died with her husband if people would have allowed her. "Gentlemen," he concluded, "as Brutus said to the ghost of Pompey the Great, 'Meet me at Philippi,' so do I say to you, 'Meet me at 'The Castle;'' and the oftener, the more characterestic will it be of your sympathetic impressions regarding the widow and fatherless. I beg leave to give you, 'Success to 'The Castle,' and prosperity to Mrs. Chatham.'"

Deeply affected as any of his auditors (except Joseph Atkins, who went up to him, and wrung him by the hand, whimpering, "You 're a nable speaker, and a trump, that you are"), Mr. Ormsby resumed his chair, and began mechanically to smite the table with his hammer, as though intent upon knocking a hole through it.

After a pause, Mr. Hillary uprose, and addressed the chairman as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, the sooner Mobbs has gone his rounds, the better for all parties, himself included.—(Tidmarsh, my infant, when you give your orders, don't forget me.) In the meanwhile, I beg to say, we have heard your admirable speech, and we have responded to it. It has struck home, Mr. Chairman" (here Mr. Hillary plunged his finger against his bosom three or four times). "We have felt it, sir, felt it!—(Tidmarsh, if your eyes were two burning-glasses, they 'd scorch me to a cinder in two minutes more at furthest.)

"It is generally understood, Mr. Chairman, that we are to pro-

ceed to harmony: very good; I like it much. I am not going to enter upon the praise of music. Music has brought angels down out of heaven, and devils up out of the other place: Orpheus did the one; Cecilia, the other: I dare say we shall do neither. All I have now to do, therefore, is to wish every gentleman (except yourself, Mr. Chairman, who, I know, don't sing) a good ear, a good voice, and a good memory. Mr. Chairman, I beg now to call upon myself for a song."

Order being restored, Mr. Hillary leaned back in his chair, and, with the remains of a fine voice, got through the following song:—

Hast thou a sorrow? fail not to borrow
Wisdom from wine that may last till to-morrow;
Launch care from the stocks in gallant trim,
Fling a bottle quick, at her head so thick,
And she'll swim,—and she'll swim!

Hast thou a joy? fill up, my boy,
Joy without wine is sure to cloy;
And Bacchus is one of those exquisite thieves,
That he takes all we hate, and the thoughts that elate,
Why, he leaves,—why, he leaves!

Hast thou a foe? let the wine flow,
'T will sink in your soul, like the sun upon snow;
Forgive him, and if he's forgiven in vain,
One shot from a stone of the grape alone,
And he's slain,—and he's slain!

Hast thou a friend? delay not to lend
His name to the glass, ere the draught descend;
For friendship that's nourished with wine endures;
Like the rock to the sea, or the bark to the tree,
He is yours,—he is yours!

Hast thou a love? lift the glass above,
And your heart will be warm as the nest of the dove;
See! the tint of the wine is her blush's sweet dye,
And the brightness that glows through its colour of rose,
Is her eye,—is her eye!

"Mr. Whittaker!" cried Hillary in a loud voice, when the applause occasioned by his song had in part subsided.

"Mr. Whittaker! Mr. Whittaker!" resounded on all sides.

"Why, really, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," cried that individual, "I wish I had been called upon at a more advanced period of the evening. I only know one song, and that I don't think I've got quite by heart yet."

"Pitch it—pitch it," cried Atkins across the table, "if you want the key, here's one," and he drew from his coat-pocket a huge street-door convenience, with which his wife, who for once had let him out on furlough, had charged him. "Who's been a drinkin my gin and water," he resumed, turning to a by-sitter, "I say, neighbour, that's a queer start."

"You drank it yourself, I'll be upon my oath," said the person appealed to, who was a certain Mr. Holdsworth, "didn't he, Mr. Hall?"

"Can't say," returned the solicitor, "it's what I always do—here! Hobbs! Nobbs! what the deuce is the fellow's name?"

"Ne'er a one of those. Mobbs!" cried Atkins, handing his glass amongst many others, "hot, sweet, and ginnified: don't mix it for two, this time!"

Mr. Whittaker having, colloquially to speak, cleared his pipes, suddenly began to warble the subjoined ditty:—

I've been a sad unsteady chap,
  But very quickly hope to mend;
I'll go no more to bar or tap;
  No more the Muzzy Club attend.
I'll sit right opposite my wife,
  Beside the fire, like other mates,
And lead a rare tee-total life,——
  When I have paid the water-rates.

Oh! can there be a viler sight,
  Than "palace" doors upon the swing;
And beasts who cannot stand upright,
  Tossing it off like anything!
See! there they go, all clothed in rags,
  Stagg'ring about as though on skates:
You'll catch me reeling o'er the flags!——
  When I have paid the water-rates.

I like it well,—hot, strong, and sweet,
  But "cold without" is not so bad;
Though sometimes I prefer it neat,
  It is so quickly to be had.
But I'll not heed the scorner's scoff;
  I'll be no more on walls or slates:
See if old Griggs don't sponge me off,——
  When I have paid the water-rates.

They tell me coffee soothes the mind,
  And nothing equals good Souchong:
I fear they generate the wind
  And dropsy;—but I may be wrong.

Coffee, I know, won't quench the thirst,
And tea distressingly inflates;
But still, I'll try them though I burst,——
When I have paid the water-rates.

I owe five quarters, it appears;
They cut the water off last spring;
They've summon'd me for the arrears:
Between us, that's not quite the thing.
My wife advises me to hop;
It's sense and reason all she states:—
No! I'll not touch another drop,——
When I *have* paid the water-rates.

"What do you think of Whittaker's song?" enquired Holdsworth, nudging his friend Mr. Dewham Hall: "as for not paying the water-rates, I blame no man for getting off 'em if he can; but his wife advising him to hop, that's not moral; is it? It's doing the landlord——"

"Brown," said Dewham Hall, "and he has no remedy. Can't seize the sticks when they're off the premises."

"You can*not*," responded Holdsworth, with a deep sigh.

"Upon whom do you call, Mr. Whittaker," demanded the chairman, "after your most excellent song?"

"I leave it in the hands of the vice," replied Whittaker, who had for some time been vainly imploring Nightingale, by the value he set upon his friendship, and other serious stimulants, to favour the company with a sentimental air.

"Then," cried Ikey, "I have my eye upon a phœnix in the corner here, with the voice of a nightingale, double-barrelled expression, and action like a steam-engine. With unaffected pleasure, I knock down Mr. Griffiths Price."

All eyes being directed towards the stranger, alighted upon a very minute face, with a pair of exceedingly small visual organs, which had no occupation in life (and, perhaps, never had from earliest infancy) but to keep watch upon a very red nose.

"I would gladly oblige," said Mr. Griffiths Price, in a kind of cracked counter-tenor voice, "but I never sing without the accompaniment of the Welsh harp. Give me that, and——" here Mr. Griffiths Price flourished a bar or two of "The Noble Race of Shenkin."

"My dear fellow!" expostulated Ikey, "the only thing that comes near to it, to be got in this house, is a Welsh rabbit."

"I can't get on, Mr. Hillary," returned the Cambrian, "without the Welsh harp. Oh, that I had Gittings here! would n't I give



THE MAN OF MANY GOES.

Another and another still succeeds.

GAV. FERE.

you 'Prince Llewellyn!'" And to furnish the company with a vague notion of the extent of their loss, he trilled a fragment of that delightful air.

"I must mend my call," said Hillary, addressing the chairman; "here's a gentleman can't proceed without an instrumental accompaniment. Sir, if we got him a Welsh harp, he'd want a Welsh wig to look national in. Tidmarsh, one of your young friends will oblige us?"

Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh forthwith sent up the name of Mr. Purdon, in spite of sundry digs in the ribs, with which Mr. Purdon's angular elbow favoured him.

The young gentleman began to offer various lame and impotent excuses, in a style of elocution evincing that he was one of those

—— "Who fetch their life and being
From men of *cockney* siege."

These objections, however, being overruled, Mr. Purdon passed his fingers through his long drab hair, hemmed three or four times, said "eh?" to his next neighbour twice, who said "eh?" twice in reply, and then sang the exploits of a certain "Knight with the Golding Crest;" who, it would seem, had played what Ikey politely called "Erebus and Thomas" with the Saracens in the Holy Land, and was eventually found dead, leaning on a lute under his mistress's window, who had changed her lodgings five years previously, having married the Knight of the Sable Visor, who was given to drinking blood, and was partial to making an excellent dinner off the fattest children he could select.

Mr. Purdon's exciting ballad being concluded, the singer again passed his fingers through his hair, turned all manner of colours while the applause lasted, got up an insane laugh, seized upon his half-smoked cigar, and ordered Mobbs to bring him another glass of rum-and-water, stronger than the last.

"Am I necessiated to give a call?" he enquired, after a pause; "then, here goes: Mr. Hostidge!—Hostidge, I've nailed you: I do love to haggravate *you!*"

The person addressed was another young gentleman, a grave mustard-pot of a fellow, with a kind of rough-cast countenance, who sat at Purdon's side. He did not appear in the smallest degree "haggravated," but diligently proceeded to select from memory something that might give entire satisfaction.

"'Oh! have you not heard of Kate Kearney?'" began Mr. Hostidge.

"Too high," said Hillary.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Hostidge again rummaged his memory.

"'Oft in the stilly night——'"

"Oh! too low," cried Nightingale, with a shudder.

Hostidge fixed his eyes upon the face of the sentimentalist, as though he expected to find thereon the name of another song legibly written. "I've got it, at last," said he.

"'Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry!——'"

"Up in the garret, friend Hostidge!" cried Hillary.

"Then what signifies?" cried Hostidge, striking the table with his fist, his face and manner undergoing a sudden and remarkable change, from blank and solemn no-meaning to a kind of factitious vivacity; "here goes! if this don't suit you, what's the odds?—all the same a hundred years hence;" and he gave, with much laborious endeavour at comic expression, the following quaint performance:—

Miss Penelope Pratt, seated facing her cat,
In her rush-bottom'd chair was rocking;
And she thought of the beaux who had knelt at her toes,
As she mended an old cotton stocking.

When the ghost of a weaver, as thin as a cleaver,
Whisk'd through the door without knocking;
And says he, "Miss Penelop', Old Nick will you envelope,
If you keep on a-darning that stocking.

"In my way of business, how many in prison is,
Whom the gaolers are now uplocking;
And how could they exist, if, like you, on her fist,
Ev'ry woman was darning a stocking?"

"Stuff! who cares for that?" cried Penelope Pratt,
The ghost of the weaver quite mocking;
"The trade may be tiff'd, but I'll stick to my thrift,
And I *won't* leave off darning my stocking!"

"Very well,—that's enough!" said the ghost in a huff,
And it vanish'd, its nose at her cocking;
And the cat's tail did grow a very sizeable boa,
As Miss Pratt went on darning her stocking.

The candle burnt blue; it had taken its cue;
And Nick came with a needle—oh, shocking!—
'Twas as large as a spit, and he took her on *it*
Down below, to mend Mrs. Nick's stocking.

Mr. Nightingale being called upon for the next song, started, "like a guilty thing," out of a deep reverie into which he had fallen.

Taking off his hat, he rubbed his head with much vehemence, and then replaced the beaver slowly. He presently cast up his eyes, which encountered a small effigy of Souter Johnny, standing on the top of the looking-glass; and never once removing his gaze from that specimen of the fine arts, gave vent to this mournful and complaining strain:—

There was joy in the mansion, and mirth in the hall,
And brief were the tears that her parents let fall;
And gay was the bridegroom who walk'd by her side;—
But oh! to have seen the pale cheek of the bride!

And we, who beheld her so trembling and mute,
Deem'd all were not worthy who throve in their suit;
And we thought of the one she had scorn'd, in whose breast
The last hope that lived was, that she might be blest.

And three years since then have pass'd over her brow;
Before, she was happy; but what is she now?
A dove that is clasp'd in the serpent's bright fold;
A violet crush'd in a censer of gold!

And oh! like the gems which adorn her, whose rays
Ev'ry heave of her bosom more richly displays,
His memory never her breast shall forsake,
More dear from each throb of her heart—till it break!

"I never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Luscombe," said Nightingale, addressing a stout gentleman. "Will you be so kind as to favour us?"

Mr. Luscombe turned crimson at the unexpected application, and shook his head, smiling.

"Now, don't go to say so, sir," urged Atkins; "give us something, if it's ever so little. I wish somebody 'ud ask me; wouldn't I chanticleer! Never trust me, if I wouldn't give 'em a right down good un!"

Mr. Luscombe knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I don't care," said he, "if I *do* try a very peculiar thing a son-in-law of mine made me sing last Christmas night. It is a very peculiar,—a *very* strange song. I hope the gentlemen will excuse it."

Mr. Luscombe placed his two thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, and bestowed some prefatory taps with his fingers upon his stomach. Hereupon, the chairman and vice plied their hammers vigorously upon the table;

"For as one nail perforce drives out another,"

so does one noise, by its almost unbearable pertinacity, succeed in expelling a less noise.

To describe the time, or rather intonation, to which Mr. Luscombe's song went, is quite out of the question. Milton speaks of the "bellman's drowsy charm;" what particular variation of monotony (so to speak) that might be, I know not: Mr. Luscombe's was something between that of a minor canon and a town-crier,—begging pardon of both for the comparison. The words were these:—

There was an old gentleman who was very partial to going a-fishing,
And, like other anglers, you may believe, he was for a nibble often wishing;
But whether it was he didn't handle his rod or bait his hook right,
But so it was, he never, in the whole course of his life, got a single bite.
Well, the old gentleman had been all one day trying to catch a gudgeon;
But the beast of a fish was too wide awake, which put him into high dudgeon;
So he threw down his rod:—"What's the use," said he, "however much I try;
Therefore, I'll have a swig of the bottled porter, and a cut at the pigeon pie."
Having so done, thinks he, "There's no rose in life without thorns;
This is a very fine midsummer day, but particularly cruel to my corns;
So I'll sit with my back to this tree, and steep my senses in half an hour's Lethe:
'Forty nods after dinner are a very good thing,' said the late Dr. Abernethy."
He hadn't been long asleep (ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour, if you like)
When he dream'd he was turn'd into a fish (a sturgeon, it may be, or a pike):
And he saw a tempting worm, that was floating along under the mills,
And he made a snap at it, as another fish might do, and found a hook between his gills.
Raising his eyes to see how the hook got into his gullet,
He saw a gentleman with a rod, who began, without asking leave, to pull it.
There was no strength in his tail at all, and, therefore, it was no use whatever to task it;
So he was dragg'd to shore in a jiffey, and thrown into a very large basket.
He was given to the cook at "The Tiger," which he knew to be one of the best inns;
And she pretty soon laid hold of a knife to rid him of his intestines.
And just as the unnatural hag was about to make free with his liver,
He started out of his sleep, and fell head-over-heels in the river.
"Catch me," said the old gentleman, when at he last scrambled to shore,
"Just catch me, if you can, trying to catch any fish any more.
I never thought before of the cruelty of rod, line, and hook,
Still less did I ever imagine what it was to be under the hands of the cook."

MORAL (*which Mr. Luscombe pointed with great solemnity*).

Now, you, whether lady or gentleman, who are so particularly fond of angling,
And like nothing so much as to see a fish at the end of your line dangling,
Don't take your morality from any book you may please to draw from a shelf,
But just fancy a moment how you'd like a hook in your gullet yourself.

"Well, if that isn't a rum un, I'm blest!" remarked Atkins. "My eyes! just look here! if Mr. Holdsworth and Mr. Hall ain't



THE LAST GO.

There's no place like home.

Old Song.

been making beasts o' themselves. If ever I see such a kipple for mopping it up, never trust me. Who are you going to call upon now, eh?—*you* know,—come."

"I shall be glad to hear Mr. Tidmarsh," said Luscombe, resuming his pipe, who, being near-sighted, was unable to detect the deplorable state to which that young gentleman and his two friends had reduced themselves.

"I thought you were more of the gentleman," said Atkins, sullenly, "when I pitched it so strong; you might ha' thought o' me.

"Mr. Tidmarsh," said Ikey, hammering the table, "has been taking too much water with his spirits, which is not good for his complaint, and his friends have gone and done likewise."

"Come, Mr. Titmouse, give us a squeak," said Atkins, not hearing the explanation of the Vice; "go it, my dandelion!"

"Mr. Atkins! Mr. Joseph Atkins!" remonstrated Ormsby, who began to look rather pink about the eyes, "I am surprised at you; you must be well aware of that young gentleman's cognomen."

Mr. Atkins had brought himself to a state in which he was seldom disposed to brook reproof. He was tempted to kick even at presidential authority.

"Cognomen!" said he, "what's that? I cog no men, and rob no men, Mr. Cheerman. I've done nothing wrong, by no manner of means. Have I offended you, sir?" and he turned to his left-hand neighbour.

"You have not, sir."

"Or you? or you? or you?" pursued the defendant, enquiring severally of every person in the room, some of whom replied in the negative, whilst others could not speak at all. "Well, then," he exclaimed, triumphantly, when he had completed his interrogatories, "look at that!"

"Mr. Atkins," said Hillary, "you are called upon for a song." "Am I though?" and he turned up the cuffs of his coat; "then you shall have one, without any bother about it. I *ain't* got a very bad cold, and I *don't* want a pe-anner to sing by, with a fine fur-belowed madam to turn over the moosic for me."

"Let us hope," said Mr. Ormsby, "it will not be very low." "Honour!" said Atkins: "low?—I'm above it. It's a very respectable chant, and took my fancy when I heard the man with one arm and the same quantity of eyes a-singing it. It's a cut above me, for blest if I understand half of it. I did think of giving you 'The Lay of the Four-and-Nine,' which *is* low; howbeit"—and Atkins abruptly commenced—

I 'm a very old man, and have long passed my prime,
But, Lord! what I 've seen, heard and known in my time!
Let youngsters run on of the quick march of mind;
For my part, I 'm glad they have left me behind.

Why—

I 've seen Mr. Garrick in *Lear* and *Macbeth;*
I remember an alderman starved to death.
I once saw a cabbage three feet round the middle;
I was going to hear Neil Gow play the fiddle.
I remember when George the Third married his Queen;
I once ran from Cornhill to Islington Green.
I 've been in Reid's brewhouse, and dined in the vat;
I did n't think Lambert excessively fat.
Time is fleeting, youth 's a feather,
Age and wisdom go together.

And—

I saw Doctor Johnson in Thrale's park at Streatham,
I 've had five mourning rings left me—never could get 'em.
I 've seen Mr. Pitt dine at Merchant Tailors';
I subscribed two pound two for the destitute whalers.
I once saw a porpoise caught just off Queenhithe;
I 've been told of a parson who would n't take tithe.
I saw Abershaw hanged, and knew Bellingham's niece;
I remember when apples were sixpence a-piece.
Time is fleeting, youth 's a feather,
Age and wisdom go together.

Further—

My son squinted merely from seeing Jack Wilkes;
London milk is the worst of all possible milks.
I recollect ladies in hoops and brocade;
I once saw a bill Mr. Sheridan paid.
I 've been in the cell of the great Doctor Dodd;
I 've seen Mr. Fox to the Prince of Wales nod.
I can tell when the French revolution began;
And Junius I think a remarkable man.
Time is fleeting, youth 's a feather,
Age and wisdom go together.

Lastly—

Peg Nicholson was n't so mad as they say;
Though she fired at the king, it was only her way.
I 've heard of a beggar who kicked a churchwarden;
I once bowed to a scarecrow stuck up in a garden.
I 've seen a gooseberry big as an egg;
I 've been beaten at cribbage, and not stirred a peg.
I 've got a green shade of the great Nelson's eye;
And I 've dined with a sexton off owlet pie.
Do n't you think, after this, let them prate as they may,
That I have a vast deal more knowledge than they?
Time is fleeting, youth 's a feather,
Age and wisdom go together.

"Now, Mr. Cheerman and gentlemen," said Atkins, on the conclusion of his song, "I mean to give you a toast and sentiment, which I had thought o' giving in case I sung 'The Lay of the Four and Nine;'" and he looked wisely round the table, and said, in an under tone, "May our wives' tongues never run four and nine to the dozen."

A general rising, or attempt to rise, now took place, in the midst of which Mr. Holdsworth awoke. Recollecting where he was, and rightly conjecturing that the room was rapidly emptying, he began to be apprehensive that he was going to be left by himself. He accordingly made it his business to demand of the company—"When am I going to be taken home?" which he repeated many times in peremptory succession; the eight words of which that question consists being uttered with special emphasis in rotation.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Atkins made a reprisal upon Holdsworth's glass, which he emptied, and then took a long pull at Mr. Dewham Hall's brandy-and-water; thence making a circuit of the abandoned table, for the purpose of disposing of any quantities, large or small, which, by chance or choice, might have been left thereon.

Having so done, he captured a chair, which he protested was running away from him; and taking a seat, was just in time to see two Holdsworths carried away by two stout youths.

How Mr. Atkins, who was the last to go, got home at last, I have no means of knowing. He was picked up from the mat at the foot of the stairs; and the door of the clock-case on the landing had sustained severe injury, from which it was inferred, that the head of Joseph had come in contact with it.

Mobbs and Susan aver, that when he was got upon his legs, and immediately the door of the house was opened, he sprung from their grasp, and set off running "like mad;" but he was as fresh as ever on the next morning, when he came for half-a-pint of purl.

It was not often that Mr. Ormsby felt himself under the necessity of adding a matutinal peccadillo to the sins of the previous night, or, to employ a significant phrase, of "taking a hair of the dog that had bitten him;" but on the morning after the supper, he turned his steps towards "The Castle" for the purpose of getting "a cock's eye" of brandy, and casting, in return, a sheep's eye at Mrs. Chatham.

Here he had the pleasure of exchanging the compliments of the morning with Joseph Atkins, who pressed upon his acceptance a tin measure of milk, that being the innocent article of commerce in which Joseph had for many years dealt, and the surplusage of which he commonly bestowed upon his pig. Ormsby declined the proffered

fluid, and was not sorry when his friend reyoked himself and withdrew, protesting, as he sidled and waddled from the door, that never in his born days had he been present at so "out-an'-out a gayler."

The orator, left to himself, began tc feel a strange backwardness of his vernacular tongue; a nervous timidity which prevented him from launching beyond meteorological topics. He sighed and sipped, sipped and looked, felt strange flushes come over his countenance, counted the cordial bottles till their manifold colours made his eyes spin in his head, and at length consulted the clock, which reminded him that to get to the Bank by nine, required, considering his inexorable bunions, pretty sharp toe-and-heel work. He, accordingly, set down his glass, lifted his hat, and retired, thoroughly resolved upon doing better next time.

"Well, mum," said Susan, plunging Mr. Ormsby's glass into a vessel of water by her side, and setting it upside down upon the bar; "it does n't signify; something is the matter with Mr. Ormsby: I 'm sure there is."

"What can it be, Susan?" replied Mrs. Chatham.

"Gracious only knows, mum," returned Susan; "but I 'm positive and sure of it."

"You have noticed it for some time, have n't you?"

"Ever since that evening last week when he made that fine speech about the supper. Did you see his eyes just now, mum, how they rolled about? He seemed, as some of the men say, looking nine ways for Sunday."

"You should n't say men's sayings," said Mrs. Chatham, gravely.

"No, mum, I won't. He stared at you two or three times in such a way, mum, and puffed a long breath—so,—and looked so comical, I thought I should have died."

"At me?" cried Mrs. Chatham, arranging the chin-stay of her cap. "Bless the man! what could he see in me, I wonder?"

"Yes, mum; but," said Susan, more gravely, "guess what Joe Atkins says. He says, he 's sure he 's a victim of the tender passion; but *I* think it 's the paralettic."

"Mr. Ormsby in love!" cried Mrs. Chatham, laughing; "well, that 's droll enough, girl. But how does Atkins know that?"

"By his talk, he says," replied Susan; "but there 's no knowing what to make of Atkins, he 's so deceitful. He 's been romancing with Tom till he 's nearly turned the boy's brains, about his being the son of a baronit, and coming into the title. Rely upon it, mum, I 'm right about Mr. Ormsby."

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Chatham, a little sharply: "he

does n't look well this morning, certainly. He drank too much last night.—Was he very tipsy, Susan?"

"La, no, mum! a very little the worse. He blundered a little 'gainst the wainscoting; but that was all along of his shyness, because he *would* try to walk so very steadfast: and he gave Mobbs a slap o' the ear, and a shilling for himself, and said he was a noble Roman, and used some of those long words I 've heard him pronounce."

"It was his learning," said Mrs. Chatham; "he 's a great bookworm."

"Lord, mum!" continued Susan, "you should have seen Mr. Tidmarsh and his two young friends he brought with him. Mr. Tidmarsh called the tall pale one the ghost in Amlit, and said, 'Go on; I follow thee;' and the young gentleman began waving his stick, and walking back as well as he could. Mobbs had opened the door, and out they glided, and, forgetting the steps, tumbled one over the other, one over the other:—you should have seen 'em rolling along, mum!"

"I hope they were not hurt," observed Mrs. Chatham.

"Not a bit, mum," replied Susan. "But the best of it was, the other young gentleman seeing them fall, fell a-laughing, and went to lean against the wainscot, instead of which it was the tap door, and down he went all of a sudden, like food in a famine, as Mr. Hillary said, who picked him up, and took him away."

"Mr. Hillary was none the worse for what he drank, I 'll be bound," said the landlady.

"Not in the least," answered Susan. "Goodness, mum, what oceans Mr. Hillary can take without its doing him any harm. Mobbs says he had five or six glasses before him at once; for the young gentlemen would treat him, and he never says 'No' to anything."

"A sad pity!" said Mrs. Chatham. "I knew him, Susan, when he used to come to 'The Three Tuns' several years ago, long before I saw Mr. Chatham:"—and the widow heaved a sigh which, for want of more particular knowledge, I must place to the account of the deceased. "He was then quite the gentleman," continued Mrs. Chatham, "and handsome too—a very handsome man, Susan."

"Well, I declare!" cried Susan. "How drink alters people! But though we 're born, we 're not buried, as my mother says: we do n't know what we may come to."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chatham, after a pause, "twenty years hence, you won't be the pretty girl you are now, Susan Hawkins."

"La, mum! what a funny speech that is of yours!" exclaimed Susan, thinking at the same time that the compliment would have been all the better without the inference. "When beauty was shared, I was behind the door, and my portion came through the keyhole, I 'm sure: but beauty 's only skin deep, after all, they say."

"But ugliness goes to the bone, they say also," remarked Mrs. Chatham, laughing. "Ah! Susan, you 're a sly girl."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a customer.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Ormsby was making the best of his way to the Bank. It was useless to deny it;—he could no longer conceal the fact from himself;—he had an eye to the widow. That truth flashed all at once from *cerebrum* to *cerebellum*, and blazed away till his brain-pan was almost calcined. The whole morning—"Shall I succeed in winning her?"—"I wonder whether she 'll have me?"—"How am I to set about ascertaining this?"—"'None but the brave deserve the fair.'"—"'Better late than never.'"—"'All 's Well that Ends Well.'"—"'Romeo and Juliet.'"—"Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and gained the battle of Thermopylæ."—These and similar doubts and incitements stalked and hustled through his bosom, like a file of raw recruits not yet brought under the discipline of the rattan. But it was necessary that they should be got into something like subjection. An idea suggested itself to him which divided itself thus:—"If I marry Mrs. Chatham, what am I to do with her? If she marries me, what am I to do with myself?" He meant thereby, "Shall I take her into private life, or will she draw me into the public line?"

As to the former, it was an £ *s. d.* question. "The Castle" was a valuable concern, and would realise something handsome. Added to his own savings, it would secure a competence for life. The latter was a poser. "Orby Ormsby, Licensed Dealer in Wines and Spirits." Alcibiades and Cincinnatus! that must never be. What would the "governor and company" think of that? Shades of Daniel Race, of Abraham Newland, of Henry Hase!—not to speak of the board of directors—not to invoke the quick (and they are very so) clerks of the vast establishment to which he belonged! How could he entertain such a notion?

And yet, after all, there was no great disgrace in it. A fur cap was not ignominious; and a white apron, even with a large square pocket, did not bring shame upon its possessor. The great point was to get the widow's consent: that obtained, minor details might be argued in committee.

Still, there were other considerations that pressed themselves upon his immediate attention. The little experience Mr. Ormsby had been enabled to acquire of women—more especially of widows—had superinduced a salutary caution in all his transactions with them. He remembered well the fascinating Mrs. Chouser, who had studiously and aforethought kept her five children anonymously in the background, till an unforeseen circumstance brought the quarter-score of brats to light, and he was obliged to compound with the solicitor for wantonly outraging and trifling with the feelings of a delicate and unprotected female. Nor with less distinctness did he recal to memory the truly agreeable Mrs. Perkins, the self-constituted widow, who had utterly forgotten that her husband was still resident in one of our penal settlements, and whose lively imagination had conjured up a snug little property in Essex which was nowhere discoverable.

But here was a different case altogether. It required all the imagination of a Perkins to suppose for an instant that Mrs. Chatham possessed a similar amount of children to the Chouser. He knew that she was without those blessings; and her *boná fide*, real, substantial brick-built "Castle," was worth all the castles in the air which Perkins had ever erected with her brain-wrought trowel, and scaffolding made out of her own head.

Might Joseph Atkins be taken into confidence, and constituted a sapper and miner in the projected siege? Many opportunities were presented to that individual during the day, of observing whether Mrs. Chatham had already acquired any new admirers; and his best faculties being called into operation, he might doubtless ascertain what degree of encouragement (if any) was accorded to them, "or any or either of them." The confidently prognosticated Mr. Wright (foretold by Atkins), who was in due time to hang up his hat, and invest himself with all other matrimonial privileges—this shrewdly-conjectured Mr. W. might be himself!

But, no! Joseph Atkins was a hog altogether too vile for so delicate an office. "Pigs may fly; but they are very unlikely birds." As unlikely and as ungainly a Cupid or a Mercury would Atkins approve himself. Another course of action presented itself to him which he would follow,—on the express understanding that he was to lose no time about it.

Accordingly, he presented himself at the bar rather earlier than usual, and taking his half-pint of porter, snatched a few fortifying glances at Mrs. Chatham, and then retreated to the parlour, followed by Susan with his brandy-and-water.

"Shut the door, my dear," said he in a voice tremulous with emotion; "I want to speak to you."

Susan obeyed, not a little surprised at so unaccustomed a request. Had the girl been a student of the human countenances she would have detected a miserably factitious gaiety on the face of the orator, which he had summoned thereto, by way of concealing a dismal struggle which was going on in his interior man.

"Miss Susannah," cried Ormsby, winking one eye and shaking his head wickedly—"come hither—here—nearer—a little nearer."

Susan advanced slowly and with some hesitation. What was the matter with the man? What was he at? What was he going to be up to?

"My dear girl," resumed Ormsby, and he drew her towards him with one hand. "I have a particular favour—a very particular favour to beg of you."

"What is it?" cried Susan—"oh, don't, sir, I wish you'd let me go."

"Not yet," cried the orator, "is the door shut? till you have promised to grant it."

Susan was seized with a sudden fluttering. "Anything in reason, Mr. Ormsby," she said "I know you would not expect—"

"But mind," exclaimed the other impressively—"you must by no means communicate to your excellent mistress, Mrs. Chatham, this—this—that I am now about to ask. Will you give me——"

"Ha' done, ha' done, Mr. Ormsby!" exclaimed Susan, before the orator could bring out "your word," which he was about inoffensively to utter. "Let me go, sir, or I 'll scream, I will!"—and she retreated to the door.

"Come hither, child," cried the wondering Ormsby, beckoning her with crooked finger towards him.

"I sha' n't, you old—" said Susan, flouncing from the room—"fool!" when she had got out of ear-shot.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary—the most incomprehensible—the most impenetrable mystery, that it ever came under my province to elucidate!" thought Ormsby, plumping into his chair: "it surpasses rationation to unfathom it. Confound that giddy girl, whom I wrongly supposed to be as close as Dionysius's ear, or the Delphine oracle of Minerva. What! what! what! did Susannah suppose I was going to salute her?"—and here the orator grinned most horribly, and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. "Foolish, insane, halucinated young person!"

Whilst Mr. Ormsby was thus cogitating, and endeavouring to

supply from the miscellaneous stores of his memory some precedent by which it might be advisable that he should frame his future conduct, a conversation was agitating in the bar by no means conducive to the success of his suit.

"Oh, mum! what *do* you think?" said Susan, when she entered the bar. "Mr. Ormsby must be gone stark-staring mad. Such a nice, good gentleman as he used to be!"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Chatham, in surprise.

"Only think, mum! if he did n't try to kiss me, I do n't stand here."

"To kiss you!—Mr. Ormsby!—impossible, girl!" replied the landlady, still more astonished.

"He did," persisted Susan; "but I wonld n't let him. Really, mum, there seems to be no making out the men. He would have kissed me if I 'd have allowed it; but I would n't."

"Well, I 'm sure!" cried Mrs. Chatham, much incensed. "I 'll have no such doings here, I can tell him. The old wretch! He does n't walk out of this house till I 've told him my mind. I 'll go now."

"No, do n't, mum, go to do such a thing—pray do n't," urged Susan.

"But, child, I 've no notion of such things," said Mrs. Chatham, making towards the little swing-door.

"He 'll never do it any more, I 'll be bound," cried Susan, taking her mistress by the gown: "let him be with his own conscience."

"If he should, I 'll tear his very—leave go, Susan, I beg," said Mrs. Chatham, sharply.

"Such a good customer," insinuated Susan.

The landlady was softened. "Well, before he goes, I 'll name it to him."

"No, mum, pray do n't," said Susan. "I say, suppose he should offer to do so again?"

"Box his ears well; he deserves it," cried the widow.

"La, mum! would you?" said Susan, doubtfully. "Might n't I call him an old monster?"

"An old monster, indeed!" said Mrs. Chatham, as she suddenly arose. "What did you please to want, ma'am?"—She addressed a large tarnished velvet bonnet which was protruded over the bar.

"Pray, madam, may I enquire whether Mr. Nightingale is here?" asked a mincing voice.

"He is not, ma'am,—but, I dare say, he will be, presently."

"Oh, I thank you!" said the lady, bowing with the huge bonnet. "Dear me, how provoking! I have come a long way, and wish to see Mr. Nightingale very much—very so—oh!" So saying, the lady ungloved her left hand, and laid her case of long fingers upon the bar.

"Will you please to walk in, and take a seat in my parlour," said Mrs. Chatham, who observed the ring on her fourth finger, and concluded, after making a landlady's survey of the stranger's person, that the lady *was* a lady, although, sooth to say, her gear displayed the spring, summer, autumn, and winter fashions of two years since.

"You are very kind," returned the lady; and she advanced on extreme tiptoe through the bar, and took a seat in the parlour. "And pray, madam, may I ask, how is Mr. Nightingale?"

"He was very well, ma'am, last night—very," replied Mrs. Chatham.

"I am delighted to hear it; quite so. He is a good, kind soul; very few like him in this world: I am sure I have cause to say so. Will you let me have a glass of rum-and-shrub and a biscuit?" These articles being supplied, the lady began to munch and sip in silence.

It was a considerable time before Mr. Nightingale made his appearance. He came, however, at last. Mrs. Chatham went forth to intercept him; whilst the lady half arose from her chair, gathered her reticule up in one hand, spread out her faded gown with the other, and ejaculated, "Oh, heavens!" and, in an undertone, "Now for it."

"A lady want me!" exclaimed Nightingale; "it must be a mistake, Mrs. Chatham; I know no ladies."

"Had you not better come in and see her?" remarked Mrs. Chatham, in a whisper.—"A tall lady," she added, "with very light hair, a top tooth out on the left side, and lavender coloured boots."

"N——o!" said Nightingale slowly, endeavouring to jog his memory, which could not stir in the matter. "Very light hair—tooth out—lavender boots! I don't know her: tell her I don't come here now."

"But she has seen you," expostulated Mrs. Chatham; and poor Nightingale, *mente conscia recti*, but dolefully nervous nevertheless, followed the landlady into the parlour.

"Will you not know an old friend again, Mr. Nightingale?" said the lady, rising, and extending her hand, from which the sentimentalist shrank apparently affrighted. "Am I, then, so changed that you have ceased to remember me?"

"Madam! Miss!—God bless me!—eh! ah! Miss Jemima Jilt!—Mrs. Tibbits!" went Nightingale, interjectionally. "How do you do?" he added, vaguely.

"I am not as I once was," returned Mrs. Tibbits, mournfully, "as you knew me once."

"I am very glad—sorry, I mean—shocked," stammered Nightingale, who, however, soon recovered himself sufficiently to assume the indifferent; "how are they all at home? children quite well? Tibbits hearty? not that I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of *Tibbits*." Nightingale gave the frightful dissyllable with sufficient emphasis.

"We are all far from well," said Mrs. Tibbits, with a sigh;—"will you not be seated?—I came to——"

"Perhaps you would prefer our room up stairs," suggested Mrs. Chatham, coming forward.

Nightingale returned a distressful glance, that indicated, at least, as much desire for a private dram as a private room.

"Susan," cried Mrs. Chatham, "light two candles, and shew this lady and Mr. Nightingale into the assembly-room." Susan did not obey this command with the best grace in the world, but, seizing the candles, walked off, leaving the lady and gentleman to follow as they best might.

Left to themselves, Mrs. Tibbits quietly took possession of a chair; and Nightingale, drawing one towards her along the floor, sat down at a respectful distance, and leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, begged to know to what he was to attribute the honour of her visit.

Mrs. Tibbits hemmed, sighed, coughed, tried to look embarrassed, and dived her hand into her reticule several times. She then arose, and walked to the window; had a particularly sharp pinch at her nose, poked a finger into each eye, and returned. "Oh, Nightingale!" gazing at him ruefully, "whom I might once have called mine, I am very miserable—so, *so* wretched!"

"Good heavens! Mrs. Tib—madam, what is the meaning of this?" cried Nightingale, who was really affected by so mournful a spectacle as his once-loved Jemima presented.

"Oh, Nat!—pardon me," cried Mrs. Tibbits, "I was thinking of old times, when I might call you by that familiar name—oh, sir! Mr. Tibbits takes all that he earns to the public-house, and spends it in nasty drink; and he leaves me—me—for weeks together without food; with no fire in the grate, and no fuel in the cellar; with no clothes to my bed, without a rag to my back; with nothing in the

world to comfort me but my little ones, who are crying all day long for a crust of bread."

"I am greatly shocked to hear this," said Nightingale; "how, then, madam, do you contrive to exist?"

"Mercy only knows, *I* do n't," said Mrs. Tibbits.

Nightingale inwardly wondered at the lady's ignorance upon so vital a point. "The two hundred pounds," he said, after a pause, "left you by your Aunt Flatun?"

"Is gone, sir,—would you believe it?—gone," answered Mrs. Tibbits.

"You called upon me, I presume, Mrs. Tibbits," he said, coldly—"I mean, you thought our former acquaintance rendered it not improper on you part to solicit—" (here Mr. Nightingale drew forth a somewhat slender purse, which Mrs. Tibbits eyed with peculiarly earnest curiosity.)

"You are too good, too kind, too generous," cried Mrs. Tibbits, averting her head, and murmuring something about angelic philanthropy, and the luxury of beneficence.

"I am sorry to say, I am very poor," said Nightingale, slipping three sovereigns into her hand; "I wish it was more. Come, let us go down stairs. Good God! what 's that?"

"What, indeed!" said Mrs. Tibbits, as a sound like that which might have been caused by a steam-engine trying to get up stairs, was heard, increasing fearfully as it reached the ascent.

The door being unceremoniously thrust open, a man in a shabby great-coat, with wooden buttons like draught pieces, rushed in, and began to glare about the room with an inconceivable velocity of eyeball.

"Mr. Tibbits!" cried the lady, starting sideways in her chair, and barely preventing herself from coming to the ground by clawing hold of the back with both hands.

"Mr. Tibbits!" echoed Nightingale, discomposed, and endeavouring to appear collected, by folding his arms, turning out his toes, and gulping down his pertubation as it rose into his throat.

The first thing Mr. Tibbits did, was to give way to a burst of unearthly laughter,—a cachinnation so loud and so prolonged, that, were it true that laughter makes a man fat, would have gone far to convert the laugher into a Lambert. He then began to swing his head round rapidly, something after the manner of a harlequin who proposes to ingratiate himself with the audience, and finally ran the air through the body with an invisible sword.

"Mr. Tibbits—my own Tibbits!" cried his wife, running

towards him, and tugging at the collar of the shaggy great-coat, with a view, apparently, of restoring him to consciousness, "hear me,—upon my knees!" (which, by the bye, Mrs. Tibbits did not go down upon) "upon my knees, I implore you, hear me! Oh, Tibbits! look upon me."

Mr. Tibbits, after bellowing like a bull, "granted half her prayer," for he bent an eye upon her, as though he would have searched into her soul, if she had happened to possess one.

"Away! avaunt, and leave my sight," he exclaimed, "thou crocodile—thou cockatrice—thou asp," pronouncing the last word in his wife's ear with so sibilating an intensity, that it seemed to the lady, for all the world, like a gross of fleas playing at high jinks in that organ; "hence, hence, thou cat o' mountain!" and, so saying, Mr. Tibbits drew her to his bosom for one brief moment, and then sent her spinning to the other end of the room.

This was enough for Mrs. Tibbits, who, having revolved on to the landing, made the best of her way down stairs, prolapsed past the bar like phantom, and took to her heels homewards without stopping by the way for any stimulant to her speed.

Meantime, Mr. Tibbits, with folded arms, paced up and down the assembly-room rapidly, occasionally halting at the window, and staring at it as though about to take a leap through the upper panes. One think was clear to Nightingale, namely, that this son of Roscius had been drinking. It appeared to him, also, very likely that Mr. Tibbits was one of those whom spirituous compounds make, for the time being, mad; and how to take the conceit out of a maniac, particularly such a muscular specimen of the genus as the actor, was a question of which he would gladly have left the solution to others. It must be stated, at the same time, that Mr. Nightingale was no coward; but he recognised no overweening attachment to brawls for their own sake, and he had a particular distaste to black eyes and broken noses, considered as exhibitions, more especially when he himself was to be the showman.

Half ashamed to invoke the aid of the company below, Mr. Nightingale was, notwithstanding, about to retreat to the door for that purpose, when Mr. Tibbits turned his attention to him, surveying him from head to foot with an expression of extreme scorn, which made way, at a moment's notice, for a look of the most sovereign contempt; which again was as instantly discharged, to give place to rapid alternations of rage, horror, incredulity, and madness, followed by supplementary grins, that might mean all, a part, or none of these.

"And you," he bellowed, "why do I find you in this secluded spot, holding secret converse with my wife?—my wife! ha! speak, villain, ere I tear thee limb from limb before your master's face."

"My dear sir," began Nightingale, "I had no wish to see her; she came——"

"Slave, thou liest," cried Tibbits, "and I will force the lie into thy throat, though fiends should snatch, and try to bear it thence. Here is my gage; now, by my soul, thou diest."

Having uttered this alarming speech, Tibbits grated his teeth jarringly, and flung an old Berlin glove upon the table, half of the thumb of which had been gnawed off at rehearsals.

"I 'll tell you what, sir," said Nightingale, incensed at the scurvy and contumelious terms applied to him, and now beginning to perceive that Tibbits was one of those harmless fire-eaters who "talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs," at the same time that the community at large might live for ever, if they were permitted to tarry till he killed them; "I 'll tell you what, sir,—your wife sought me. She will no doubt inform you of the object of her visit. Now, if you do n't walk down stairs this instant, I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down."

Here Mr. Nightingale turned up the cuffs of his coat, converted his two hands into fists, and looked decidedly warlike.

At the above intimation, Mr. Tibbits had recourse to the most infernal contortions of the human countenance ever offered to the inspection of the public in general, or of one individual in particular.

"Will no one," cried he, with a kind of piteous impatience, "will no one lend me a weapon, that I may strike this villain dead? will no one put into this hand a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world? will no one—ha! here do I seize upon an instrument with which I 'll glut my overflowing vengeance—ha!"—

So saying, Mr. Tibbits made a spring in the direction of the further end of the room, for the purpose of securing something in one corner admirably adapted for his purpose of intimidation; but, his leg unluckily becoming entangled in a chair, he was pitched forward, and vanished like lightning under the table-cover.

At this juncture, Mr. Ikey Hillary burst into the room, followed leisurely by Mr. Dewham Hall, with his snuff-box in his hand. Mrs. Chatham, with her hands clasped just under her chin, awaited the issue on the landing.

"What the deuce, Nightingale!" cried Hillary, "*you* here; where 's the other?—I 'll swear we heard two."

"There," said Nightingale, pointing to a brace of legs which projected from under the table; "the fellow 's a madman, I think."

"Let me tear him piecemeal," exclaimed Tibbits, crawling out at the side of the table, and surveying the new comers as he did so. "Ha! Ikey—Hillary, my lad, is that you!"

"My noble Thespian." cried Hillary, lifting him to his feet, "what brought you here? But come," and he forced him into a chair, "we must have no air-sawing and brow-knitting: it won't do here. What! quarrelling with friend Nightingale, the quietest creature going; fie, Octavian! fie, fie."

"Down, busy devil, down!" said Tibbits, pointing to a neighbouring chair. "Nightingale! a vulture, Ikey; an obscene bird of night, a cavernous croaking raven. Blood! blood!"

"Not licensed to be drunk on the premises," returned Ikey, coolly. "Come, no more of this."

"Has yonder fellow committed an assault, a violent assault, upon you?" said Dewham Hall, taking Nightingale aside.

"No, he has not; but he might have done so."

"*Might* have done so," returned Dewham Hall, peevishly; "my question is, *has* he done so?"

"No, assuredly not," said Nightingale. "Why do you ask?"

"No matter," said the other, taking a large pinch of snuff, and walking towards Ikey and Tibbits.

"I can make nothing of this man," said Ikey, clapping his hand upon the open mouth of the blaspheming Tibbits; "he 's playing the devil with the parts of speech, particularly the interjections. Now, Tibbits," he continued, assuming a theatrical air, "unless this instant you divulge your supposed wrongs, by heaven! I 'll pulverise thy frame, and sell thy dust for pounce to legal scribes."

"Ha! ha!—I will," cried the tragedian, knitting his brows; and he repeated the following speech with a sort of blank-verse cadence:—"When I went home, expecting of my tea, I found my offspring nestled in their beds, their mother absent: I enquire the cause; they whine, but answer not. With fury seized, I rush down stairs, and seek the landlady, called Colebatch; she—now, mark me, mark me—she tells me that my wife had often spoken of seeking out this Nightingale, and tells me where he was wont to skulk. I ask no more, but hasten here, and find my wife seated upon that chair, and Nightingale standing where he does now. Have I not cause—have I not cause of vengeance?"

Ikey arose at the conclusion of this speech, and approached Nightingale for the purpose of requesting him to furnish an ex-

planation: whilst he was so doing, Mr. Dewham Hall placed his snuff-box in his pocket, and drew a chair towards Tibbits.

"I don't know whether you have good grounds of action," said Dewham Hall, "but be assured, I permit no considerations of private friendship to interfere with my professional duty. Here is my card: if you should obtain further proof of guilt, call upon me. There, put it in your pocket; it 's as well he should know nothing about it."

"Mr. Dewham Hall, solicitor!" cried Tibbits, franticly, forgetting his own wrongs in the contemplation of another's woe, "may the fiends snatch thee hence! Remember Bragge!"

"Bragge!" echoed Dewham Hall, in some confusion.

"For whom," resumed Tibbits, laying aside his theatrical manner, "for whom you brought the action against Grinder, and whom you vilely sold, and boxed up for the costs. He did you there, for he was whitewashed—ha!"

"I 'll make you prove your words," said Dewham Hall, emphatically, and the deeply-wronged solicitor arose and withdrew.

"Why, Tibbits," said Ikey, turning to him, "Nightingale can explain this matter in a moment. What a thrice double ass you have made of yourself, kicking up your heels on your green-eyed monster."

"Let him proceed," exclaimed Tibbits, moodily.

Nightingale, upon this, plainly stated all that had occurred, except the fact of his having relieved the distresses of Mrs. Tibbits, and offered, in conclusion, to call the respectable Mrs. Chatham to give evidence in his favour.

The eyes of Mr. Tibbits tumbled about in their sockets when Nightingale had concluded, and a light seemed to overspread his face, proceeding from the chin upwards. Springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "I see it all—'t is true—I see it all: thou best of men, I thank thee!" and he flew pellmell towards Nightingale, and bestowed upon him so strict an embrace, that he believed the very vital spark itself was about to abscond from his body.

Tibbits, however, quickly released him, and proceeded towards Hillary, whom he shook pitilessly by the hand; whilst Nightingale, on turning his head, had the satisfaction of beholding Mrs. Chatham on the landing, her arms closely compressed to her sides, laughing immoderately.

"'Wine, mighty wine!'" sang Tibbits, "let 's have some grog. What say ye, comrades? But oh! Nightingale," in another tone, "did she succeed in enlisting your feelings in her behalf; did she

draw you, Nightingale? 'Friend of my soul, this goblet sip.' Is the gin-and-water coming? Did she secure any mopusses?"

Nightingale was obliged to confess that she did, and, upon further question, made known the amount.

"'T will vanish—thus," said Tibbits, opening his mouth, and pointing with his forefinger down the cavity. "Ikey, did n't you ring the bell? your 're going to stand the *sine quâ non* of existence. 'Wine gives a summer to the mind.' Three pounds!—never mind, my boy."

"Come, good Alonzo," exclaimed Ikey, impatiently, "come to the parlour, where grog awaits you."

"Have with ye," cried Tibbits, laying hold upon his hat; "to the parlour, ho!"

Nightingale tarried in the assembly-room some minutes after Ikey and Tibbits had descended to the parlour. He felt an unusual lightness of spirits, for which he could not altogether account. He suspected, nevertheless, that Mrs. Tibbits had something to do with it. The incubus of Jemima Jiltington had been removed from his mind. It was certain she no longer cared a button about him, and the consciousness of that made him happy. (By the way, if many other ill-used lovers would make up their minds to a similar conviction, it is astonishing what a relief they would derive from it.)

As he got to the bottom of the stairs, he met Susan coming out of the parlour, and seized her by both hands.

"Susan," said he, with a smile at which the girl stared—it was a rarity—"I hope you won't think the worse of me, because a lady called upon me this evening?"

"Indeed, I do n't know but I shall, Mr. Nightingale," replied Susan. "Come, let go of me now, that 's a good man, for that friend of yours, who was making such a noise over-head, is calling out for a glass of gin-and-water, like mad."

"He *is* so," said Nightingale, tapping his forehead, "and the husband of that singular lady."

"Sir, I thought she was your sweetheart, I really did," said Susan.

"Mine?" said the sentimentalist, "I would n't have her for the wide world. Innocence and simplicity for me," he added, as he watched Susan to the bar. "What a sweet girl that is! no guile—all nature—no art. I 've often thought so; I 'm sure now. Very strange!"

Mr. Tibbits had not been long seated in the parlour, ere he made it his employment to scan the faces of the company present in a very peering and intense manner. His gaze at length rested upon the

noticeable countenance of Mr. Ormsby, who had been dumbfoundered and crestfallen the whole evening.

"Who is yonder cacique in the arm chair?" cried Tibbits, in a hiccupish whisper, jogging Hillary with his elbow; "Las Casas—Orozembo, is he not?"

"Remarks upon the company are invariably waived here by summarily ejecting the commentator from the room," said Hillary. "Be quiet, that's a good man."

"Ha!" exclaimed the actor, "ejection!—very good. Friend of my youth," he added, recognising Nightingale on the other side of the room, "fear not—approach—'drink with me, and drink as I;'" and Mr. Tibbits lifted his tumbler, and engulphed its contents. "Shall I ring for another?"

"With pleasure—do," said Nightingale.

"'I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise', as Will says," resumed Tibbits, turning to Hillary. "Where is that Hall—that Dewham Hall, solicitor?—would he were here, that I might grapple with him. Bragge—you remember Bragge?—bow-legged Bragge—legs like a horse-collar, or a horse-shoe? By Hall was he Fleeted."

"But he circumflexed his way out again, did n't he?" said Ikey.

"Did he *not*," cried Tibbits, exultingly; "and has had to circumflex his way in again since then. Who is that mysterious muff with the newspaper?—what ho! Merlin! what seest thou there?"

"Did you address yourself to me, sir?" cried Mr. Asgill, sternly, directing a baleful glance at the actor over the newspaper.

"I did," replied Tibbits, setting down his glass. "Wizard of the blasted mount, what news?"

Mr. Asgill caught Hillary's deprecating wink, and checked himself.

"News?" said Asgill, affecting to examine the paper, "the only news I perceive likely to interest *you* is, 'Escape of a Lunatic.'"

"Ha! ha!—*good*," cried Tibbits, with emphasis. "Escape of a lunatic! ran away in quest of his wits, which went to Jericho, and were lost by the way? Follow him," he added, solemnly addressing Ormsby; "follow him in the Hibernian fashion,—take the other road, and you 'll meet him at last."

"This is intolerable," exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, with inflamed gills. "Mr. Hillary, I think I am entitled to a categorical answer, who is this most—*most* inconsiderate individual? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Why," returned Ikey, we have not sworn eternal friendship."—

"Have we not?" cried Tibbits, seizing his hand.

"But, you see, he considers me as one."

"Really," said Mr. Ormsby, in his most majestic manner, "I perceive I must exercise my authority here. I rise to order"—

"Do you?" said Tibbits; "glasses round, I hope. *I* take gin, with a thin slice of lemon."

"Insufferable impertinence," said Mr. Ormsby, waxing almost alight with indignation. "Gentlemen, this is not to be borne. I insist that this gentleman be turned out of the room."

Mr. Tibbits hereupon arose, and gravely and courteously invited Mr. Ormsby to a trial of manual dexterity in the pugilistic art,—an invitation which he extended to Mr. Asgill, and subsequently, with considerable vehemence, to the whole company, singly and collectively; and uttering threats of fearful import, he was at length withdrawn from the parlour by the strong arm of Hillary, who hurried him out of the house, cunningly possessed himself of his address, and thrust him into a cab, enjoining the driver to pay attention to his fare in these significant words, as he pointed to the swaying head of Tibbits:—"He has had a—glass this side upwards."

"Such conduct as this we have just witnessed is extremely reprehensible," observed Mr. Ormsby, when Ikey re-entered the room. "I no longer marvel that the Bœotians should have intoxicated their slaves, and set the beastial Helots before their rising generation, as a warning to their adolescent youth. What think you, Mr. Asgill?"

"It 's this enlightenment that does it," answered Asgill; "these newfangled doctrines of education. And then, the times, sir, the times—these liberal principles. Ugh! such doings!"

"There 's this excuse to be made," said Ikey, "the man has got a crevice in his napper—and when the gin's in, the gentleman 's out—otherwise, he 's a companionable sort of fellow."

"The more is the pity, that he should thus adumbrate his intellect," remarked Ormsby.

"True, sir, very true," coincided a little pale gentleman, whom no one had hitherto observed; "when sentient beings voluntarily reduce themselves to the level of the brute, they should——"

"Live at rack and manger, as Tibbits do n't," said Ikey. "Let a man eat well, and a glass or two does him no harm."

While Ikey was speaking, Mr. Asgill and the little pale gentleman had been exchanging salutations.

"Why, sir, we have not seen you for a long time," said Asgill.

"No, sir," replied the other, "I have been on the continent; and, indeed, to confess the truth, I am no great friend to taverns, begging pardon of the company present for saying so."

"And what do you think of affairs in general by this time?" enquired Asgill; "you were rather desponding, you know, when we last had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Worse and worse," said the pale gentleman—"nothing can be worse. Look around you and see—any one may see it. Look to the North—a threatening sky there; look to the South—a gloomy prospect; look to the West—dark and portentous; look to the East—will that satisfy you? Look at Cabul—Herat—Rungeet Singh: look at them—look at *that*."

"Look at *what?*" cried Asgill who was a rather testy, and moreover a matter-of-fact gentleman, and whose ear was somewhat vexed by the frequent iteration of the word "look." "Look at what?"

"At Rungeet Singh—Herat—Cabul," said the other. "Persia on the defensive. Russia the aggressor—British India in an uproar. All Asia will be embroiled: if these things go on, that quarter of the world will be blotted from the map."

"If ink could do it, I dare say it would, and scratched out, too," said Ikey: "the quill-drivers would do for it."

"We can't go on as we have done," continued the pale gentleman, "either here or there. I should 'nt wonder," he added, with a sagacious shake of the head, "were China to interfere."

"China!" cried Asgill, "my dear sir, you're mistaken there. The Celestial Empire never does interfere."

"Let me ask" demanded the other, leaning on the table with the air of a man who wishes to pin another to the point—"let me ask, what is to prevent the Celestial Empire from interfering?"

"That which prevents me from thrusting my nose into a window when the gentleman of the house has had enough fresh air, and is afraid of a draught," interrupted Ikey.

"What, then, you think they are afraid to do so?"—said the other—"oh! my dear sir, what a fallacy is this! Bear in mind, they have long owed us a grudge."

"They're such thieves," retorted Ikey—"they never pay what they owe."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the pale gentleman, "you must excuse me; but I really must avow my conviction, that you are utterly unacquainted with the character—with the social, moral, and political pretensions of that interesting people. You know not their history."

"Oh! yes, I do—I've read it"—said Hillary.

"You have dipped into Marcartney's Embassy, perhaps?"

"Yes—on a stall. Latterly, I have been one of the stall-fed intellectuals," replied Hillary. "No, Sir, I have read, let me see, Slibootika's History of China,—in four volumes folio."

"Slibootika!" cried the pale gentleman—"I never heard of him—that is hardly a Chinese name."

"No,"—cried Ikey, "he was a Japanese—a native of Jeddo, and an ornament to one of the Japan cabinets. I have read a Dutch translation of his curious work in the library of Amsterdam:—depend upon it, sir," he continued authoritatively, "Wang Fong would 'nt much like John Bull to invite himself to tea in his territories; that would be a bull in a china shop, with a vengeance! we should pretty soon crack their canisters, sir—we'd make 'em hang down their heads after the true willow pattern."

"So we would, Mr. Hillary," cried Asgill, with a sudden burst of patriotic enthusiasm. "Why, look ye here"—and he held up his walking stick for general inspection—"with this stick I 'd undertake to thrash half-a-dozen yellow-jawed Manderins; upon my word I would; I 'd make 'em make such mugs as they never made before—don't you think I should?"

Here Mr. Asgill laughed heartily.

"Upon my honour you are a perfect Regulus," said Ormsby with a courteous smile. "Regulus, Mr. Asgill, was a great Roman who, leaning with his back to a rock, killed five-and-twenty men with his own hand."

"I do 'nt know whether I 'm a Regulus," returned Asgill; "but this I know; I 'd give it 'em in a regular manner, that 's all. But, sir," turning to the pale gentleman—"to come nearer home—what think you of European politics?"

"Wrong"—said the other, with decision—"all wrong. Let any man look at Belgium and Holland, and tell me what he thinks of those nations. There 's France ready to back Belgium—Austria and Prussia all alive for mischief—Russia ready to rush to the rescue—and England, ah! there"—and he changed his tone to a sorrowful cadence,—"England—where are her wooden walls? she has 'nt a ship of the line,—not *one* ship of the line, gentlemen, to repel invasion; not a cock-boat, a bum-boat, or a life-boat, to bring against the enemy."

"A most fortuitous and unimpregnable situation, truly!" cried Ormsby. "As bad as the ancient times, when Julius Cæsar first landed at Harwich, and proceeded against the Picts."

"True, sir," coincided the pale gentleman: "the Picts, Scots, and Danes, that was in the time of King Alfred, I believe. Ah! gentle-

men, we have no such monarch in Europe as Alfred was! Alfred the Great, who established trial by jury and the liberty of the press, and paved the way for Magna Charta."

This edifying conversation was abruptly brought to an end by the entrance of Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh and Joseph Atkins, the latter with evident symtoms of extreme satisfaction mantling in his face.

"You are late, my juvenile," said Hillary, directing his disciple to a chair.

"We have been attending a temperance meeting," said Atkins, "hav 'nt we, Mr. Tidmarsh? and been a-doing our minds good by hearing on 'em."

"With a hook, Atkins," said Master D'Oyley, lighting a cigar, (Tidmarsh did not like the imputation of going to any place from which his mind was likely to derive the slightest benefit.)

"Must n't say so, young gentleman," said Atkins. "Blest, though," he added, turning to the company, "if it is n't my private opinion—private, mind ye—that they 're all a parcel o' right down hypocrites—the whole boiling on 'em—there now."

"Where have you been?" enquired Ormsby.

"I 'll take that seat by you, if my smoking do n't discommode, and just tell you," returned Joseph. "Why, Mr. Ormsby, we 've been to the Hall o' Temperance, in Water Lane; that which was the Ebenezer."

"A tee-total meeting!" cried Ormsby, in surprise; "and *you* there, Joseph?"

"And *I* there," said Atkins, calmly. "My pipe won't light. They ain't tee-toatlers, sir; there you 'll allow me to say, you 're in a nerror; they 're the temperance—quite different. The temperance do n't get drunk, if they can help it; the tee-toatlers do n't get drunk no-how, whether they can help it or not."

"Oh! that 's it, is it?" said Ormsby.

"I 'll tell you all about it," returned Atkins. "Roley, who was used, at one time o' day, to be never easy 'xcept when he was a-drinking; but he 's now turned steady, and a great man on the temperance—Roley comes to me, and asks whether I could funnish milk for the whole lot this afternoon. Now, he comes to me after my afternoon's delivery, which warn't doing justice to the members on his part, mind ye. O' course I supplied it to 'em, as in duty bound; which it warn't the best pay, and so what could they look for? It warn't a good article, by no means; leastways, it warn't such milk as I should like to see a respectable gentleman like you mix in his bev'rage."

"Not fresh from the cow, I suppose," said Ormsby.

Atkins significantly nudged his companion. "She never see it," said he; "'t was milk which had never had no cream on. Howbeit, they lapped it up pleasantly enough; much good may it do 'em."

"And you stayed, and was much edified, I doubt not," said Ormsby, with an encouraging smile.

"Headified!" cried Atkins; "not much of that, I promise you. Very little given away there that 'll get into a man's head, Mr. Ormsby. No, I was a-coming away, when I see my young gentleman yonder, who prevailed upon me to take him back with me; and so we stayed it out."

"Such a heterogeneous collection of human bipeds it was never my misfortune to see congregated before," cried Mr. Tidmarsh, from the other end of the room.

"Bipids!" echoed Atkins, abandoning himself to the most immoderate merriment, under the impression that the word was some new opprobrious epithet that had just "come up;"—"Bipids! they were bipids, every one of 'em—you may take your oath of that; but, lord! let me discribe it to you;" and Atkins laid down his pipe, and went through the following narrative, interspersing it with such imitations of the voice and manner of the parties implicated, as the late Charles Mathews, of immortal memory, might have studied with advantage. "When their teas was done, and the crockry dooly handed off, up gets a gentleman in his best, at the farther end o' the room, with the longest countenance *I* ever see, save and 'xcept on a horse; and he begins to cough—to notify, mind, that the comp'ny was to cheer, which, I believe you, they did. '*That's* Mr. Purling,' said a lady which sat alongside of me and Mr. Tidmarsh, to another lady which was sitting afore her; '*that's* Mr. Purling.' 'And *that* is Mr. Purling, is it?" says she, just so, turning her head round, and shoving her bonnet right under the bonnet o' the first lady; 'a very zealous brother of the branch, I have heard.' 'Oh, dear! mum, yes,' says t' other, shaking her head—so; 'la! love you, mum, yes, —he 's hoisted the temperance banner all over the country; why, mum—would you believe it?—he has n't had nothing to drink this three years.' 'Indeed!' said the one on the bench afore us, quite carelessly, for she wanted, you understand, to turn round and take a strong squint at this Mr. Purling. 'Nothing but spring water; and he makes his tea with it,' says t' other, a-grappling hold on her arm as she was a-going to face about; 'he won't use river water, in regard of the animalcules.' Mr. Tidmarsh tells me they 're invisible insects, which floats in rivers, and fights shy o' the springs. By

this time, Mr. Purling had done laying his head together with some other gentlemen round about him, and steps forrard. I 'd ha' given a trifle, Mr. Ormsby, for you to have been there and heared him. As for Tidmarsh and I, I really thought we should have busted; but we dusn't shew it, you know. He said he was an unclaimed drunkard, and at one perid was at it night and day; but now, he told us, a drop would get over him; and he did n't look in the best of health, I was thinking. And then he described his present state. He was always the same, he told us; always happy; always gay;—now, that was a-going too far; for, blest if he could laugh,—he *could n't* do it: I never see a man look so straight down his nose in all my experience. But, oh! to have heard them cheer, when he told us how often he used to toddle to the pawn-shop with the childrens' clothes, and get drunk with the money! And when he said, that at one time he knocked down his wife with the poker twice a week on the av'ridge, I thought they never would ha' done a-cheering. And then——"

"I am sorry I must bid you good night," suddenly interrupted Ormsby, who had, for some time past, been writhing under the furtive and malicious glances of Susan, when she entered the room; and who was fearful, every moment, of an explosion of mirth at his expense, on the part of "that giddy and impracticable young female;" seeing that, whenever she approached his table, her lips were with much difficulty compressed. "I will hear the remainder of your diverting recital another evening, Mr. Atkins."

"What! a-going?" cried Atkins, by no means pleased that his story should be so unceremoniously cut in two; and looking round, he discerned Mr. Asgill earnestly attending to the pale gentleman, who was tracing out with a wet finger, a kind of map upon the table; while Hillary and Tidmarsh were as earnestly engaged at double dumby in the corner—"This is no place for me, when you 're gone, Mr. Ormsby;" and he folded up the remainder of his tobacco, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket;—"I 'll just go and give my company to Tom Trotter, in the tap for half-an-hour—he 's delivered the night's beer by this time. He 'll listen to me, I know." And so saying, Joseph unceremoniously withdrew.

Mr. Ormsby, having tendered his respective valedictions to the company present, and hurriedly paid his score to Susan, followed. Judge his surprise—consternation rather—when, in exchange for his customary uplifting of the hat, as he passed the bar, he received such a freezing glance from the landlady as might have sent a chill through an Esquimaux! "That unimaginably inconsiderate girl had

been, without an azimuth of doubt, recapitulating her untenable misconception of his *un*offensive and, to any other human being, intelligible conduct and behaviour, to Mrs. Chatham!"

It was many days before Mr. Ormsby sufficiently recovered his equanimity to decide upon what was best to be done, under circumstances so suddenly adverse and 'concatenated.' Mrs. Chatham, on her part, evinced no disposition to recur to the social interchange of the "minor morals," the reciprocation of which had at one time been so pleasing to the gentleman, and, as he not unreasonably concluded, so agreeable to the lady. But, he had heard—nay, he had *read*, that women are at all times capricious and fantastical beings; but most especially so, when possessed of feelings of a tender description. Nor could he help thinking that Mrs. Chatham entertained this class of feelings towards him.

Notwithstanding, however, Mr. Ormsby's convictions, and the sentimental glossaries by which he expounded them, he did not make much way; a circumstance which, although it could no longer alter the determination of his mind, nevertheless, very sensibly irritated his temper. Upon three or four occasions, he repulsed the advances of Joseph Atkins towards unrestricted converse, with a savage abruptness, which Joseph mentally denounced as "'stonishing vulgar, and precious bouncible;" nor was he scarcely more civil to Susan, upon whom he now invariably scowled with an antique Roman austerity of visage, exceedingly diverting to the girl, who was half a mind to torment him in real earnest, but who did not know how.

All this was lamentable evidence of the weakness to which even the greatest natures may be reduced when they speculate in Hymeneal bonds and securities; but Mr. Ormsby was, after all, not so far gone as might be imagined. He began, after a time, to bethink him how far it was consistent and proper on the part of Mrs. Chatham to put in jeopardy her well grounded expectations of happiness with him, by an obstinate and mad persistence in a line of conduct, which, to say the least of it, was "egregiously characteristic of imprudent tampering with her sub*l*unary prospects."

Repulse, however, was not for a moment to be thought of. Orby Ormsby rejected by a licensed victualler's relict, was an idea to be knocked on the head the instant it entered his own. At the same time, it did occur to him (for such is the weakness and instability of the female character) that Mrs. Chatham might have blindly bestowed her affections "upon some vile satrap, only worthy of the Tarpeian rock." How to arrive at the knowledge whether she had done so, or not, was, as he expressed himself, "one of the

Eleusinian mysteries to him." That jade Susan might have cleared up the point; but any further application to her was out of the question. There was, however, Thomas Trotter, out of whom he might squeeze all the requisite information.

He, accordingly, seized an opportunity, when Susan had gone out on a day's holiday, and Tom officiated in the parlour, of pumping that ingenuous youth, which he did in the following manner.

"Tom," said he, in his most insinuating tone, as the boy approached with his brandy-and-water, "I have a word or two to say to you."

Tom was sufficiently self-possessed and efficient in his own branch of business, and could contest a disputed point with an old woman respecting a pint-pot, or the newspaper, with no common volubility of tongue and readiness of retort; but to stand before a great gentleman like Ormsby, was no slight trial of his nerves. There was a species of fascination in the business that caused him to stand bolt upright before his interrogator, with his eyes fixed immoveably upon his face.

"Can you tell me," resumed Ormsby, "whether your mistress is in the habit of receiving and entertaining visitors?"

"I do n't know, I 'm sure, sir," said Tom; "wisiters?"

"Visitors, Tom: has Mrs. Chatham any one to see her, at any time; to tea, or what not?"

"Oh!" replied Tom, "I knows now; vy, she 's sev'ril comes now 'n then."

"Several!" cried Ormsby.

"Yes, please sir," said Tom, scratching his head. "Vell, there 's Mrs. Parker vot lives round corner, she comes sometimes; there 's Miss Smithers, and her old granmother; and Mrs. Dixon;—and Mother Suddles the vashervoman: she alvays teas 'ere vunce a veek, on vashin' days."

"But these are females, my boy," said Ormsby.

"Vimmen?" said Tom, doubtfully; "vell, as to men, there 's Mr. Pascoe, missis's uncle."

"Ah!" cried Ormsby,—"I know—I know."—

"And there 's old Frampton, vot at vun time vos master of this 'ere 'ouse."—

"Frampton? yes," said Ormsby, "very good: go on."

"And," added Tom, after a pause; "blowed, Sir, if I rec'lect any more on 'em, but Mr. Burley."

"Burley? Burley?" exclaimed Ormsby; "what kind of man is Mr. Burley?"

"Stoutish-like," returned Tom, who began to wonder within him what could be the meaning of this catechism.

"Old?" pursued Ormsby; "a man in years, Tom?"

"Not werry aged," answered the boy; "he 's vot they calls the broad clerk."

"The broad clerk!" what in the name of the oracle of Minerva did the boy mean? He himself was a pretty expansive specimen of that description. "The broad clerk!"

"Comes from the brewer's," said Tom, "and takes money and orders, and 'as a glass o' grog, and tea arter it."

"Oh!" thought Ormsby, "the brewer's clerk:" nothing to fear from him.

"I won't keep you any longer, Tom," said he, "you 're a very sensible lad, Tom,—take this;" and Mr. Ormsby with much form and ceremony, handed Thomas a shilling.

The eyes of the recipient brightened at this unexpected largess. "Crikey!" said he to himself, "I shall now be able to buy Jack Scoggin's ticket for the vestcot, and turn out a 'eavy swell o' Sundays."

"Stay!" cried Ormsby, suddenly, as Tom was joyously retreating from the presence; "come here,—a word more, my lad."

"Vot now, I vonder," thought the boy, "a wexatious old cove!"

"Listen to me, my boy," said Ormsby; drawing himself up importantly. "There was in ancient times, a certain Lacedemonian youth, who was guilty of stealing a fox, which he hid in the folds of his garment. Being accused of the theft, he stoutly denied it; and rather than confess his guilt, and disclose the animal, he permitted the fox to eat into his very vitals. Now, Tom, could you have done so?"

Tom was in a state of the utmost perplexity, when this question was propounded to him, and stared ruefully at Ormsby, who with his finger on his stomachic region, awaited a reply.

"Vell, please sir," said the boy, at length, "I do n't know vot it is; if I vos a given to priggin, vich I hopes I never shall, I do n't think I should go for to prig a fox."

"True," replied Ormsby, "very true. But, I mean, can you be as secret as that Lacedemonian lad?"

"Vot?" cried Tom, impatiently, for he began to suspect that 'the old 'un vos a chaffin' ' him, "vot 's your meaning, sir?"

"I mean, in short," said Ormsby; "can you be secret? You will say nothing to anybody respecting the enquiries I have made of you just now."

"Oh! about the wisiters? course I sha n't say nothen. It 's no concern o' no vun, is it?"

"A good boy!" said Ormsby, "you may go now;" and he presently fell into a pleasing reverie, during which, Tom, in the tap room, recounted the whole particulars of his remarkable interview, to Mr. Joseph Atkins.

That person, having heard the recital of his juvenile friend, fell into deep meditation; which lasted an unusual length of time, that is to say, nearly five minutes. The scurvy and contumelious conduct of Ormsby of late, had entirely succeeded in erasing him from Joseph's books, and he had sometime since resolved, whenever an opportunity should present itself, upon doing a little bit of vengeance.

"That man," said Atkins, drawing the pipe from his mouth; "that very great, that *particular* great personage in the parlour, which looks down upon a honest hard working tradesman; that feller, Tom, and I do n't call him out of his name, is no better than a nidget:—blest, if he aint a nidget."

"Vot 's a nidget?" enquired Tom.

"Why, Tom," said Atkins, with a solemnity proper to the importance of the question, a "nidget is a bein' which has lost the use of his ra-tional faculties—a maniuk, which it is n't worth while to stow away in a madhouse."

Here Tom chuckled amazingly. "D'ye think he 's a simple Tony?" said he, "vy, he guv me a bob: I vish he may alvays be o' that mind."

"That 's a proof on it," returned Atkins, "he 's a raving lunitic. Just hand me over that shilling, and let me have a squint at it."

Tom with some reluctance obeyed, and Atkins subjected the coin to a severe and critical ocular examination; then rang it upon the table, several times, doubtfully, and finally endeavoured to make an indentation in the rim.

"It 's good enough," said he, in a tone which implied that he had much rather it had been a bad one,—"well, just answer me this question,—why should he give you a shilling, if there war n't something wrong in the whole business? He wish to know who comes to see your missis—phew!" and here Mr. Atkins evinced a degree of indignation, which, it must be allowed, was disinterested, at least. "Now, you go," he resumed, thrusting the boy towards the door—"toddle, and tell Mrs. Chatham the whole history."

"Vot should I get by that, I vonder?" expostulated Tom.

"You 'll get the sack, if you do n't, that 's all," said Atkins; "if Mrs. Chatham finds out, you 've been colloging with that indi-

vidual, you'll have to cut your stick. and no mistake, and so I do n't deceive you, Mister Thomas Trotter."

"Vell, vot say? shall us?" said the boy dubiously; "he can't turn me avay, hows'ever."

"*He* turn you away!" cried Atkins, indignant at the extravagance of the supposition; "*he* turn you away! *that*, for him and his 'thority," and he snapped his fingers; "I should like to see him a trying. You've planted your ten toes too strongly in this here concern, for that."

"'Ere goes then—bother!"—said Tom, and away he went, and without unnecessary prologue or circumlocution, "made a clean breast of it" to his mistress.

"Well?" said Atkins with assumed indifference when the lad returned.

"Oh! nothen'," replied the boy; "missis only fell a laughin' ven I'd done, and told me not to answer any more questions in futur' o' that kind; and, crikey! Mr Atkins, guess vot she says: she says I listens to your nonsinse too much, and you'll spile me."

Atkins smiled a grim smile. "Nonsense! and spile you," said he, solemnly, "I'll tell *you* what, Tom Trotter; you're hoarding up a mint o' information and knowledge, which you've very little notion on,—mind ye;" and he resumed his pipe, with a degree of mental satisfaction, which none but sages, who are accustomed freely to impart their wisdom to others, can, perhaps, understand, or appreciate.

The conglomeration of feelings with which Mr. Ormsby walked towards his own home on that evening, it were useless to attempt to describe. Mrs. Chatham actually—absolutely—incontrovertibly—smiled upon him as he passed the bar. What could it mean? but that was pretty clear. She had relented—she had extended the olive-branch; and to reject it—to blight its opening leaves with a borealic chill, would be worse than Carthaginian barbarity. Before he retired to rest, he sketched out the rough heads of a letter, to be addressed to Mrs. Chatham, which he designed should be delivered into her hands on the following evening, by Tom.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hillary had been left by himself in the parlour; and, as men will do, especially those upon whose foot "the black ox has trodden," in other words, as is the custom of those who have more than their ordinary share of the "*res angusta domi*," he was revolving in his mind those circumstances of his past life which had contributed to make him what he was—poor, dependant, and despised. He was roused, however, from his abstraction, by the

sudden entrance of an oldish-looking young man; buttoned close up to the throat, with a profusion of hair curling over the narrow brim of one side of his hat, a beard two days old, and wristbands of check-calico, drawn down over his knuckles.

"Mr. Hillary!" said he, with a start, "found you at last, I *do* believe. Mr. Hillary, your most humble cum tumble."

"Sir," said Hillary, as the stranger made a profound bow, "I have not the pleasure, I believe,—and yet I see so many gentlemen of all kinds, conditions, and degrees,—are you of the honourable profession of the law?"

"I am," said the other. Hillary guessed as much, but he had long laid aside that strange horror of legal proceedings, even at their last stage, which some nervous people continue to entertain.

"You will soon know who I am," proceeded the stranger, "when I tell you that I am, and have been for many years, too long by half and a little more, clerk to Rackem and Wrench, of Gray's Inn."

"Ha! I remember now," cried Hillary; "your name's Auger, is n't it?" "How's little Rackem?"

"Why," said Auger, "little Rackem is pretty bobbish, but it's all dicky with long Wrench. He 's gone to his account, and I hope he may find his account in it. But, to business. You're a very lucky person, Mr. Hillary; what I call a d—— particularly-and-no-mistake-at-all fortunate fellow."

"I do n't see that, Auger, I can't see that Auger," said Hillary.

"Just listen," said Auger, in a whisper, winking his eye. "I've been everywhere to ferret you out, but could n't. Did n't know where you hung out—all right that. It is n't every gentleman that prefers seeing company at his own house. Well, no matter. You remember Batley who failed in your debt twelve years ago, to a pretty considerable, unmistakeable sum? Well, he had an aunt, it seems, who lived in a very old house, in the very old city of Canterbury, and she herself a very old woman. She 's gone: hopped the twig as briskly as a juvenile, six months ago, and left Batley the brads. What has he done? Paid everybody, everything, and I have been looking for you for four months past, every day, everywhere. Seven hundred and eighty-two ten, are now in the hands of Rackem for your particular use, which I dare say you particularly want, and which you can have, at the particular hour of nine to-morrow morning."

"Seven hundred and eighty-two ten, and you've been hunting after me four months!" cried Hillary, "why had n't you advertised?'

"A considerable portion of the public don't like publicity;" said Auger.

"Come with me," cried Hillary, starting up, "we'll retire to the bar parlour, and talk about it. Mrs. Chatham—the landlady—the best friend I have in the world must know of this."

"Women *are* the best friends a man has," said Auger, "as I tell my wife when I go home very late, very sorry, and very drunk. It soothes her, and saves wear and tear of tongue. You'll remember me to morrow. I dare say I look very like an angel to-night."

"You do," said Hillary, "and I won't forget you, come along," and the parties retired to the bar.

On the evening of the following day, Mr. Ormsby was prowling about "The Castle" in considerable perturbation, fearful alike of being discovered by Mrs. Chatham from within, and of being detected by approaching customers from without. At length Tom came forth, the very individual he required. He watched him round the corner, and hastily followed him.

"Tom," said he, "I wish you to place this letter into the hands of Mrs. Chatham without delay."

"Can't jest yet, please sir," said Tom; "see here, I'm a goin' to take these 'ere two bottles o' gin to Captain Harkebuss."

"Well, but this won't detain you a moment," said Ormsby.

"Musn't go for to do it," replied Tom; "missis told me to make haste; and the captain 'ud make nothen o' knockin' my 'ead off—he would n't. Missis forgot 'em till now."

"Well, the instant you return will do," said Ormsby, handing the letter.

Tom did not much like the idea of any further transactions with Ormsby, especially as no shilling appeared to be forthcoming.

"Vell," said he, sulkily, "jest stick it in this 'ere side pocket,—don't you see my 'ands is full? and I'll give it her ven I comes back."

"Mr. Ormsby," exclaimed a well-dressed gentleman at some distance, as he approached him, "give me joy, my dear sir, but you look agitated."

"What!" said Ormsby, "Mr. Hillary! can it be possible?"

"Yes. Did you think I was to be stuck up to my neck in the slough of despond, like Marius in the marshes of Minturnæ, all my days," said Hillary. "No. I've come into a little money; and more then that, I should n't wonder if I get married, before the year's out."

"Married!" cried Ormsby, vaguely, "indeed!"

"Yes, to somebody you know," and Hillary pointed to "The Castle." "I've been dining with her to day, and I'm happy to say she thinks I am not irreclaimable."

"Mrs. Chatham!" gasped Ormsby; "where's Tom?"

"Tom!" said Hillary; "where Tom may be, does not seem to apply to our present conversation. If the marriage should take place; but, what the deuce! are you ill?"

"Oh no! remarkably well," said Ormsby, with a ghastly grin.

"Well, come this way," resumed Hillary, and he drew him aside. "I want to hear your opinion. That window, I think, the bar window—might be considerably extended, eh? made more modern and handsome; then, as to the portico"—

As to the portico——the fact was, Mr. Ormsby perceived Tom, letter in hand, walking through it into the house, and with a delirious spring, he rushed forwards, dashed into the passage, nearly upset Asgill, who was standing at the bar, and attempted to snatch the letter from Mrs. Chatham who was about to break the seal.

"God bless me, Mr. Ormsby!" cried Asgill, "this may, indeed, be termed a pressure from without."

"I'll apologise presently," cried Ormsby, "my dear Madam, for Heaven's sake give me back that letter—it is mine—oh Lord!" Mrs. Chatham wonderingly complied.

"It was of no importance in the world," said Ormsby, pushing the letter into his pocket: "merely a small order for spirits, two bottles of gin, which Captain Harquebuss tells me is excellent."

"Well, I'm sure, sir," said Mrs. Chatham, colouring deeply, in sympathy, it may be imagined, with Mr. Ormsby, who was, then and there, one or two shades deeper than purple; "I am sure, sir, I shall be happy, at all times, to serve you with——" Here Mr. Ormsby suddenly faced about, and made for the door. "Well, if you are going," added Mrs. Chatham, "good evening, sir."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Joseph Atkins, suddenly opening the tap-door, at which that wily person had been listening; "that letter o' his contained proposals o' marriage to you, mind ye, and his heart has failed him at the crit'cal moment."

It was some months before Mr. Ormsby again entered "The Castle." When he did so, he had a long private conversation with Mrs. Chatham—about to become Mrs. Hillary; and thenceforth resumed his long-accustomed chair in the parlour; and the other day he condescended to stand father to Susan, who was joined in the bands of wedlock to Mr. Nightingale.



THE HOUSEKEEPER.

For pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself, also, upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping.

GOLDSMITH.

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

BY ALICE.

Looking forth from the narrow casement of the three-pair-of-stairs attic in which we are wont to take refuge when the scribbling fit is upon us, our eyes rest on the turrets of an old castle, one of the proudest of the ancestral homes of England; and, while busy memory soon carries us back to that sunny period of our own existence, its earliest youth, when we had used to wander beneath the stately oaks that encompass it, and pause, ever and anon, to gaze on its iron bound portals and frowning battlements, we find them all associated with the image of one who is still ever ready cheerfully to greet us, and who seems herself a part and parcel of that ancient building—so long, so intimate has been her connexion with it. Yes, many and very pleasant are the reminiscences created by a perusal of those pages of our journal which are devoted to the Old Housekeeper, and the hours we have spent ensconced in her old leather chair, listening to tales of other days, when the great, the gay, the young, of a generation almost forgotten, congregated there, and lived and laughed, and hoped as we do now: never sure was leather chair so easy—never were tales so worthy of repetition; the narrator, too, her form, her dress, her blithe and joyous nature, imparting a tinge of its own bright hue to every thing around her: shall we ever, when she has passed away, for she has already reached that period of human life which borders on the very verge of the grave, shall we ever again gaze on so mild a countenance—one so beautiful, even in age, that the gazer is apt to wonder what it must have been in youth? That it was then an almost perfect specimen of rustic loveliness, there is little doubt, for dearly the old lady loves to tell, how Lord North, in one of the annual processions of the Brothers of the Trinity House to Greenwich, did, to the exclusion of many richer and better born maidens, cast at her feet the nosegay, which, by establishing her claim to the possession of superior attractions, drew towards her a thousand male eyes, and fixed the serpent tooth of envy in a thousand female bosoms. We love, oh! how we love, to look

upon her, that Old Housekeeper, as, in dark stuff gown, and snow white apron clad, with simple cap closely plaited over hair of almost equal whiteness, a silver headed walking stick, and, pendant from her side, a huge bunch of keys indicative of her vocation, she walks with hurried yet cautious step from room to room,—now giving orders to the busy menials that surround her, and now casting an eager, anxious look on every side to see that all is right; for great is the responsibility of the Housekeeper—from the little room in the topmost turret to the lowest department of the servants offices, all is under her surveillance, and to her every domestic in the establishment is expected to yield obedience; even that highest of all high functionaries, the butler, touches his hat, doubtless out of respect to her sex, as he passes her in the hall; while footmen and housemaids, they of the laundry—the scullery—and the stillroom, look up to her with mingled awe and envy.

Be it, however, here remarked, that our venerable friend differs very materially from the Housekeeper of modern days, whom the artist has selected to hand down to posterity, among the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE:" the two may, indeed, be classed as individual species of the same genus; but the characteristics that constituted them such, have, in the march of innovation, been nearly lost. Raised through the various gradations of under nurse, upper nurse, and lady's maid, to the important post of "*femme de charge*," and venturing at every remove to assume something more of the dress and manners of her superiors, she, who holds sway in the mansion of the modern great, can only be distinguished from her mistress by a cap half an inch lower, and a gown half a shade darker; and this outward adornment of her comely person, joined to the comparative usefulness of her appearance, and a certain assumption of superiority founded on their advantages, often exposes her to the charge of being "an upstart," "a nobody," from Housekeepers of the old school. Lively, bustling, and good tempered, except on those days so peculiarly English, when a sunless sky, and a heavy atmosphere, combine to make every one cross, and to cause everything to go wrong, she too may sometimes be an object of envy, but we mistake if she is not entirely defunct in the qualities necessary to inspire any living creature with awe.

But to return to *our* Housekeeper; for we prefer adhering to our sketch of the species that is, as we fear, rapidly becoming extinct. She, to be seen in the zenith of her glory, should be peeped at—to get to speak to her on such an occasion would be out of the question—when a large party of noble guests are feasting at her

master's board, for she is a very *Caleb Balderstone* where the honour of the family is concerned; and who knows not how much that honour, in the present day, depends on the well serving of a dinner—the right arrangement of a table? An air of bustling importance mingled, indeed, with a slight shade of anxiety, is upon her, and she betrays an unusual degree of impatience if her orders are not instantly executed; an expression of self gratulation, however, escapes her as she passes each well ordered dish into the hands of the liveried footmen who wait around, while reiterated directions are given to place the peaches steeped in brandy close to his Grace of ———, for whom they were especially prepared, and to let the glittering and many-coloured orange shavings be set in a strong light.

The Housekeeper's room is always a favourite resort with the juvenile visitors at the castle; nor must it be supposed that the fruits and sweetmeats, the cakes and comfits, which its mistress so liberally dispenses, form the only, or even the principal attraction. No, indeed; for there they listen to many a pleasant tale, of which the childhood of their respective parents forms the theme; and many a sincere, if not very devout prayer is breathed, that "the little lords and ladies, God bless 'em, may turn out as good, as great—aye, and as beautiful, too, as their papas and mammas." The worthy old woman, be it observed, is sceptical as to the possibility of their attaining any greater degree of excellence than this. Nor is the Housekeeper's popularity by any means confined to the more youthful among her lord's acquaintance: visitors, of all ranks and ages, frequently look in upon her; and we have actually known a flirtation which commenced in Mrs. Tartlet's room, over a pan of strawberries and cream, to terminate in a lawyer's office, over marriage settlements.

An amicable compact generally exists between the Housekeeper, and the Diner-Out—the latter well knows how and when to pour into willing ears the welcome incense of flattery, and the former is seldom proof against it. The Diner-Out often snatches five minutes before his entrance into the drawing-room to visit the Housekeeper in her own apartment, sometimes merely to enquire after her health, but more frequently to request that she will oblige his cook with a receipt for the manufacture of some favourite dish which he never meets with so good elsewhere: this is, of course, a mere subterfuge, for the Diner-Out, as is well known, keeps no cook.

The Old Housekeeper knows no other world than that which is comprised within the precincts of her Lord's domain—there all her

hopes and fears, all her cares and anxieties centre ; his will, and that of his lady, are the laws which govern her, and their opinion the tribunal at which alone she must be judged ; the birth of the heir constitutes the era from which she dates all the events of her own life ; and the improvements that have, from time to time, taken place on the estate, seem to be the barriers which her memory raises between the present and the past. "How far back does your memory carry you ?" we once asked of our old friend at the castle. "Lord love ye," was the characteristic reply, "I remember when those trees were planted," pointing as she spoke to a magnificent grove of elms, "and when the old oak moulding was put up in the north drawing-room :" the Housekeeper is fond of shewing the splendid robe in which his Grace was christened, and the sumptuously decorated, though somewhat old fashioned, cradle in which he was first laid to rest : she can give the history of every article of furniture in the apartments, and of every picture that decorates the walls. "I was present at the hanging of that Dominichino ;" or, "the Duke consulted me on the situation proper for that Gerard Dow," are pieces of information which we have frequently heard gratuitously given to casual visitors ; while, to our more highly favoured selves, many lengthened discourses have been addressed, all going to prove the great superiority of the whole collection over that of their neighbour, the Marquis of ———.

Apropos of pictures and Housekeepers : we once witnessed rather a ludicrous scene, connected with the magnificent gallery of the said marquis, through which we were walking with a large party of friends, his Old Housekeeper acting towards us in the double capacity of guide, and walking catalogue. We had paused before a beautiful Claude, and were revelling in the enjoyment of its luxurious tints. "It is a portrait of my lord, taken when he was a boy, an admirable likeness ;" such was the astounding information afforded us by the worthy old lady as she mechanically pointed with her ivory tipped cane to the Claude. "Surely, my good madam, you are labouring under a mistake," we ventured to reply ; "this is a landscape—a Claude—a delicious Claude !" The Old Housekeeper's eyesight was none of the keenest, but even had it been as penetrating as of yore, she would not have deigned to turn it in the direction of the picture, for she fixed it angrily on us, as she exclaimed : "A landscape indeed, *I* say a landscape ! and would you pretend to tell me who saw the portrait taken, who stood by when it was hung up, and who have shewn it for upwards of thirty years,—would you pretend to tell me that I do n't know his lordship's portrait from a paltry landscape ?

a Claude indeed,—a fine Claude truly!" and, with an air of offended dignity, the old lady walked away to the other end of the gallery, pitying doubtless the obtuseness of our faculties which prevented us from distinguishing between a painted forest, and a painted head; the fact, as we afterwards discovered, was that the portrait had been removed to the library, during the temporary absence of the Housekeeper, and the Claude hung up in its place; how much longer she was kept in ignorance of the change, and how many strangers she attempted to convince by the force of her argument, against the evidence of their own senses, we never learned.

The Old Housekeeper is habitually garrulous, and the childhood of the various members of the family she serves, is a fruitful theme on which to dilate. "Aye, his Grace was a beautiful boy, and a right noble one too; there were but very few that could come up to him. Many 's the race I ran with him before he could reach to my shoulders, but he always won them, as well he might; and there was Lady Jane too, the best, the loveliest, of children—so kind, so affable, so charitable; a heavy loss was she to the country when she married; and then to go abroad and die!" And the worthy creature would shed bitter tears over the memory of her first young mistress,—tears that could only be dried up by skilfully turning the conversation to the merits and attractions of her ladyship's successor of the present generation.

The Housekeeper is never so much in her element as when in the midst of preparation for some great event about to take place in the family; the marriage of the eldest daughter, for instance. She having, of course, been all along in the secret, acquires a vast addition of happiness when she is permitted to impart it to a few of her most intimate friends; and this she does in the strictest confidence, little dreaming meanwhile that the whole neighbourhood has long been in possession of the fact. As the great day approaches, the bustle and activity of the old lady increase tenfold, and her importance is proportionably raised. Nor is the air of mystery which she has thought proper to assume, at all diminished by the conviction that every servant in the house is now as well informed on the subject as herself. She is always difficult of access to those who come not on business expressly connected with the domestic economy of the household; but now it would be next to an impossibility for any indifferent person to obtain an interview, however important his business, if that business concerned only himself. We have known an old and faithful servant whom misfortune had overtaken, turned starving away from the door of affluence, in consequence of an order

given that the Housekeeper should not be troubled on any subject unconnected with the preparations going on during a season of family festivity; and this, too, in a house famed, and often justly famed, for deeds of charity: but we would hope such things are of rare occurrence.

On the wedding morning, who so gay, so busy, so very happy as the Old Housekeeper? Certainly not the tearful bride; for her happiness, great as it is, has an alloy—the pain, the bitter pain, of parting: but the Housekeeper's has none; with her, all is joy and triumph. Her eyes dazzled with diamonds and lace, her head full of bride cake and marriage favours, what wonder that she thinks not of the future? and as, with the freedom permitted to long and faithful service, she presses forward to give and receive the last farewell, and take one more glimpse at the gay and gallant bridegroom, she marvels in her heart why a young and lovely bride should weep. And here it may be well to notice, that though the Housekeeper is generally addressed by the dignified appellative which, in most other cases, serves to distinguish between the matron and the spinster; yet it but seldom happens that she has ventured to embark on the rough and hazardous sea of matrimony; though, as she takes frequent occasion to inform you, that she has not done so is entirely her own fault: and she is very fond of enumerating the advantageous offers which she has received and, of course, refused. "Indeed, there is no knowing even now, old as she is: Mr. Maycroft, the bailiff, is a very agreeable man, and somewhere about her own age—rather older, perhaps!"

But if a marriage in the family is an affair of importance to the Housekeeper, a birth is doubly so; since it is the only event that has the power of drawing her from the castle, where everything will go wrong in her absence, to the house in town, where nothing ever goes right. But how could she who has been present at the births of two generations of heirs, be absent from that of the third? Besides, who so able to judge whether the new-born infant most resembles its father or its grandfather?

In the absence of the family, the Old Housekeeper is always in close correspondence with the youngest daughter, through whom the orders of her lady, on all matters concerning the management of the household, the village, the schools, &c. &c., are transmitted to her. On the days when these important communications are expected, a strict injunction is left at the lodge that the post-bag shall be sent up at the earliest possible moment; and she generally contrives to open it, which she does with a look of great satisfaction, in the

presence of as many of the servants as she can, under various pretences, collect together. Cautiously, and with an air of great respect, the delicate missive is drawn forth, and the superscription to *Mrs.* Tartlett read over more than once, with sundry expressions of admiration at the beauty of the handwriting; and as she proceeds to make herself acquainted with the contents, mysterious glances pass between the other servants, who, after vainly endeavouring to glean from her countenance something of what is passing into her mind, steal away one by one, wondering what their young lady can have to write about wherewith to fill such a long letter to the Housekeeper.

In the village adjoining the castle the Old Housekeeper is a most important personage; for being her lady's almoner, she fails not to avail herself of the circumstance to increase her own popularity; never losing an opportunity of impressing the minds of the villagers with the fact, that through her only can they obtain the favour of their patroness: even the less wealthy among the tenantry are but too happy when, by the trifling gift of a goose or a turkey to her brother in London, they can succeed in conciliating the Housekeeper; for she is well known to have great influence with his Grace, and to be able to say more to the steward than most people. With some of the more highly favoured of the latter class, she occasionally, in the absence of the family, steps in to take a cup of tea; but these visits are "few and far between;" for the Housekeeper is (alas! that the truth must be told) sadly exclusive. She serves a duchess, and has a thousand pounds in the Bank; so it would not do to be too familiar with any one. It is a matter of speculation amongst the many to whom the latter circumstance has been communicated, as to what will become of the said thousand pounds at her death; for except the brother alluded to, who is rich and childless, and nearly as old as herself, she has not a relation in the world. It is true, that several persons have, in the course of the last few years, endeavoured to prove themselves her cousins three or four degrees removed; but we have not heard that any of them have been able to establish their claims: that the future disposal of these, her honourably acquired gains, does, nevertheless, occasionally occupy her thoughts, may be gathered from the fact, that, one evening, after having accidentally overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, on the subject of political economy, and the evils of taxation, she anxiously enquired of Mr. Maycroft, "How far a thousand pounds would go towards paying off the National Debt?" In spite, however, of this momentary manifestation of patriotic

feeling, our own private opinion is, that she will leave all her property, funded or otherwise, including her own portrait, taken by an itinerant artist, with his little lordship sitting on her knee, to the duke's youngest son, now a spirited boy at Eton.

"To be said an honest man and a *good Housekeeper*, goes as fairly as to say, a graceful man and a great scholar." So wrote the immortal Shakspere; and though he intended not that the sentiment should refer to that class of housekeepers of which we have been treating, we own we cannot see why the panegyric contained in it might not be equally well applied to them. How much of goodness and gracefulness, of honesty and respectability, is often embodied in the old and tried domestic,—that bright ornament, that assured support of a family? And can it be that, in England,—wealthy, favoured England,—such are ever cast adrift upon the world; their services forgotten, their claims overlooked! Alas, yes! We have ourselves but too often met with females bending beneath the weight of years and misery, lodged in garrets, and almost starving on the meagre allowance granted by the parish, whose best days were devoted, and faithfully devoted, to the service of the affluent and the powerful; and whose warmest affections still hover, even in their depth of poverty, over the ungrateful master or mistress who have long ceased to remember—save, perhaps, as an appendage to some blithe and happy past—their worn-out, and therefore, discarded domestic. Happily, however, it is not always thus: many an old and faithful servant has gone down to the grave honoured and deplored, as our churchyard stones abundantly testify; nor can we doubt but that the death-beds of as many have been cheered by the delicate attentions of those who, however high in station, know how to estimate the value of that link in the great chain of society, which serves to bind the virtuous of all classes together. It is true, indeed, that we might reverse the picture we have sketched, and, drawing equally from life, paint the bold, the artful, and the bad; for in this, as in every other class, they are to be found: but it is surely more agreeable, as well as more instructive, to contemplate the brighter side of human nature; to smile at its weaknesses, but to pity and conceal its faults: and we who are called to be masters and mistresses, whom Burns designates the "lordly fellow-worms" of those beneath us, should do well, ere we judge them too severely, to remember, that as our lot is cast in comparatively "pleasant places," so should we make allowance for those venial errors which too many amongst us are apt to visit with the severity due only to great crimes.



THE TEETOTALER.

Nec cum TE, nec sine TE.

THE TEETOTALER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Several months have elapsed since the discovery of the real remedy for all the evils of existence. We allude to the institution of the Society for the Encouragement of Starvation. This, however, was not the title by which the association sought to be known on the imperishable scroll of fame. Its name was (and is, if it be living) the "Total Abstinence Society." It was established, according to the public journals, at Bishopswearmouth. "Wearmouth!" "Mouth!" Um! Let not the syllables, however, be voted superfluous, or inconsistent with the objects of total abstinence. How could the principles, the purposes of the society, be made known, save by the medium of that part of the mortal machine, which, ever since the first apple was plucked, has been misemployed by men, and perverted to forbidden uses. At Bishopswearmouth, the panacea for all the "ills that flesh is heir to" was detected and proclaimed. It was found out that good living had been the bane of life. There it was demonstrated (and there the demonstration is recorded in various forms of verse, longs and shorts, in the most ostentatious situations of the churchyard), that if a man will simply resolve to abandon entirely the custom and ceremony of eating and drinking, he will, in due season, relieve himself of all the cares, trials, and sorrows of this life. The College of Physicians has not yet attempted to contravene this important principle; but, then, "abstinence" must be the word (or rather, as the society said, to prevent the possibility of equivocation, "*total* abstinence"). Let a man be ever so "expert in his drinking;" let him imbibe, as an illustrious lady-friend of ours once said, only "the idea of a dew-drop;" the principle must be held to be destroyed. Let him indulge his immoral appetite by dining only upon a moth's antennæ, or the wing of a grilled bluebottle, and the spell of starvation is broken. Extreme principles, it was contended, were alone suited to the extremities of our condition. This is not a time, certainly, when customs are to be observed merely because they are old. This, then, may be no age for dining and drinking.

Antiquated as those habits may be (and their antiquity none will dispute), why retain them if they can be proved superfluous? "The beef-eaters are of ancient origin," said the total-abstinence philosophers; "but beef-eating is not essential to the constitution, political or physical." And the society, we believe, prospered and became attenuated; it flourished and fell away; as its numbers increased, its ranks were observed to become thinner and thinner. It was a society skeletonised. Its members were, in some degree, types of the people in the Arabian tale who were turned into stone—these were bone! You might have fancied them the constituency that elected the Barebones Parliament. They were a multitude of nobodies: it might be said of each of them, "He is all soul." The poet makes us *feel* a fine sound by telling us that "nothing lived 'twixt it and silence:" no substance interposed 'twixt them and nothing. Our artist would have perpetuated their physiognomies (which were identically like each other), but they one and all defied him. They were on the very verge of the impalpable; they were too thin to be sketched. When he looked *at* them, he looked *through* them, and saw nothing but the blank, inhuman wall. There was no such thing as pourtraying their visages, they were so perfectly vacant. In the earlier stage of their proceedings, however, after they had established a Coffin Club as a branch association, an artist was sent down to draw—their teeth: the moral economists, as we have hinted already, decided that this is no age for superfluities.

The total-abstinence men (or, as they may be called, the aldermen's antipodes) looked, it may be supposed, with some contempt, and more honour, upon the devotees of a doctrine which had passed current in the world under the name of "temperance." Mere temperance always put them out of temper. "Temperance," they said, "was sure to stop short at the half-way house: the professor of temperance, like his principles, imperatively required to be 'carried out,'"—not having a leg to stand upon. Total abstinence, if it had but a drop of blood in its system, would have blushed for it. It was, and is, denounced, in short, as a timid and imperfect principle,—a false, hesitating, slippery, middle doctrine.

The orthodox and conscientious disciple of temperance tells, of course, a different story. He is resolutely, and upon principle, opposed to all excess one way or the other: he is for limiting the human appetite, or, rather, the indulgence of it, to some half-dozen dishes or so at dinner; with a two or three hours' dessert, and a bottle per head per hour. And then he triumphantly demands, whether this is not doing much towards checking the march of

intoxication and apoplexy? He justly contends, that while a man is sitting with his feet under the mahogany, he cannot possibly be staggering about the streets in a state of disgusting inebriety; and even when it comes to that, and he is found walking home in the wrong direction, on both sides of the way, anything, he insists, is better than remaining insensible all night under the table, avoiding the eyes of Europe which are upon you wherever you turn out of doors, sneaking back into the paths of soda and sobriety, and basely defrauding the magisterial poor-box of five shillings. He therefore gets up, when sitting longer is a bore: he deems it a more manly and moral course to quit the table when he is tired—stop who may. A sincere-minded and conscientious professor of temperance, unlike the regular diner-out and drinker, will always have the decency to leave off when he feels that he has had too much: sooner, would be absurd. This is surely setting a noble example of moderation to the ordinary soaker, who never dreams of attempting to walk away until he knows he can't.

Destined to occupy one of the most honourable and conspicuous niches in the Temple of Temperance, let us turn to the Teetotaler. As his name implies, he is not of the total-abstinence class, but he is of the genus temperance, in the strictest definition of which the term is susceptible. The Teetotalers do not derive their distinctive appellation, as some have supposed, from a presumed habit of drinking tea totally,—that is, solely, and exclusive of all decoctions else. "Teetotaler" is a corruption of "teetotumer." The sect, in short, was originally the Teetotumers; so called from their continually-exhibited propensity of spinning round and round after the process of drinking, and falling with this or that side uppermost, as it might happen, at the conclusion of their evolutions.

The appellation thus derived has led them to adopt the principle of professing to confine their bibulous indulgences to the cup which, as the poet, with all a poet's regard to verity, says, "cheers, but not inebriates." Cheers! The Teetotaler now visibly presented to the reader, is evidently no poet; and to him the cheering quality of the beverage is pure imagination. He praises it, to be sure, but with a mental reservation that resolves itself into an execration still-born. He never sips one spoonful of the virtuous cup without a natural thought, retrospective or anticipatory, upon liquids blessed by Jove, on more than nectarean bowls. While he stirs and stirs to gain time, he feels that there is another and a better draught; and, with a look of mingled misery and rapture, he drinks to the immortal memory of half-and-half!

The Teetotaler is a type of the twofold purpose for which we are born; he is the representative of Old Double who is dead:—

"Like to a man on double business bound;"

but we cannot pursue the quotation, for he neglects neither. He has one duty to discharge to the world without, and another to the world within. He is one man to society, another to himself. He is Twankay to the town, Toddy to the fire-side circle. He has a public and a private, a professional and a personal, taste. Departeth he in this from all established practice? or doth he simply conform to the irresistible and universal principle that governs human character? The democrat is understood to be pretty generally a domestic tyrant; the public oppressor is remarkable for his suavity and gentleness in private life. The physician prescribes abstinence approaching to "total," and then drives home to turtle, turbot, venison, wild fowl, and maccaroni; the reviewer takes care not to write a book if he can help it; the actor, after playing Sir Epicure Mammon, sups upon a cheeseparing; the courtier's most finished bow is succeeded by a kick gratuitously administered to his footboy, properly so called; the tradesman, who inveighs against his customers' habit of beating down, beats down as a buyer without scruple or remorse. "Through all the employments of life" the anomaly runs: not only do "all professions berogue one another,"—

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
The lawyer beknaves the divine;"—

but practically they pass the same censure upon themselves. It were idle to multiply instances. In conformity with the world's custom, the Teetotaler, who has harangued a tea-party in a "stirring" address of three hours at "The Pewter Spoon and Paradise," returns home, and lays aside his professional habits with his hat and great coat. He has been Temperance up to nine o'clock,—he will be Jollity till bedtime. The cup has grown into a bowl! The speech in honour of Bohea has melted most musically into a song of endless repetition in grateful praise of Rare Old Wine!

Thus doth the Teetotaler justify human nature, and keep us all in countenance. He knows the tendency of the mind of man to run into extremes: he knows that flesh is frail, for nobody has more frequently taken the "one glass more,"—"the last feather that breaks the camel's back." He would counteract this liability in our blood, by the inculcation of certain sobering truths; he is aware, by old experience, of the prejudice with which generous minds regard

Enough: he knows that Too-much is a special favourite with mortals. He feels (for his own natural and noble instincts tell him so) that a superfluity is barely sufficient. To save us from falling over the precipice, he points to the tea-plant as a plant that is fictitiously nutritious, theoretically refreshing; and he enlarges upon its virtues the rather that he knows we shall not cling to it, and forsake "totally" the vine, the grain, the hop, and the juniper-berry. There must be theories, he thinks, but they should never be allowed to interfere too much with practices; those precepts he considers to be very equivocal, that require to be continually enforced by example. Advice must be given (it has been proffered gratis, or at an *ad valorem* rate, in all ages), but insanity only could desire that it should be followed. Accordingly, having quitted his pulpit, his thoughts travel directly towards the cellar. His doctrine is in favour of extremes meeting; the excellence whereof he illustrates by a reference to the especial pleasantness of whiskey-and-water. To drink water, he conceives is about half of the whole duty of man, which is necessarily of a "mixed" character. Tea, nevertheless, he will not absolutely decline, even in his non-professional hours, and apart from his avocation as a temperance teacher;—but then he imperatively requires with it a dash of brandy. To him there appears no reason why Mr. Twining should not enter into partnership with Hodges or Booth. This *sine qua non* granted, he will respond in the affirmative to the considerate, but too often satirical, enquiry, "Is your tea *agreeable?*" but to expect him to relish Souchong *out* of the society, to tolerate gunpowder but with a view to going off with a glorious report, is to single out the Teetotaler for a task never imposed upon moralist or agitator before. Does Mr. Moore, when at dinner he appeals to human sympathy with, "I'll trouble you for a potato," make the request in a stanza exquisitely adapted to an old Irish melody? Does Mr. Lockhart, the editor of "The Quarterly," say, "*We* are of opinion," in his personal intercourse with his friends? Or does Mr. ——, who daily evinces his horror and trepidation at the state of the navy, and the defencelessness of our coasts, evince, by his joviality in private life, the smallest apprehension of the arrival of the Russians, and the sacking of London? Why should the Teetotaler be alone expected to carry his professional prejudices into his parlour, and never to divest himself of his public habitudes? Why should not he be allowed,—nay, even called upon, as others are,—to "sink the shop?" He does so, at any rate, with or without permission; nor does he refuse to comfort himself under the aspersions and illiberal expectations of the world

with a gentle joke, as he pares a wafery slice of lemon-peel into his steaming water, which he is just converting into a draught of ineffable potency. With a twinkle of the eye that overthrows at once the indestructible theory he had established in his last temperance tract, he remarks that *his* tea stands for toddy, though toddy stands not for him. He also intimates a facetious recollection of the rudiments of learning, in the fact that "*t*" was not, when he was a boy, numbered among the liquids he learnt by heart.

Pope said of Lord Orrery (or was it Lord Orrery of Pope?), that he "never took tea without a stratagem." Here we have the Teetotaler to a "*t:*" he is never in his cups without a stratagem. His tea-pot is, in fact, a tea-plot on a grand scale; a scheme for furthering the ends which, we presume, Pope's critic, Dr. Samuel Johnson, had in view when he appealed, for about the three-and-thirtieth time on one evening, to Mrs. Thrale's hyson-pouring propensities. The vulgar would suppose the philosopher to be impelled by a vulgar thirst: we should rather say it was a thirst for knowledge; a desire to ascertain by practical consumption, the exhaustibility of the resources of China, and the depth of the River Thames. Similar laudable anxieties animate the Teetotalers of the present day; together with other aspirations after human perfectibility, which neither Pope nor Johnson experienced. Their proofs of the virtues of teetotalism are in themselves prodigies, and without parallel in the history of statistics. They have demonstrated the fact, that as the great majority of the human race survive the period of milk-drinking, the period antecedent to that at which they taste fermented liquors, &c., fermented liquors, &c. shorten the duration of life. They have discovered that out of every thousand criminals produced by this prolific country during the last half-century, from the hardened houseless wanderer down to the unfortunate cutthroat, nine hundred and ninety-nine and a boy had been partakers, at some period of their lives, of wines, ardent spirits, or malt in its many forms. Hence they deduce their irresistible conclusion, that all these liquids lead to crime, flowing in streams of poison through society; and hence, teetotalism!

Establishing this truth, to make us wiser, not better; as an addition to our store of statistical facts, not as anything by which we are to profit; as a contribution to our stock of entertaining knowledge, not as anything which is to guide our moral conduct; in short, as a curious calculation, not as an impertinent interference with our tendencies to murder; is not the Teetotaler as amply entitled to regale himself as any other labourer in the vineyard of

science and morals? More so! What is entitled to indulgence, if self-denial be not? Who deserves the blessing of brandy, if the Teetotaler should taste not a drop? Is it not a popular maxim, one of the wisest within the compass of practical philosophy, that a good resolution ought to be treated? How preferable is this to the shabby, stingy, cheating principle, that virtue is its own reward! in other words, that temperance should be content with tea-drinking. So, then, the *in*temperate are to have all the good things; the dram-drinker is to monopolise the drams; and he whose bosom glows with the love of teetotalism is never to warm the cockles of his heart!

See to what excesses this shallow, shabby, swindling doctrine (the virtue-is-its-own-reward doctrine) would lead! Even while we are writing, our eye wanders to a statement in the papers, that the use of opium as a means of intoxication, is spreading rapidly in those districts especially "where the well-intentioned enthusiasts, vulgarly called Teetotalers, most abound!" It is positively asserted, that it is among those communities in which ardent spirits have been abjured, that the practice of opium-eating has increased! So much for the virtue of the virtuous who would abolish cakes and ale! So much for taking Temperance at her word, and thus putting her out of temper with herself by interpreting her "No, I thank ye!" literally! So much for the philosophically ignorant assumption, that it would be a coarse compliment, and an absurd contradiction, to ask Abstinence to dinner! It is plain that some of the Teetotalers have been carrying the joke rather too far. They have been trying to convince us that they are in earnest by going mad. They have been driven into a horrible degree of self-indulgence, by the effort to establish an example of self-denial. Opium-eating a consequence of anti-gin-drinking! Thus have priests in certain countries found a plurality of loves the only substitute for the denied gratification of one legitimate passion: thus do too many laymen in this, devoutly abandon small vices, for the sake of the greater sins "they are inclined to!" And thus it is with all men at all times. People are very apt in their resolution to put off a bad habit, to put on a worse: a man lays down his snuff-box as a source of slight but injurious excitement, and takes up the dice box because stronger excitement is indispensable to him. If we succeed in checking a habit of ostentation, do we not grow wonderfully proud of our humility? Mark the man who cures himself, by repeated efforts, of inordinate vanity; how horribly vain he is of his achievement; how conceited of his freedom from vanity? That, as times

go, is an excellent species of moral reform, which only substitutes one vice for another of the same size ; but this cannot be said of the substitution of insidious opium for generous wine or honest heavy !

A party has recently sprung up at certain public meetings, which is noisily distinguished from every other sect : it is called " The Tin-Canister Party ! " Can it be that these are the Teetotalers bent upon a practical demonstration of the moderateness of their views, and the sobriety of their dispositions ? Teetotalism may be known, we suspect, by the sign of the tin-canister. Temperance is excessively talkative, always making a great clatter about its own merits and the demerits of everything intemperate. The tin-canister party is assuredly the political type of the Teetotalers.

The Teetotaler who is really in earnest should be told that temperance is a very expensive virtue. A friend of ours, only last Saturday night, out of a dinner party of a dozen, chose, most unreflectingly, to be the only man who dined simply, and drank sparingly. In short, he was the only one of the twelve who could *say* he was sober ; with the other eleven, speaking was not so easy. He has bewailed his misfortune ever since : *he had to pay for the party !* No soul else could unbutton a breeches-pocket. The waiter marked him for his own,—and so has melancholy. His plea henceforth will be, that he cannot afford the costly virtue of sobriety ; he is too poor to come away sober.

Temperance won't do. If you want to know where they have always on draught a genuine glass of " jolly good ale, and old," call upon a Teetotaler ;—he will take you the nearest way : for the calm, soothing, sobering thimbleful before breakfast, he also is your man. He needs it ; for he will tell you that he stayed so long at the meeting over-night, and imbibed so plenteously in the good cause, that he got " half-teas over " before the termination of the proceedings. Enthusiasm now, he says, is necessary to success, for the assemblages are falling off. He fears they must give a gin-palace air to their tea-parlour ; decorate it externally with prodigious slop-basins and sugar-tongs. They cannot go on, even in a joke, persuading people that Paradise was a tea-garden. Things are going wrong with them : there was a sad lack of " spoons " at the last meeting. There was a want of harmony ; the kettle would n't sing. The teapot, he laments to say, *don't draw !*



THE FACTORY CHILD.

Born in sorrow, and baptised in tears.

THE FACTORY CHILD.*

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"OPEN your mouth, my little maid. Ha! yes! very good! Here they are,—the whole four."

"Bless me! Well, she's very small,—remarkably small."

"True, sir; but here, here, you perceive, is the test. As I said, the whole four."

"I perceive; and yet she is—very small!"

The reader may take the above as a part of the dialogue of the certifying surgeon and the inspector of a cotton factory, to which establishment a puny, white-faced little girl, apparently about seven years old, is a baby candidate for toil. Certain we are she does not look a day more than seven; and yet, having submitted her mouth to the professional inspection of Mr. Enamel, she is pronounced to be of the legal age,—full nine; and, therefore, by act of parliament, admissible as day-labourer in the factory of Brown and Jones; who, with other masters, have made the teeth a test of age;—a test pronounced by the profession to be almost infallible.†

"Well, if you are certain,"——observes the inspector.

"Certain! Look here, sir; open your mouth, girl." And again the child, casting uneasy glances at the "certifying" authority, opens her mouth; and Mr. Enamel, displaying her teeth and gums to the inspector, proceeds in the tone of a lecturer, tears rolling

* It is now six years since the writer of this paper essayed a drama, the purpose of which was an appeal to public sympathy in the cause of the Factory Children: the drama was very summarily condemned; cruelly maimed the first night, and mortally killed on its second representation. The subject of the piece "was low—distressing." The truth is, it was not then *la mode* to affect an interest for the "coarse and vulgar" details of human life; and the author suffered because he was two or three years *before the fashion.* This circumstance, however, is only now alluded to, that the writer of the present paper may not be supposed to have unseemingly entered upon ground taken within these few days by a lady-writer,—but as only claiming the right to return to a subject he had before, in adverse times, adventured on.

† "See "The Teeth a Test of Age, considered with Reference to the Factory Children;" by Edwin Saunders.

down the girl's cheeks from the prolonged distension of her jaw :—"Look here, sir; the full developments of the ninth year (as, indeed, I have before observed) are these: in the ninth year, the four incisor teeth of the permanent set in each row have succeeded to the places of those of the first; and, from the consentaneous growth and expansion—(don't twist about so, my little girl)—and, from the consentaneous growth and expansion of the maxillary bones, no—(be still, you little brat!)—no retardation or mal-position will"——

"Very true, Mr. Enamel; no doubt it's all right."

"You may always trust to the incisors,—and here"—(and here Mr. Enamel, with somewhat of an airy, triumphant look, pointed to the little pegs of ivory in the mouth of the girl)—"here, sir, they are! Now," cried Mr. Enamel, "who is the next?"

Let us, however, leave the certifying surgeon to pursue his dental inquiries on the next, and the next, and the next: our immediate business is with the little girl; who, having, by the testimony of her teeth, completed her ninth year, runs with gladness home to tell the news of her good fortune. She is accepted;—she will have wages! She *has* incisor teeth!

The child of affluence, of comfort, is carried to the fashionable dentist (a Nicholles or a Cartwright), that nature may be watched, assisted. The darling sufferer, by turns, according to its pliancy or stubbornness, soothed with the assurance of rows of pearls, or twitted with the promise of fangs "to make it a fright for life," passes into the hands of the operator, making its first painful sacrifice to what is held the grand necessity, appearance. To such a child, the dentist, albeit he comes with terrors, is, in fact, the retained of luxury; the feed man of parents fluttering for the beauty of their babes, who gain another charm, or lose a defect, by the cunning of his fingers. To the youngling of the factory, the dentist is made the arbitrator by Toil: Labour institutes him his officer to cry to infancy, "Begin!" Blandly surveying the mouths of the children of wealth and ease, he says, "Teeth, be beautiful!" looking at the gums of pauper infancy, his sentence is, "Incisors, work!"

Yes, our little Factory Girl is nine years old: she is no longer a child; she is a dwarfed woman. Her infancy was passed in pining, puling want; from the first, almost an untended thing, left days and days alone, the mother denied the enjoyment of maternal sympathies by sharpest penury (the fiend that, at the hearths of the poor, now chills, now blights, and now makes stony hard the human heart), by keen necessity of out-door toil for the

infant mouth at home. God knows how the child learned to walk! A short time, and another baby engrosses the few hours (nay, half-hours) stolen from work to lavish on the last-born;—and then, another helpless, squalid thing;—and then, another: and then our little Factory Girl becomes a nurse, and, at six years old, hugs in her lean arms her half-naked, tatterdemalion brother. She has not strength to carry him, meagre as he is, but shuffles and stumbles with him along the street: and now she sits in door-ways; and now in lanes and alleys her infant mind receives the seeds of future things: if things of goodness, a blessed chance; if otherwise, the unthinking virtuous throw up their eyes, and marvel at the wrong! And thus the child passes her first nine years of infant life. What an infancy! Lean and withered, and care-worn (yes, care-worn! her baby countenance made dull and colourless by the miserable aspects everywhere surrounding her), she seems as if she had never been younger; nay, more, that years could hardly make her look more old, there is within her face of babyhood so deep a stamp of sad maturity. All the better yearnings of the heart,—the peace, the sportiveness, born and abounding at the hearths of competence,—what has she known of these? Life to her has been a joyless, selfish, hungry, peevish thing. Her home has been the home of grinding want: at her fireside, man, the lord of creation, has been a serf to the lowest necessities, and not always a silent and unrepining one. How often is the brutal husband and the reckless father the horrid handiwork of misery alone! Of all the violence, the cruelty, inflicted on each other by the miserably poor, how much of it is but the wild outburst of intolerable self-suffering! And our little Factory Girl has seen this; and the shadow of the evil has fallen upon her face.

Let us, however, accompany the child to the factory. What a bitter season! How the wind howls—with what a dash the sleet is flung against the windows! The earth is frozen hard as iron, and the wind cuts blightingly; snow is on the ground. It is five o'clock on a January morning. The child is up, and with its scanty covering pulled about it, descends shivering to the street. Poor little wench! her blood is frozen under her very finger nails. Her foot, too (for her shoes have been patched past further patching, and yawn in half-a-dozen places), is galled with a nasty chilblain, and she limps most painfully. Her father, bound to the same factory, lifts her upon his back, and, checking an oath, groans from between his teeth. The girl is nine years old; and, half-clad, in a desolating January morning, is carried—through cold and darkness carried—to work!

The girl is now in the factory. From this moment her childhood utterly ceases; she is bondswoman to all the cares of mature life. Nine hours per day is her allotted time for work; the remainder of the twenty-four to be passed—in what? in the sports of youth,—in the happy, artless recreation of children, to whom even the consciousness of existence is at times a source of the keenest pleasure? An hour and a half is given to breakfast and dinner; and when we remember the wages earned by the Factory Girl, sometimes as much as four-and-sixpence per week, and the costliness of the luxury of bread, an hour and a half for two meals is surely time sufficient: they might, we have no doubt, be eaten—aye, both—in half the allotted time. There yet remain many hours—hours for what? For the merest rudiments of education? After nine hours' unceasing labour in the cotton factory, how elastic the mind! how apt for instruction! how strong to pore over a book! how fitted to receive any impressions that shall raise its possessor a degree above the beast slaughtered for the shambles! The Factory Girl returns home, and what can she do but sleep? What should she do but seek oblivion from the noise, the racking noise of engines, the hell of sounds, which she has all day suffered? Who would keep her one half-hour from her miserable bed? Who would lessen the blessings of sleep, since sleep may sometimes bring to her at least dreams of quiet, visions of happiness? What to her is reading and writing?—let her quaff forgetfulness.

However, we must not yet return from the factory. The girl has entered the building: she adds another to the crowd of pallid children already doomed. We may be answered, that to work is the common sentence of mankind, and that it is worse than useless in us to attempt to awaken sympathy for the sufferers. Be it so: but if ever angels weep, it must be when, surveying the wickedness, the craft, the meanness, the hypocrisy, and tyranny of the earth below, they cast their regards upon the factory infants;—hapless little ones; children without childhood; poor, diminutive Adams of nine years old, earning their Corn-law loaf in the sweat of their baby faces.

The girl is in the factory; she is provided with a task. What an employment! She, the child, is united—fast married—to the giant steam. The engine, like a thing of life, a monstrous something that awakens in the imagination the might and vastness of the pre-Adamite animals; *that*, as though instinct with vitality, works without pause unerringly on, an iron monster with a pulse of steam.

It is the destiny, that "while the engine works, the people must work." Here are odds! Ye good people, raised above the con-

dition of the cotton victim; ye, who take delight from the smooth brows, the fresh lips, and laughing eyes of your children; here are odds: iron, with its movements of mathematical precision, to be responded to by the bones and muscles of half-fed children! Weak and fragile limbs opposed by metal valves—the piston against the human heart!

The dragging, wearying monotony of the machine; the stifling heat (in the dressing department sometimes at ninety-eight degrees); the unbroken noise; the necessity of constant action on the part of the workers; render the place and the employment all but intolerable. Whilst reflecting on the misery endured, the positive social injustice done to the children sentenced to the machine, we thought, glancing at the cotton, of the lines in Gray's ode:—

"See the grisly texture grow;
'T is of human entrails made!"

And have the factory children no recreation? Are they allowed to avail themselves of no means to cheat the irksomeness of their employment? Is no sleight permitted by which they may at all flee from the stunning consciousness (if we may be allowed the term) of their position? Is nothing given to childhood to cheat it even into the thoughts of an escape to enjoyments? If the reader put or think this question, we are enabled to answer him. In some factories, the children whilst at work are allowed to sing; they may mingle voices in thanksgiving harmony. When we use the word thanksgiving, we wish to imply that no profane songs are permitted to be breathed, the children being rigidly restricted to the execution of hymns; which, as though they would utterly dumbfound their tyrant engine, they sing with a determination of piety that to some people would sound exceedingly gracious; the said good folks detecting no unpremeditated reproach and satire in the words sent forth. And yet there *are* men who, when the children of nine years old, doomed to work nine hours a-day for three shillings a-week, carol the following hymn, might be irresistibly compelled to contrast the condition with the verse of the singers:—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!"

Who, beholding the reeking faces of the children in a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, but would feel the melancholy reproach in their almost unconscious aspiration for "cool Siloam's shady rill!"

Nor is it impossible that some man—nay, some very, very rich man—might feel a sudden quailing of the heart, if, entering his factory, he heard the children send shrilly forth,—

> "Oh God! to whom revenge belongs, thy vengeance now disclose;
> Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth, and crush thy haughty foes!"

Or, let us suppose the day's work nearly done, and that the children, ere they depart from the factory, rejoice in the following:—

> "Oh, for that city fair and bright
> Which shall not pass away!
> The glory of the Lord its light,
> The Lamb its sunless day!
>
> "Whose gates are pearl; whose streets are gold;
> Whose wall of jaspers stand
> On precious stones of worth untold,
> Raised not by mortal hands!"

Here are hopes and yearnings! Here words, which, dropping "by permission" from the pale lips of half-clothed, ill-fed, over-tasked childhood, should fall like fire upon the heart of avarice! Here is the subtlest, the most withering poison for worldly selfishness, unconsciously extracted by little ones from the gardens of Solomon! The singers are permitted to troll Bible precepts; and lo! to the taste of Mr. Worldly Wiseman the apples of gold are changed to burning ashes. How the devil must chuckle at the insensibility, the silliness, or hypocrisy, of the men who encourage this hymn-and-psalm-singing; this mockery of misery; this awful satire on worldly want and worldly wrong! For not a Bible word can be sung that is not a weapon drawn at the stony breast of human injustice; not a word that is not a shaft winged from immortal plumes.

However, to proceed with the destiny of our Factory Child, no longer a thing of infancy. A very, very few years pass over her head, and at sixteen, at most, she is probably a wife; her husband, it may be, almost a year older than his spouse. Here is the history of her father and mother acted over again by her miserable helpmate and herself: a generation of the same puny, stunted race; the same supply of infant bones and sinews for the Moloch engine; the same privations; the same weariness and hopelessness of condition:—again, the same early wedlock; again, the same weak and pallid progeny.

And is there no remedy for this? Are the triumphs of man's intellect, as manifested in his subjugation and direction of the

elements, only to benefit the few to the harder bondage of the many? Is steam to be a ruthless giant, crushing and grinding the bones of the helpless? or a beneficent agent, ministering to the wants of the wide family of man, and, by doing his behests, giving him golden leisure, by which he may refine his nature, seeking to know its purpose and its end? We can imagine that we hear the derisive laughter of the worldlings at this query,—this question for a college in Utopia: we can see the contempt curling their lips at the silly question,—the raving worthy of Bedlam!

"Will it always be thus?" thought we, as we passed various factories in gloomy Manchester, and saw the miserable, dwarfish race of men and women, the more miserable children, leaving their work, spent, wearied, heartsick, for their squalid homes.

"Will it always be thus?" we repeated; "or is the present generation doomed to work out the fearful crisis, a brighter day dawning for the unborn poor? Is the present race only sentenced to travel hungry through the wilderness, the land of promise being the inheritance of the generation to come? Are the children of the future men to enjoy the oil and honey, locusts being the hard fare of the present times?—Will it," again we asked, "will it always be thus?"

As we sat, with half-closed eyes, nodding at the inn fire, a great event took place. Suddenly, all human labour was performed by steam. There was no employment for the hands of the multitude, the machines being the sacred property of a few; who, thus possessing the ready means of every enjoyment, were masters of the world. All Manchester was as a city smitten with the plague. Men became as howling beasts: grass grew at the threshold of the factory, and the owl hooted from the market-place. Desolation reigned throughout the land; yet was it told to men that the noblest triumph achieved by human wit—the greatest discovery that could glorify the human mind—had even then been manifested upon the earth. This was said, and men stared with glassy eyes, and laughed the laugh of idiotcy. They pointed to the pinched cheeks of their children; to the haggard features of their wives; whilst the suckling wailed at the dry breast of its mother.

Still there were some who bade men be patient; who preached to them of a new birth; of the advent of a creature that, however hideous in its mien, and cruel in its acts, would be the champion of the rights of men; the benevolent dispenser of the fruits of the earth; the giver of all good things beneficently sent for human use. Thus ran the tale, but men cursed the thing for a monster—

a demon—a fiend that laughed at the hunger of the poor; that slumbered to the music of their groans. He had snatched the bread from millions that it might be nought with the few! It was thus that men, with the consuming fire of famine at their hearts, pictured their believed destroyer.

At length, casting away his guise of terror, this much-cursed power revealed itself in its true form and looks to men. What graciousness was in its aspect—what benevolence, what music flowed from its lips! Science was heard, and the savage hearts of men were melted; the scales fell from their eyes; a new life thrilled through their veins; their apprehensions were ennobled; and, as Science spoke, the multitudes knelt in love and in obedience:—

"The evils done—the sufferings inflicted upon man—were inevitable, nay, necessary, to my present condition. As, however, man has sacrificed to my childhood, so in the maturity of my strength, shall the family of man be gladdened with my bounty. I seemed to plan for the few, to the dismay and wretchedness of the many; and for a time it could not be otherwise, the few were gorged, and the multitude famished. Now, can Science, in the fulness of its power, achieve nearly all the work of men; Science has then no longer a few task-masters, but labours for the human race. Henceforth, want and toil, and the injustice which they foster, shall disappear from the land; and knowledge and peaceful thoughts, the fruit of innocent leisure, dignify and soften God's own image."

A heavy step across the floor startled us, and destroyed the vision: it was the tread of a commercial traveller, who had stalked to the bell to give notice of his wants,—a sixth glass of brandy-and-water.

"So I see, sir, by the paper," said he, "that they 're going to meddle with the factory children again: for my part, I always think things are better as they are."

And the commercial traveller spoke the smug philosophy of the breeches' pocket; the comfortable, cosey creed of good men who have never cut a throat, or dishonoured a bill.

But things cannot be as they are: Science may not turn Seven-Dials into the garden of the Hesperides; nor do we look that it should make Holywell Street flow with milk and honey;—but the time is approaching when, by its wise and bounteous nature, the wrongs at this moment eating like ulcers in the social body, will be classed with the cruelties of bygone ages. Another generation, and they who insist on the necessity of the condition of the nine years old Factory Child of our day, will take their places with the admirers of thumbscrews,—the champions of the social value of the steel-boot.



THE CONDUCTOR.

By me they goes it now into the city.

DANTE TRAVESTIED

THE CONDUCTOR.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

The Conductor is a careless-dressing, subordinate, predominant, miscellaneous, newly-invented personage, of the stable-breed order, whose occupation consists in eternally dancing through the air on a squalid bit of wood, twelve inches by nine; letting people in and out of the great oblong box called an omnibus; and occasionally holding up his hand, and vociferating the name of some remote locality. He has of late been gifted with a badge, which classifies the otherwise "promiscuous" appearance of his "set-out;" and in some districts they have put him into livery, which, though it raises him in the scale of neatness, and, perhaps, of civility, wonderfully lowers his aspect in that of independence, and conspires to turn the badge of office into an aggravated mark of servitude. Neither is it so picturesque as the careless freedom of his slops. However, this is not the case with the tribe in general; the character of whose habiliments varies and descends through all the grades of decency and slovenliness, from those of the man behind the counter in a booking-office, down to the shocking-bad-hatted vagabond who has been ejected from nine stable-yards, and who fights, drinks, and frightens old ladies, on every public-house pavement that will endure him. And our friend's manners are generally decent or otherwise accordingly. In some rare instances, he takes to being excessively proper and well-bred; manifests a respectful zeal for "the ladies" in general, and a special and consolatory patience towards the rheumatism of ascending and descending old gentlewomen; calls the little girl a "pretty dear;" is thought a "pretty man" himself by the "young woman," especially if he is fresh-coloured; nay, in the diffusive benignity of his self-respect, has been known to say "sir" to the driver (ususally his inferior in rank); and was once observed, during an "affection of the chest," or "slight pulmonary attack" (for so undoubtedly he would have called it), to turn his face aside with touching consideration, and cough elegantly into his pocket-handkerchief!

But these are niceties peculiar to the born geniuses of aspiring servitude, and not to be expected from the fraternity at large; who (to do justice to the robustness with which they grapple with their lot) seem to think as little of their own coughs, as they do of those of the most venerable and expectorating of matrons, whom they urge to ascend the steps with "Now, MA'AM, if you please;—my cattle 's a waiting;—bless'd if some on us do n't catch cold this here shiny night." It takes a rain such as infuriates the gutters, and sweeps the street clean of passengers, to make a stoic of this sort put on his oil-skin cape.

The other most noticeable varieties of the class are a half-civil, half-sulky fellow, who surprises you with his alternate good conduct and impertinence, and who is most probably a discarded gentleman's coachman; second, a singularly staid individual, who is either a proprietor, or one that professes to have seen better days, and who is thought quite a gentleman by his brethren because he uses "fine words," and does indeed set them a good example (he has generally been an imprudent and, probably, eccentric small tradesman); third, a *boy* with a weak but not ill-natured face, who gets drunk, and whom it may truly be said to make the heart bleed to look at; fourth, another sort of boy between jovial and steady, who gives you a very doubtful satisfaction between your fears for him of a like sort, and regard for the promising manliness of his character; and fifth and last, a third sort of boy, a most self-possessed, precocious, and disagreeable young gentleman, who stands on his step with all the experienced airs of a man of forty, *fubbed up* with neckcloth and "all that," making signs right and left of him with lifted finger and an expression of face between energy and indifference, and shouting, in a voice not yet out of its teens, "Bank! Bank! Stee! Stee! (City) Why-chapool! (Whitechapel.)" He is probably son or nephew of a proprietor; is, therefore, too grand and highly connected to be over-civil; "*can't do*" this and that "coz its contrary to reg'lations;" forgets change, however, and other trifling regularities of that sort, because he piques himself on being as knowing as Jem Biggs; makes pretensions to an intimacy with "the *gals;*" has a face prematurely big and florid with gin and beefsteaks; and is in a fair way, poor fellow! by the time he is thirty, to find himself older than he wishes, and to know no pleasure in life greater than damning those who pretend to see any. [The reader must pardon us a very grave bit of ebullition at *this* portrait; and therefore we say,—For God's sake, oh, you fathers everywhere! do not bring up your sons to be hypocritical, or uninformed, or effeminate, or solemn

asses ; but do, by every effort under the sun, hinder them, if you can, from taking any step in life, whether behind an omnibus, or on the lofty coach-box of Sir Pimpleton Filly, which shall make them fancy themselves arrived at that most stupid of all *wise-acre-isms*,—that most limited and accursed of all ignorances, 'yclept a "thorough knowledge of the world." You might as well put them prone before a hog-trough, and bid them take it for sun, moon, and stars.]

To return to our Conductor *in the aggregate*, who has his real knowledge, for he knows that the mannikin just mentioned is a simpleton. You may see his class, with its *rain-dress* on, depicted in the figure at the head of this article. He is a good average specimen of his tribe ; civil or impudent, as the case may happen ; civil in general, because it is his interest, and he is not a bad sort of chap in the main ; is playful with his fellows at alehouse doors,—that is, knocks their hats off into the mud, and picks up his own with no more oaths than become him ; has not had a black eye since last Bartlemy-tide ; has a regard for the good woman that gets his hot supper ready every night, and only wishes she would n't talk such nonsense about Fan Summers ; spends half his time in getting health with air and exercise, and half in undoing it with beer and and gin ; longs for a fine morning and a wet evening, because the former tempts people out, and the latter "nabs 'em in ;" has no sabbaths, nor holydays (think of this, when you want an excuse for him) ; ingeniously throws the responsibility of unlawfulness upon his passengers, for choosing, of their "own free-will," to admit two more "ladies" beyond the number (two market-girls of his acquaintance) ; thinks every other Conductor in the wrong for trying to get before him or lure away his fares, but himself not at all so ; won't keep your promised seat a minute if a last fare presents itself ; and can't procure a candle any how if you have dropped a shilling in the straw ; yet will detain you all half-an-hour to battle with some sneaking fellow that rates the fare at half what it is ; and if he has dropped a sixpence himself, has a light forthcoming immediately : gives "a ride" to some favourite crony, or young woman, or "young gentleman," *i. e.* little boy, of the neighbourhood, who chats with him, and proclaims his merits to the family ; gets into the omnibus on bad nights, if there is room ; pretends sometimes that you call him when you do not, and will stop the vehicle, and come running to you, in order to aggravate the chance of your getting in ; conducts it as slowly as possible if he has few passengers, and as fast as Bill Vickers will tempt him to race, if otherwise (the driver and he being generally of one accord in these matters) ;

closes the door with wonderful softness, considering his energy (having once chopped off a joint of a child's finger); cries out "Hold *hard!*" whenever the omnibus is to halt, as if coachmen were in the habit of holding soft; is always going to the direct place you speak of, especially if he sees the speaker to be a delicatish sort of female who cannot well contest a point, and then "never thought such a thing" as that she said Kennington and not Kensington, or that she did n't know there was a mile-and-a-half to walk to the "Goat and Boots;" is livelier after dinner than before, for a reason equally well known to diners at "The Black Horse" and at Bellamy's; has a nice remembrance of a sixpence owing, and as relishing a forgetfulness of a lost parcel containing a lobster; is never so happy (except in sitting down to supper) as when he has got his omnibus too full, and has just succeeded in getting a payment over much, or in compassing some other such pleasing wrong as rewards "honesty in general;" upon which, he mounts the steps with a more than ordinary vivacity, triumphantly cries out, "All right!" and so goes dancing on his bit of wood aforesaid, cheating, and to cheat.

Consider his temptations. Think of the series of "small fares," —of "waifs and strays,"—of inexperienced young passengers,—of the constant unhealthy moral tendency to the secretion of sixpences. Consider, also, how hard some people are upon him in their expectations, and that he is not always responsible for the first causes of dissatisfaction. It has been complained of late in the newspapers, that omnibuses behave very ill in allowing the words "Oxford Street" and "Piccadilly" to be written upon them, when they do not "go up" those streets, but only "touch" at them. And the aggravation is, that when you state the fact to the Conductor, and are giving the most indisputable and indignant evidence that you have farther to go that way, and shall be compelled to walk it, he, the Conductor, instead of having a strong sympathy with your knee-pans, coolly tells you, that "Oxford Street is right afore you, and a cab no great way up;" adding, in a loud voice, and in the most unthinking manner, "All right;—go along, Bill!"

Now really, in the first place (granting, as we are bound to do in the ignorance of the reverse, that the complainant, in this instance, never misled a person in his life, even so much as in the price of a "real Havannah," or "right-arnest jambee")—here, in the first place, we say, is a highly respectable set of men, proprietors, as well-dressed people as go, and qualified to keep many gigs, who are the cause why the word "Oxford Street" or "Piccadilly" is put upon omnibuses which only touch at those places; and we must say, that

the moral character of their clothes is in no sort of way injured by any inconsistency of conduct so far; for the "Oxford Street" or "Piccadilly" no more implies that you are to be carried *up* those places as well as *to* them, than "Watford" or "Barnet" on a coach means that you are to stop for good in those towns, or have more done for you than just to be deposited in them, to find your way into your own quarter as you may be able. It would be an inconvenience to the public *not* to have the words "Oxford Street" put upon such omnibuses; but the logical deduction from them is for the seer's own wits, and if he translates place into passage, the fault lies with himself. We wish our scape-grace friend the Conductor was never more in fault than on such an occasion; nay, we must take leave to think, that it is very considerate of him, and a sort of returning good for evil, to answer the gentleman's indignation with a reference to a cab, and with a philosophic hurrying away from dispute in that bland direction to the driver, "Go along, Bill."

Far be it from us to say any thing in defence of the positive outrages we occasionally read of, perpetrated by such of the tribe as make the rest of them shake their heads, and wonder how Dick or George could be such a "ruffin."

"But its always of afternoons, you see, sir; and when the drink's in, the wit's out; and Dick was never a right man since he took to Bet Ogle; and gentlemen, you see, sir, though they be in the right, is sometimes wery aggrawating; and Dick looks upon his-self as a bit of a gentleman, too, cause he's nevvy of a lady as has got a buss of her own."

Well, we sha' n't stand by him for all that, not even for the sake of Bet;—no more than we should by the Marquis of Whatafloor, or Sir Dogberry Finish. We give up all committers of outrages, of whatever grade,—lord, commoner, or Conductor; but yet we are not to hate all lords on that account, nor all commoners, nor all Conductors. "Fair play's a jewel;" and this is what we shall insist upon, from and towards all men, not excepting the "outrageously virtuous,"—by no means the least provoking description of people, especially when they shut their eyes to vice with champagne in its head, and open them like saucers to the iniquities of the gin-drinking.

Now, as the public are in the habit of hearing so much said against Conductors, and the present is the first instance we are aware of in which an impartial consideration of their case has been humbly recommended, we shall proceed to observe, as to "minor points,"—to things "tolerable and not to be endured,"—that *gentlemen*, as

well as conductors, *are* sometimes "very aggravating," and that conductors witness a great deal of bad example and selfishness on the part of those whom they conduct: as, *imprimis*, in—

Swearing gentlemen (for we observe it is always accounted a very bad thing, if conductors swear).

Drinking gentlemen (very frequent in omnibuses of a night-time).

"Gentlemen" who drop sovereigns they never had, in the straw.

Gentlemen who "never dreamt that the fare was a shilling," and will stand lying about it, and haggling, for half-an-hour.

Insolent and ill-tempered gentlemen, who sit with their feet thrust out before the door, to the stumbling of those that enter it.

Impatient and astonished gentlemen, who are no sooner seated than they complain of the shameful delay of omnibuses, and threaten to get out (themselves having kept it waiting a hundred times).

Gentlemen, who have had a "ride" from the place of setting out to the first place of stopping, and then avail themselves of the first minute past the time, to get out; and so have their ride for nothing.

Fat gentlemen, who take up three "rooms," and grudge their sixpence from Mile End to Paddington.

Thin gentlemen, who authoritatively call the omnibus in full career, and then decline entering it because of three fat ones.

Gentlemen, who hate passion and vulgarity to such a degree in conductors, that they storm and rave at the least show of impertinence in a man who is tired to death, and lavish upon him the highly ameliorating information that he is a "damned blackguard."

Gentlemen, who are indignant if other gentlemen—nay, gentlewomen—are suffered to come into the omnibus when it is full, though the night be ever so frightful; justice and the "regulations" being superior to all consideration of cold-catching, fevers, fatigues, childhoods, womanhoods, and every other *hood* but their own delightful manhood, which, perhaps, was accommodated with the very piece of illegality to which they object in the case of others. We have seen it.

Gentlemen (and gentlewomen analagous to those gentlemen) who, having come all the way from Blowbladder Lane for sixpence, wonder "what the man means" by taking them ten doors beyond their own, and not setting them down at the identical spot, right opposite the knocker, and elegantly shaving the curbstone.

Gentlewoman. Hoity, toity! Where *is* he going? Stop, stop! —*Stop*, I tell you.

Conductor. Hold HARD!—Beg pardon, ma'am; only a few doors down.

Gentlew. A few doors! There 's a dozen, if there 's one. Why don't you back? Do you think I am to get out and walk all that way in the mud?

Cond. Backing's wery bad for the horses, ma'am, jist by this here place, but the pavement's quite neat and genteel.

Gentlew. Horses! And what's to become of my shoes, I should be glad to know,—and my *gownd*,—eh, you sir?

Cond. Lord love ye, ma'am! the ground aint wet, no more than a widow's eye.

Gentlew. Don't widow me, feller! I'm no widow, but Mrs. Blenkinsop; you know me well enough; and if you don't back directly, I'll complain at the office.

Passengers, interfering. It really is not very wet, ma'am, and we are all kept waiting.

Gentlew. Have I paid my money, or have I not? And if I have, haven't I a right to be set down at my own door. It's only the fellow's insolence: he does it to spite me:—I saw him smiling to-day as I got in.

Cond. Shall I call a cab, ma'am?

Gentlew. (*turning round from the window triumphantly.*) There, you see it's nothing but the fellow's imperence! Here! let me out! Oh, you shall suffer for this, my man! *I'm* not the person to be imposed upon, whatsomdever *other* ladies and gentlemen may choose. [*Exit* the "fat, fair, and forty" *Blenkinsop.*] A very pleasing combination of efs, but not in her case. How delightful, as she looked out of window, to be able *not* to touch her! How different from the charming creature that was let down a few minutes before, and who sat on one's knee that she might make room for the fat publican!

"Who *is* mighty Mistress Blenkinsop, pray?" enquires a passenger sitting next the door.

Cond. Wife of a gentleman in the pork and sausage line, sir, as has taken a country-box up here in Pig Hill Row. She 's a fine madam, *she* is.

Pass. A good deal of money, I suppose.

Cond. A mint, sir; and has everything her own way, Sundays and all, when her husband comes down (the only day o' the week) and brings a friend to interduce him.

Pass. To introduce him?

Cond. Yes, sir, to dine and make the a'ternoon pass comfortable-

like, with his rum-and-water, and all that, and save him from a having his nose chucked in his face.

Pass. His nose chucked in his face!

Cond. Ay, sir, his defects like, and his *di*-wargencies from what she thinks proper. I 've heerd our governor's foreman tell all about it, and make missus laugh till you might hear the glasses ring in the bar.

Pass. She seems no very wise person herself, however.

Cond. Why, you see, sir, when people has had no edication, and yet got a nat'ral cunning like, and arned a sight of money, they thinks there's nothing in the world comparable with their own selves; and so gets a huffing and making fools of theirselves, till the bigger they look the littler they're thought on.

Oh 'faith, your Conductor sees a great deal of the world, and if he has brain enough not to become a blackguard, turns out no mean bit of a sage.

"Mores hominum multorum vidit, et *urbis*."

Much of mankind he sees, and much of city,
And thus, though ungrammatical, grows witty.

Really (to avail ourselves of the philosophic temper of the age, and speak boldly out), we know few objects more respectable, considering what temptations he must surmount in the way of little sixpences and long scores, than a good, civil, reasonably honest, intelligent, ungrammatical, father-of-a-family sort of Omnibus-Conductor, who wears dirty brown gloves, or worsted, and has a worsted handkerchief round his neck in bad weather (put by his wife), and so stands placidly on his step,

"Collected in himself, and whole,"

alternately intimating Bank and Mile End to foot-passengers, and discussing some point of life and manners with the gentleman next the door. We have no disrespect for his badge; we are grave with his aspirations, whether in morals or on the letter *a;* our eyes are willing, as he there stands, to grow intensely intimate with his waistcoat, and rejoice to see how well his wife has mended the buttons. He has had all those experiences of right and wrong, both in himself and others, which, where there is no innate disposition to petty larceny or a mere absorption in "number one," produce, as the poet phrases it, "the philosophic mind;" and provided you treat him with a decent civility (which the "indignant" and "Police!-shouting" may depend upon it is a pretty sure way of getting civility from all his tribe), "nothing can touch him further," but the gentleman who has left his sixpence in his "other waistcoat."



THE COMMON INFORMER.

— I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

OTHELLO.

THE COMMON INFORMER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"My opinion is,"——

—(And here we solicit of the reader his most respectful attention to the opinion of Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister, as expressed in the House of Lords, in the second year of the reign of the virgin Victoria.)

"My opinion is, let a man's understanding be as bright as it may; let a man's genius be what it may; that profession (*i. e.*, the profession *of the law*) does little else but cramp the understanding, and fetter the mental faculties; and that almost universally." To this, the chronicler of the speech adds, "great laughter."*

If we believe in Lord Melbourne, we must be visited with throes of pity for all lords-chief-justices past and to come; all judges, sergeants, barristers;—we must, through our tears, behold them dwarfed, distorted, manacled. The shining, constant lights of the courts, are no other than jack-o'-lanterns; the upright pillars of the law are pillars lamentably twisted!

When we shall henceforth read the names of victims called to the bar, we shall look upon the sufferers as doomed men; individuals sentenced to an inevitable decrease of understanding; to a daily discipline that crooks their finest wits; to an atmosphere that dims and tarnishes the brightest capabilities. They have, however, this consolatory reflection, that, with all these manifest disadvantages, they are the chosen and appointed best advisers of their fellows: that though their understanding be "cramped," it is the distorted Mentor to the minds of others; that though their mental faculties be in gyves, they are, for that reason, the surest helps to the fettered capacities of their fellow-subjects.

Now, if this be the inevitable condition of men disposed to study the transcendant beauties of the law, what must be the hapless state of the wretched individual self-doomed to ponder on its deformities?

* See Lord Melbourne's Speech on the "Canada Government Act Declaratory Bill," August 10, 1838.

If a common sergeant be, in fact, not a common sergeant, but, like Stephano, "a cramp," what are we to hope for in a Common Informer? But the dismal effect of his studies is too apparent in his face.

The Common Informer combines in his visage the offensive acuteness of a sharp-practising attorney, with the restlessness of an illegal pickpocket: we have seen a Common Informer with a face that reminded us of a shaven ferret. We have read what we think may be adduced as good reason for this.

Babies feeding at the breast, and gazing up at the face of the parent, are said to become endowed with a resemblance of the mother: the Common Informer, with his eyes constantly fixed on the flaws and crookednesses of the statutes, and *feeding* upon them, contracts in his features an habitual sharpness and wary meanness of expression; a sort of hungry half-sagacity, illustrative of his beloved studies. The Common Informer is, in fact, the child, the lawful offspring of the silly, the bungling, and the bigoted legislator: hence, the Most Noble the Marquis of —— may, and know it not, be the legislative father of a *Johnson* and a *Byers*. If Common Informers have a patron saint, sure we are it must be Saint Stephen.

But, it shall be opposed, the Common Informer may be an injured goodness, a real benevolence under a cloud of odium; inasmuch as his labours, suspected and despised as they always are, may, in many instances, enforce the working out of legislative wisdom, and thus ensure to society the blessings of parliamentary philanthropy. All praise to the Common Informer when such is his design! He is then, indeed, a moral presence,—a philosophic goodness toiling under a bad name. Great, indeed, is his character; noble his purpose, contemplated by this light: and yet, unhappily, we cannot call to our recollection the names of any illustrious Informers who, with valuable eccentricity, have worked for the public good in the abstract, where half the imposed fine did not revert to themselves in the concrete.

The reader may have seen a large and very handsome vehicle that at certain times departs from Bow Street Police-office to the county gaol, its inside passengers men and women who have sinned on the wrong side of the statutes. It is but a few days since, that a celebrated Informer laid an information against the servants of our maiden queen for having failed to emblazon her initials on the vehicle, and thereby having exposed their gracious mistress to the fatal visitation of a fine. But queens are seldom caught tripping; and, by some means, we are happy to state that Her Majesty escaped the

stern sense of justice animating the bosom of the Informer, though we have felt it due to him to chronicle the circumstance, as displaying the virtuous boldness of his character. The Common Informer so generally confines himself to the healthful castigation of the poor, that he is assuredly an Informer very far from the common who has the moral courage to make known the peccadillo of a queen.

The Common Informer is the offspring of the laws; he is engendered in every statute, like weevil in biscuit. A beautiful law is budding; the whole country wears a face of gladness at the announced promise of the "bright, consummate flow'r" that is to fill the earth with the fragrance of justice: unhappily, after even the tending of six hundred and fifty-eight gardeners, with the after-care of two or three hundred more, the canker is in the bud,—the Informer-worm that makes it worthless!

"THE NEW —— ACT; with Remarks, Explanations, and Elucidations on and of its Purposes and Operation. By MACHIAVEL ZIGZAG, Esq., of the Inner Temple!"

Now, were Democritus on earth, and read he the above notice,—an every-day advertisement,—would he not crow like a cock with laughter? Were it brought to old Diogenes, coiled up in his tub, would he not shake his sides, making his hogshead musical with the vibration of his merriment? Here is an act,—a law passed, involving the most beneficial changes in our social state; a statute whose objects apply to the most vital interests of all men; here it is, so exquisitely huddled up; so learnedly disguised in its most serious provisions; so writ and overwrit in Gothic jargon; so cunningly parodied from the common sense of life into the conventional nonsense of the law,—that to have ravelled out the tangled skein, to have picked the ten grains of wheat from the imperial parliament bushel of chaff, is, on the part of the hitherto unknown Machiavel Zigzag, Barrister, sufficient to found for him a considerable reputation for natural and legal sagacity. And yet this "new act,"—this riddle so happily solved by Zigzag,—is, in the bounteous spirit of justice, to be applied to the lowliest and most illiterate. "*Ignorantia legis, non excusat culpam*," runs the law adage: not to have known the law is to be no excuse for breaking it; a precept practically exemplified hundreds of times at Tyburn; an adage often illustrated before the London sheriffs and a Christian clergyman in the Old Bailey at eight in the morning.

It would be thought a droll whim on the part of a doctor who should persist in writing directions on pill-boxes and bottle-labels in

nothing but Japanese; whilst he should gravely meet the complaints of his patients, by informing them, that they must apply to a pundit learned in Japanese to make known to them how many boluses they should take night and morning; how many, and at what intervals, spoonfuls of the draughts. And yet this is precisely the custom of legislative doctors who prescribe for our social health: they write what is allowed and what is disallowed, not in their mother tongue, but in a certain *patois* of Japanese, and send us to the pundit attorney for the literal translation. Nor are there two sages who interpret the text alike.

Members of parliament have declared of their own acts, that they contained not flaws, but gaps wide enough for them, in familiar metaphor, "to drive a coach and four through." Unfortunately, the Tyburn cart, a more melancholy vehicle, has but too often gone through the like breach; the highwayman's horse galloped through the very opening.

And why have we thus dwelt upon this ancient folly,—this grim absurdity of our law-makers? Simply, that it is to their love of the obscure—to their admiration of the dim twilight of sense, in preference to the broad daylight of truth—that we owe nearly all the labours of the Common Informer. He is the child of legislative mystery, the base-born of bigoted old custom and Madam Double-meaning, and wears in his rascal looks the *bend-sinister* that declares his origin.

The Common Informer walks not in high life. Portland Square is to him a desert—an *Arabia Petrea:* he can gain nothing from looking in at "Grillon's," or "The London Hotel:" no, he eschews Albemarle Street, and snuffs his prey afar in the City Road—in the Borough. His quarry is at some "Goat and Compasses" in an alley—some "Bag o' Nails" in a back street: for there he has had good intelligence of social iniquity; there, at both hostelries, the landlords have—music!

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the devil was the inventor of the fiddle, with other harmonious instruments, constructed questionless with the diabolical purpose of leading all mankind by the ears to their destruction. Such must be the origin of the violin —the fiend-begotten fife—the satanic clarionet; or, wherefore do our enlightened legislators hold them in such abhorrence,—why are they things forbidden to the lowly vulgar? Why, unless *licensed*, may they not discourse sweet sounds in the smoky, sanded parlour of "The Jolly Cocks?" Why is a piano an infernal machine, and a man in a threadbare coat, playing and singing to its discord, a flagrant law-breaker? We know not why; but the acute and intelligent

Common Informer knows that he is, and therefore the landlord of "The Jolly Cocks" must, with money, make good the broken statute. This is the wide field, the fertile plain, thrown open by the legislature, for, what would seem, the express benefit of the Common Informer; and he shews his thankfulness to his masters by reaping therefrom a goodly harvest.

The author of "Ion" sings:—

> "The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
> If heaven select it for its instrument,
> May cast celestial music on the breeze,
> As sweetly as the pipe whose virgin gold
> Befits the lip of Phœbus."

Now this, though poetically beautiful, is socially untrue. What! are the pandæans at the aforesaid "Jolly Cocks"—the reeds selected for blithe harmony—no less worthy than the flute of Nicholson playing solo at the party of Lady Mary? Shall the harp of the street minstrel, who has begged himself into the parlour, or, perhaps, the tap-room, of the plebeian alehouse, vibrate with sound as innocent as the guitar of Giulio Regondi? Can they who drink from pewter listen and not be lost? The Common Informer, instructed by the wisdom of the legislature, protects the morals of the gin and porter-drinking classes, and visits with a fine the sinful host of "The Jolly Cocks." This, therefore, is clear,—it is the place that dignifies the fiddle, not the fiddle the place. Apollo, with his pipe of virgin gold, at "The Jolly Cocks" would be a law-breaker; Saint Cecilia, with her lyre, a baggage for the police. If the reader doubt this, we beg his particular attention to the next meeting of the Middlesex magistrates on licensing day; when, unless the county sages shall have been miraculously enlightened, the reader may listen to grave and eloquent discourse on the iniquity of public-house music; the social danger of a fiddle in a tea-garden; the revolutionary principles latent in a country dance at Bagnigge-Wells. We well remember the patriotic indignation of a Middlesex Rhadamanthus last autumn:—An impudent varlet, landlord of a Pimlico inn, applied for a license for a fiddle. "What!" exclaimed the justice, and his ears seemed to shoot up higher than the ears of magisterial man with wonder; "What! music at Pimlico! under the very nose of the palace!" A shudder ran along the bench, and the license was refused. Now, is not the Common Informer the especial favourite, the hireling pet of such wise worships?

Every ignorant restraint on the innocent enjoyments of the poor is an encouragement to the alacrity of the Informer. The mechanic

and artisan, who love music, may not enjoy the refinement unless they seek a house licensed for sweet sounds. They may sot and sodden themselves with potations, destructive of their pockets, their peace, and health; for every hogshead

> "Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
> Drips gold;"

but for a gratification, at once the purest and most delightful, *that* cannot be made a very important matter of revenue, and is, therefore, held as naught. Drunkenness is an exchequer virtue—music and dancing unprofitable follies.

True it is that the legislature sometimes blushes for the extraordinary activity of its bronze-browed child, the Informer; a grateful truth made manifest by the half-remorse of the government when it remits a fine in whole or part. Conscience-stricken by the unjust results of its deliberative wisdom, it gives entirely up, or pays back a portion of the mulct; and thus, in its better knowledge, avouches its former ignorance. The Exchequer and Somerset House have their qualms, and, on some rare occasions, exhibit proper penitence.

Bentham has declared the functions of the Common Informer to be most honourable: in truth, Cato, with his sour face and bare feet, might have plied the trade, gaining a civic wreath for the energy and utility of his practice; but then, he must have laboured under wise and equal laws. Would it have been permitted to his character to pass the marble mansions of Chance, where the dice dispose of thousands, to sneak into the smoky back-parlour of a public-house, where Giles and Roger play at dominoes for a groat? The Informer may be the especial retainer of Justice—the beneficent champion of her wisdom; but then, changing her name to Law, the spinster must not play such Jezebel vagaries with the many, to the arrogance of the few. When Justice takes off her bandage, and sitting down with her goodman Law, makes gins, and nets, and traps for the poor and simple, her hireling, the Common Informer, falls from his abstract dignity, and becomes as vermin. It is thus, too, that ninety-nine times out of the hundred he appears among us; and it is for such reason that nearly all men have a desire to put their foot upon him.

But the Informer, like the leech, sucks in silence; nay, ofttimes prospers best when least heard of. If his denouncing voice be of value to himself, his silence is often no less profitable: he can be dumb as oyster, if taciturnity be worth his while, the abuse growing and flourishing *sub silentio*.

Peter Quarts, landlord of "The Bunch of Grapes," has a very rational understanding with Ebenezer Cannibal, Common Informer; who, by the advantage of such intimacy, calls for what he likes best, chucks the barmaid under the chin, promises Mrs. Quarts to be godfather to the next boy,—the mother, though intensely hating Ebenezer, receiving the offer as a very flattering mark of distinction; indeed, there is at "The Bunch of Grapes" no such honoured guest as Ebenezer Cannibal. And what is the goodly fruit of this? Why, there may be a snug game of cards in the parlour; the fiddle and the hautboy have leave to sound; and more, should a neighbour, blessed with prolific swine, now and then wish to raffle off a few sucking-pigs, the ceremony takes place with not the least fear, on the part of Peter Quarts, of an information.

A very interesting passage in the life of Ebenezer has, it matters not how, come to our knowledge; we vouch for the verity of the adventure, which we shall narrate in his own words, printing a letter forwarded by Cannibal to a brother Informer:—

"London, May —, 1835.

"Deer tom—This kums opin you are Well as it leaves Us at present. We are kum to town from a most delicyious trip to Chelltenum: can't say much for the Waters, and the brandy hat the Hinn, the —— was not the best as you and me ave had on the coste of Sussecks. However, thank God! things is turned up well on the Ole; i did the post-shayse touch agin primely. We tooke babby with us to give things a colour, my missus looked as delikate as she coulde, and, as luck wolde ave it, babby warnt very well. The Landlord thoughte me hinnocent as Milke, and so missus and me and gal lived like fitin cocks, and evry day, the old oman and childe and gal goes out in a po-shayse for, as i sayde, a hairing. Well, the two fust days the landlord gives the poste ticket, and i begun to thinke him two downe for Cannibal; howsumever, as he founde out that the chay never went as far as the turnpick, and that missus and babby only wanted a short hairing, he drops the ticket, and then, 'Now I has him,' says I, 'downe as a ammer!' How we did putt bye the Shampayne that day at dinner. Well, tom, so we lives for aboutte six weaks, and God be praist for it, the hair did us alle a morte o' good; but now the fun's cumin. Six Weaks bein gone, the lanlord walkes up one day at brakefast, and says, rubbin his ands, hand smilin like a strete door nocker, 'My little bill, sir,' says he, 'if quite konwenient.' 'To be sure,' says I, brakein a hegg and a winkin at him, 'two be sure—the bill.' 'ear

it is, sir,' says he. i looks at it, and it mayde my hart beet for joy, it was sich a long un. 'Wery eye prices ear,' says i, lookin at the bill. 'it's a eye hinn,' says the landlord, tryin to kum grand; wherehupon i gets up, and givein him a office look, i says, says i, 'mr. lanlord, do you love your kuntrey?' 'i hope i do,' says he. 'Then,' says i, 'if you ave the buzum of a Patryot, how dare you think to rob and swindle his most greyshus mageste, God bless him?' 'what do you meene?' says the lanlord, turnin pailer than his nekkloth,—'what do you meene?' 'where's them tickets, the po-chayse, the dooty, eh?' and i looks at him terrible. 'it was alle a mistake, sir,' says he.—'can't help it,' says i, 'the Xize prospers on mistakes.' 'i trust, sir,' says bonniface, 'i'm dealin with a gen'l'man,' and then he looks verry dowtful. 'you are,' says i, 'but the hinstytewshuns of the kuntrey must be supported: what's to be kum of the krown, and the establisht Church, and tryal by Joory, and *abeas korpuss*, if there's no patryotizm—if men shirk the Xize?' then he begins to knowe his customer, and says, 'well, sir, you won't be ard with me?' 'God forbid,' says i; 'so i tell you what, old fellar, write me a receat for this sixty pound, and, to make it all smooth, and us over a bit o' rag for twenty, to take us to lundun to our peaceful home. oh! tom, you should ave seen how he jumpt! and swore so, missus and babbye was forced to leve the roome. 'well,' says i, at last, 'it's no matter,' and i makes a fumblin in my pocket as if i was goin to take out my pus, 'you know the penhaltys,' says i,—and they was swingein, for we had the po-chayse often three times a day,—'you know the penhaltys?' i repeats, when he says nothin, but takin out his pocket-book, black in the face, raps me outt a twenty, rites a receyte, dams me when he's on the stayrcase for a willainly informer; when, not chusin to be insulted in our owne hinn, we packt up our trapps and started for towne. i made two pounds out of a farmer on the roade: i askt him for a lifte in his cart, made him tak a shillin, and then frightent him with information for carryin passingers in a untaxt weicle.

"yours, deer tom, till deth,

"EBENEZER CANNIBAL."

"P. S. Mugs, the lanlord of the Feythers, rides rusty, and is slo with the hush-money; i'm told he hadde a dance and two fiddlers on Fryday,—and in Lent, two,—in his backe parlour. This must be seed into."

With the above epistle, illustrative of his uses and his purpose, we close our essay on the COMMON INFORMER.



THF FAMILY GOVERNESS.

She only said, "My life is dreary."

TENNYSON

THE FAMILY GOVERNESS.

BY MISS WINTER.

"It is most vexatious—most distressing!" ejaculated Mr. Burleigh, of Effinghame, as he paced up and down his breakfast-room, awaiting the appearance of his lady. "I cannot think of it with toleration!" he continued, as he stopped before the window, commanding a view of his own spacious park, and of the distant Frith of Forth, with its rocks and islands. Nothing in the view, however, seemed to give ease to his troubled spirit; for, flinging himself into an arm-chair at one end of the table, which was loaded with the multifarious luxuries of a Scotch breakfast, he resigned himself to gloomy despondency. At length the door opened, and Lady Harriet Burleigh entered.

"I *do* trust, Lady Harriet," he immediately cried, "I do *trust* you now see the necessity of parting with the cook! The dinner yesterday was execrably bad."

"You have only to make up your mind to give the requisite salary," replied the lady, with fashionable indifference.

"I *have* made up my mind, Lady Harriet, provided I can obtain a complete history of the man's training. I will know where he began life; under whom he studied; and every family in which he has since lived," said Mr. Burleigh, solemnly.

"Well, here is the document furnished by Chouffleur, Lord Dytchland's late cook," replied Lady Harriet; "I told you, a week ago, I had received it."

"Highly satisfactory, indeed," said Mr. Burleigh, reading, as he sipped his coffee with additional relish. "Salary, three hundred a-year; three under-cooks, a separate table, and the exclusive use of a gig. Well, well, I agree to this; I will write and conclude the negociation to-day. I must also see about another gardener: our fruit is very imperfect. I shall insist on knowing every particular of *his* life, from his apprenticeship upwards. No ignorant bungler shall pretend any longer to be the cultivator of my grapes and pines."

A silence which ensued was broken by the loud lamentations of two childish voices, proceeding from the terrace outside, with a

"running accompaniment" of reprimands from their nurse. "You deserved to lose your ball, Miss Ellinor," said this "cultivator" of Mr. Burleigh's children; "it has fallen over the parapet just *to punish you* for jumping about like a boy, instead of walking like a young lady. Hold your tongue, Miss Caroline; I won't give you back yours, *because* you only want to lend it to Miss Ellinor. You are both very naughty girls."

Mr. Burleigh raised his eyes from M. Chouffleurs memorial of culinary studies, and muttered, "What a horrid noise those children make."

"Ellinor is getting too old for the nursery," said Lady Harriet, languidly. "I suppose we *must* get a governess."

"Very well—why not? I think you might as well choose an Englishwoman, that the children may not learn to drawl. Write to Mrs. Sharp to look out for one in town. The merchants are all breaking, and one of their daughters might be had cheap enough, I should think. I am sure five and twenty pounds a-year is ample for two such children as those."

This idea of the "merchants' daughters" included, in fact, a large proportion of those whose fate it is to become governesses; and who are among the greatest sufferers from the monotony and solitude of their new condition. They are, however, as likely as any other individuals to be qualified for the task; for, in no case, does any one think of enquiring whether a young lady who finds it necessary to "take a situation as governess" is capable of educating successfully; neither are any pains bestowed on her "training." She has only to say she is competent, and that is usually sufficient: she is required to profess and undertake to be universally accomplished. We constantly see advertisements in which a governess is required to teach everything. This being the fact, there is really nothing left for the unfortunate daughters of reduced gentility but saying they *are* able to teach everything. As to the general management of children, nobody ever supposes *that* requires any particular knowledge or habitude. It is evident that people think young ladies possess an instinctive power to educate; whereas it is a very rare talent, and depends on a peculiar order of sympathies and tastes, which require skilful cultivation. There must, therefore, necessarily be many inefficient governesses; and the good ones have all acquired their art by experience, and after many mistakes; while the indifference of parents as to the qualifications of the educator of their children, in comparison with their anxiety about the cook and gardener, is only too frequently like that displayed by Mr. Burleigh.

The friend commissioned to "look out" in town, took as little trouble as possible in making a choice, and fixed on Miss Villars, the daughter of a merchant suddenly reduced from wealth to utter ruin, because "she had good connexions, and looked like a lady."

Miss Lucy Villars was indeed like a lady, in the best sense of the word, but yet was quite unfit to undertake education. Having lost her mother early, she had been her father's companion for some years, and the delight of the refined society which his cultivated taste and high acquirements had collected around him. She had received a really fine education, but was not at all accomplished in the requisite trivialities; she had never even been among children, and if she had, would never have been a good teacher, having all the qualifications for a delightful companion, but not for an instructor. To instruct, however, was her fate: she could not remain dependent on her father; nor could she, as if she had been a son, instead of a daughter, choose among different professions that which would suit her; nor marry a rich man she did not like, as she might have done, and as many do. She had no genius for any of the fine arts, and too correct a taste to deceive herself into believing she could attain excellence in any of them. She had, therefore, no other resource; and in engaging to educate when, in fact, she was unable to fulfil her engagement, she did wrong unconsciously: her mind had never been turned to the subject. She was compelled, after many disappointments, to take this situation in Scotland, her deficiency in "accomplishments" obliging her to accept a very trifling salary. In a few weeks she had gone through the bitter separation from her father, accomplished the voyage to Scotland, and alone in a post-chaise was rapidly approaching the gates of Effinghame Park.

The chaise drew up at the door of a large and splendid house; a party of gentlemen with their dogs and keepers were lounging in the entrance, and three or four servants answered the post-boy's ring. Miss Villars gave her name, and was assisted to alight by a footman, who answered to her enquiries, that "my lady was out." The gentlemen offered her no assistance in settling with the driver, or seeing her luggage taken out, but annoyed her by staring; at the same time laughing and talking among themselves as if they did not observe her, though, to the whispered question of one among them, she heard the servant reply, "It's the governess come, my lord." Reaching the entrance-hall, she encountered another party playing billiards, and after making her way through, found there was some demur as to "where the governess was to be shewn." She desired to be taken to her own room immediately; and when

she reached it sank into a chair, in a state of mind more confused than absolutely painful. She, who had all her life been the object of affection, deference, and respect, suddenly found herself desolate, and treated with neglect and absolute rudeness. The change was so complete that she scarcely comprehended it; yet, as a quick, confident step approached, and a loud tap at the door announced Lady Harriet Burleigh, she started to her feet with vexation that she should betray her emotion, for she felt that she trembled, and that her cheeks were wet with tears. The cold and distant interview, however, calmed her: feelings of any kind seemed quite out of place in the atmosphere of a Lady Harriet. "She seems a poor, nervous thing," said that lady to herself, as she left the room. "I wonder Mrs. Sharpe did not choose better." Miss Villars spent the evening alone, employed in writing to her father; sounds of laughter, loud talking, and music sometimes reached her, as doors opened and slammed, and the echoes vibrated along the hollow stone stair-cases and galleries; but no one came near her.

The next day she began her duties with the children; and here a new and unforeseen difficulty arose. It was singular that among all the fears she had entertained, that of not being able to manage her pupils had never once presented itself to her; but she soon found her incapacity. The eldest was haughty and self-willed; the youngest, sensitive and shy; and she could do nothing with either of them. She succeeded no better on further acquaintance. It was in vain she tried to discover the mode of interesting them in what they learned; and scarcely a day passed which did not end in scenes of crying and distress.

Bad temper is a very common fault among governesses, and children are dreadful sufferers from this evil. They undergo a sad amount of unnecessary pain in the course of their education; but very often that which seems bad temper, is only incapacity to teach joined to the wish to teach well. A good educator is as sure to produce cheerfulness as to impart knowledge.

Lady Harriet required, as a part of her duty, that Miss Villars should accompany the children to the drawing-room after dinner. The first evening that she complied with this requisition, the ladies, in a large group, were gathered round the fire at the further end of the gorgeously furnished room. They took no notice of her, though she was noisily announced by some half-dozen lapdogs, which, starting from rugs and cushions, yelped and snapped at her feet. Lady Harriet, stopping in the midst of some piece of scandal with which she was amusing her guests, told her to "take a seat," and

went on again. A lady would now and then stare at her, and then whisper to her neighbour. The entrance of the gentlemen produced the usual effect. They swept past her as if she had been a part of the chair she sat on, and took off the attention of the ladies from her. It was an inexpressible relief to get out of the room. She despised this cold-hearted vulgarity of assumed superiority, but she could not help feeling it bitterly, notwithstanding..

A year of her irksome residence in this family had nearly passed, when it was suddenly brought to a conclusion. Among the gentlemen who one evening appeared in the drawing-room, was a baronet, an old admirer of Miss Villars, and whom she had rejected. But he had indulged very freely in wine, and no sooner observed her than he loudly expressed his delight at meeting her, drew a chair close to her, and began a course of high-flown compliments on her looks. She escaped from this unwelcome entertainment as soon as she could, unable to repress a smile at Lady Harriet's amazed and irritated countenance; but next morning, a note from that lady, enclosing her year's salary, dispensed with her future services, which "the extreme levity and impropriety of her conduct last evening made no longer desirable." Indignation at this insolence, to say nothing of the ridiculous injustice of accusing *her* of the levity which an intoxicated guest had displayed, quickly gave way to joy that she was about to escape, and wonder that she had endured the thraldom so long. The first steam vessel that passed the coast, took her back to London.

The next situation which Miss Villars obtained, was in a quiet family near London. They were good-hearted people, experimenters in education, and had tried various new plans with their numerous children, being anxiously desirous for their improvement; but with so little success, that their state of turbulence and idleness effectually puzzled Lucy, who was utterly unable to reduce them to order in the slightest degree. They would have required a skilful and experienced teacher, and she was neither the one nor the other; but her sweet manners and evident superiority of mind so won upon their parents, that when obliged to tell her that she was unfit for their family, they recommended her to a young heiress whose guardians were looking out for a lady whom they might hope would suit her taste, and be able to conduct her education. Here, however, she only stayed a week; for her pupil declared "Miss Villars had all the lines of art and hypocrisy depicted on her face; and having never been deceived in a first impression, she neither would nor could learn anything of her."

Lucy would not suffer herself to despair. To become a burden to her father, would have been more painful than all she had to endure; and she left no exertion untried to meet with another engagement. She at length obtained one in the family of Mrs. Harrison, the wife of a rich banker who lived in Portman Square.

Mrs. Harrison was reckoned a clever woman, and liked to patronise talent. She therefore frequently invited Mr. Villars to dinner, in his fallen fortunes, his conversation and literary tastes being of that order which she liked to have displayed at her table. Miss Villars had formerly visited this lady, whom she had also frequently entertained at her father's house.

An interview was appointed on an early day, and she was received by Mrs. Harrison in her private room, where she daily transacted all her domestic concerns before seeing company. The "lady" motioned the "governess" to a chair with an air intended to mark the distance between them.

"Miss Villars," said she, "I like to make all matters of business distinctly clear at the beginning. I require in my governess that propriety of conduct which I may justly expect from the daughter of a talented sort of man like your father. I say nothing of his imprudent losses: do not suppose for a moment that I mean to wound your feelings by any allusion to his bankruptcy;—of course, it was no fault of yours." Here she paused, perhaps expecting a reply, but receiving none, continued:—"The Miss Harrisons have masters for all the requisite accomplishments: your office will be to keep them continually under your eye. They enter their study in the morning at seven, and retire to rest at nine at night: during that period I expect your attention will be unremittingly fixed upon them. You will partake of your meals with them: I consider your position, Miss Villars, in my family entitles you to this privilege. My youngest girl is not yet able to feed herself with propriety: you will, therefore, avail yourself of the opportunity to assist as well as instruct her. The three elder young ladies practise the piano and harp four hours a-day; and *Miss* Harrison, who learns singing, exercises her voice for two hours daily: to this you will carefully attend. You have a correct ear?" (Lucy had, to her cost, as the Miss Harrisons made her feel.) "You will also sit by at the attendance of all their masters; accompany their walks in the square; go out in the carriage with them when necessary; and remain in the gallery of the riding school while they take their lesson. You will speak French and Italian on alternate days with them, and take charge of their studies in English *belles-lettres*

and arithmetic, under *my* direction. I offer you a salary of fifty pounds, to be increased to fifty-five at your second year of ser——of residence in my family, should it last so long."

No establishment was ever conducted with greater propriety than that of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison; no young ladies ever applied to their studies with greater perseverance than the Miss Harrisons. They played, they sang, they danced, they drew; twangled the harp, scratched the guitar, screeched *bravuras;* they learned French and Italian, and wrote English essays; read English books, and made extracts and abstracts and verses in albums; studied tambour-work, and carpet-work, and screen-painting, and Grecian painting, and velvet-painting; cantered round the riding-school; and everywhere and at all times Lucy was with them. Mrs. Harrison told all her friends "she had a treasure in her governess;" she was treated with the usual respect due to a governess, had her salary punctually paid, and every morning at ten o'clock the rustling of a silk dress announced the presence of Mrs. Harrison in the study, to wish her a stately "good morning."

Of what had Lucy to complain? She was merely excluded from all that makes life a blessing; dragging on a lonely existence, languishing in a living death.

Four years had wearily rolled over her head, but ten seemed to be added to her age. Her light, graceful figure had become large and heavy from want of air and exercise, and from torpidity of mind; her eye was dull, her cheek sallow, her manner apathetic; she suffered from constant head-ache; the daily walk of one hour round the eternal gravel walks of the square fatigued her almost to fainting. When, at last, left to herself at the close of each long day, she was unable to enjoy her leisure, but sunk exhausted into sleep. Her nights were either one continued heavy slumber, or disturbed with frightful dreams, and spent in restless, tossing wakefulness; forms and faces unbidden began to haunt her, and flit about her even in the day; she had become irritable to a degree that made her life a perpetual struggle to avoid giving offence.

At this period a West Indian, a distant relation of Mr. Villars', who had never heard of his distresses, left him an immense fortune. With a sentiment of high honour, he immediately divided it among his creditors, liquidating the debt of every man who had suffered by his bankruptcy. A few thousand pounds only remained to himself. "With this capital," said he to his daughter, "I will re-commence life; in a few years, my dear Lucy, I will restore you to a home." His daughter had no words in which to express

her admiration of his conduct; she returned to her solitary room in extreme excitement; she had forgotten that high honour, generosity, and enthusiasm existed in the world; but now she seemed to awake as from a dream into sudden life, she was unable to sleep, and before the night was over, impatience and irritation had taken possession of her: her head throbbed, her limbs ached;—"In a few years I am to have a home. Ah! before a few years have passed, I shall have found a home—a long home, for myself." The night was succeeded by a dreadful day; the practising and singing were torture; she with difficulty repressed a shriek more than once during its continuance, and all her efforts could not repress her disgust at the vapid talk of the young ladies. Relieved at length from their society, she was left alone with the essays and calculations to correct, but in vain she tried to fix her mind upon her task; a horrible suspicion had haunted her throughout the day, and to avoid the thought she took up a Review which lay on the table, and tried to read. An article on "Domestic Service" arrested her attention; "this might apply to me" she thought inwardly. Suddenly she started, her eye glared, and she repeated again and again some words she found there. "*Next to governesses*, the largest class of female patients in lunatic asylums is maids of all-work."* "*Next to governesses*," she repeated. "It is so—I know it—I am going mad." Terrified at her solitude she seized the bell, but paused, fearing that any one who came would send her to an asylum; she then threw up the window, hoping the passers-by would relieve her loneliness. It was a lovely night in June, and the sky was glittering with stars; a strange hallucination seized upon her brain.

* * * * * * * * * *

Lucy had recovered—she was at home. She had taken her father's hands in hers, and looked earnestly into his eyes; and he had listened to her words. "You are right, my child," he said with emotion: "it is indeed a waste of life; and we have enough to live upon."

A few weeks after, they were living in a quiet cottage at some distance from "stony-hearted" London, to whose busy scenes they both resolved never to return.

* See an article in the Lond and Westminster Review, entitled "On Domestic Service." It is from the pen, we believe, of Miss Martineau.



THE MIDSHIPMAN.

The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.

DIBDIN

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

BY EDWARD HOWARD.

THE MIDSHIPMAN!—this beauty and *beau ideal* of the naval service is fast passing away, and giving place to another beau, in which the beauty is ideal only—the *young gentleman*. The sturdy oaken sapling, from which formerly sprang the promise and the strength of the navy, is now generally making room for more effeminate flowers —gaudy, but too often worthless weeds—that are rooted from out the rank gardens of the aristocracy, and flung upon the ocean, there to flourish as water-plants—if they can. They are now, in the most courtly sense of the word, young gentlemen. Therefore, for the present, though they be rated on the ship's book as "midshipmen," we have nothing to do with them. By and by they shall get a rating from us, and a sound one too.

But the real Midshipman—the dashing little Midshipman; in what light shall we view him? I fear we must mast-head him. "HEADS FOR THE PEOPLE" are very excellent things, and we are very glad to find that the people value them accordingly; but the Midshipman has, besides the little orb that contains the small modicum of brains of which he can boast, a head appropriated peculiarly to himself, which he does not value at all,—and that is the main-topmast-head; and there we will place him—the situation is remarkable and lofty enough—and take our first sight at him.

It is a stiff breeze; the frigate is bowling away at the rate of ten knots an hour, closehauled; consequently she lists over a few streaks, which inclination gives the main-topmast-head a very considerable dip; and, as the ship is relieved from the pressure of the rapidly succeeding seas striking her on the weather-bow, she rights herself a little, about once every three or four seconds, thus making the cross-trees an aerial cradle, with a tremendous swing in the heavens, and with a very jerking kind of rocking, conducive of anything but comfort, and provocative of a physical operation very dissimilar from that of sleeping.

Well, seated upon the crosstrees, to leeward (mind that—none but a fresh-caught hobbledehoy would place himself to windward, as the few engravings extant have placed him) seated to leeward,

thus sheltered a little by the mast-head, the cap of the main-top-mast-head as a sort of penthouse, with the left arm round the after-topgallant-shroud, sits the "mast-headed one:" I might have called him the "deserted one," or the "disconsolate one," or many another one; but I am generous, and leave these epithets for the ladies who write verses in annuals. A Midshipman has no right to *all* the good things in our annual literature.

With his back thus against the black mast-head, the drizzling rain making heavy with moisture his curling side-locks, and the sharp wind rushing down upon him continuously from the bellying of the main-topgallant-sail, let us contemplate our reefer a little more narrowly. His cheek is ruddy, his eye dark and bright, and his countenance eminently handsome. There are decided marks of determination about his compressed lips, and his yet unreaped chin is bold and prominent. The thoughts and cares of incipient manhood are struggling upon his brow, with the lightheartedness of the reckless youth. On his countenance, the brighter yet more cheerless light of the broad daylight of the mind is usurping the more glowing and gaudy colours of the daybreak; he has already begun to think, and to find bitterness in thought. However, these excises will last only whilst he is mast-headed.

Being at sea, he wears a round glazed hat, the era of military caps not yet being arrived; it is jauntily placed a little on one side, though there be none to regard him; but it is a habit that he acquired at Sally Port. His black silk handkerchief is tied carelessly round his really beautiful throat, thus partly exposing it, whilst the two ends are flowing out freely, and in a manner truly picturesque, to the winds. He has on a rounded and short jacket, but little differing from that of the man before the mast, excepting in the embossed anchor-button, and the little soiled white patch upon the collar.

A long dissertation might be composed upon this remarkably distinguishing patch; a sizeable chapter could very well be written upon its varying size, and a shapeable digression upon its manifold shapes. It has also as many *aliases* as a London member of the swell mob; and has devoured, since its first invention, more pipeclay than would suffice to take out the stains from any reasonable reputation.

Of these designations, we shall merely mention but two. It is named bitterly and blandly: as blandly, the "weekly account;" as bitterly, the "curse of God." Why called the "weekly account," has never been satisfactorily accounted for; why the "curse of God," God himself only knows. But the mystery is interesting to the deni-

zens of the cockpit, and is always a standing matter for discussion when the grog runs low, and the spirit of argument mounts high.

After all, we must observe a careless gentility in the habiliments of our reefer, a thousand and a thousand times superior to the slang-like blackguardism with which the youth of the present day are proud to degrade themselves.

For what doubtful deed done, or for what duty undone, our Midshipman has acquired his unenviable elevation, it would be needless to enquire; for who does not know that a Midshipman is mast-headed only for two things, that is to say, everything and nothing. In the present case, our young friend is ready to maintain, against any adversary, that he is undergoing his airy penance for the latter description of offence; so he has just audibly d—d everything above an inch high, placing himself thus in a very respectable altitude of damnation.

But the gust of passion has passed away; it has rolled far off with the boisterous winds to leeward. He is isolated—in complete solitude; and the calmness of reflection, with the memory of his school-boy days, is coming with innocent gentleness over his spirit. He looks wistfully around him; at first he sees nothing but the monotonous waves, and the misty and cheerless horizon; and soon he sees them not: the dull unvarying line that unites the clouds with the sea is broken, and, to his mind's vision, the shadowy hills behind the house of his fathers rise slowly before him; he half closes his eyes, and falls into a delicious reverie; he is again happy with his more favoured brothers and sisters, and amidst this ideal group another sweet and beautiful face has appeared—a female cousin's; but no enchanter with his omnipotent wand could have more rapidly dissolved this vision, than does a harsh, blustering voice, sent up gratingly through a speaking trumpet from the quarter-deck, making a noise something to this tune,—"Rha, rha! marhst-head! rha ah, there!"

Upon which the following amiable dialogue, of which the first speaker hears nothing, ensues:—

"Very well," says the reefer, very quietly; "let him bawl away; it's good for his throat: it rattles as if he'd swallowed the top-chain."

Upon which the voice of the speaking-trumpet, growing angry at getting no answer, rejoins:—

"D—n, &c. &c. &c.—Mast-head, there!"

"He improves," says the reefer, composedly. "When old Needham goes to the devil, he'll get a boatswain's warrant. Try again, old boy; nothing like practice."

The voice below, after a short pause, grows furious; the cursing becomes more damnatory and orthodox, and the "mast-head, there" is roared out in a manner so obstreperous, that it is a good thing for the quietude of the little fishes that they are somewhat dull in their hearing faculties.

"Excellent," says the reefer. "'Mast-head, there;' very well. I'm not the mast-head; he can't mean me: let the mast-head answer for itself. If I only had my dinner, I should be very comfortable." So he takes a tighter turn with his arm round the shroud, thus hugging the emblem of death to make his life the more secure, and in the most unconcerned manner in the world composes himself to sleep.

His messmate, James Goff, who knows, by cruel experience, how hungry he of the mast-head must be, observes the manœuvre, and perfectly understands its signification. Now this James Goff has a little flat bottle of grog in the starboard, and some good wevilly biscuit and salt junk in the larboard pocket, which he is most anxious to convey to the famishing Midshipman. We need not tell our readers, that when the mast-head is thus tenanted, it is placed under blockade, and all *munitions de bouche* peremptorily interdicted. So James Goff goes up to the first lieutenant, Mr. Needham, and with a pitiful and penitential air, duly lifting his hat, thus addresses the angry officer:—"If you please, sir, I am afraid Mr. Hearty has fallen asleep, sir. He did not go to bed last night, sir, till seven bells, sir; and he had the middle watch, sir, and all hands were turned up at daylight, sir; so, sir, he has scarcely had a wink of sleep for the last twenty-four hours, sir. Depend upon it, he is caulking, sir, and in a most dangerous situation, sir. Please, sir may I go up and wake him, sir."

Now this speech, seeing that every time the word "sir" was used the hat was touched, had a mollifying effect; and though the crime, in the eyes of the first lieutenant, had been enormous (for he suspected Mr. Hearty had waylaid his boy in the gloom of the galley, and plundered him of the relish destined for his own breakfast), he at length consents that Mr. Goff shall go up and arouse the slumberer: and this favour he is more especially inclined to grant, as in the event of the youth tumbling overboard, he would be obliged to heave to, and lower down one of the quarter-boats, both of which had been just painted; so, acting upon these considerations, humanity triumphed, and the messenger was permitted to go up and awake the boy who did not sleep. The meeting of the two midshipmen in their lofty place was cordial and brief; the prog and the

grog were delivered; sharp was the appetite, and keen the relish; and when the rapid and much-enjoyed meal had been consumed, and Hearty was again left in his cloudy solitariness, he now prepared actually to do that which before he had only simulated—to enjoy a refreshing slumber. So, taking out some spun yarn, he lashed himself to the cross-trees, and soon was in a blissful state of dreaminess, that gave him back all the joys of his forsaken home, with some other pleasure that his home, as yet, had never bestowed upon him.

This is, or till lately was, the every day history of a mast-headed Midshipman. It was a sharp, but a good discipline; and though its rigour was sometimes carried out into cruelty, upon the whole, it worked well.

Now the life of the regular Midshipman has three distinct phases; that is to say, that of the younker, the medium Midshipman, or the Midshipman *par excellence*, and the oldster. The younker—the Johnny Raw—the fresh-caught, is generally an amiable youth, with the taste of bread-and-butter still in his mouth. Though most cruelly and wantonly hoaxed, he is a shrewd lad, and when driven to it with excess of persecution, will shew fight right valorously. He is in the habit of saying "if you please" to the sailors, for which courtesy he purchases their contempt; and when his hammock-man is either drunk, or insolent, or lazy, and he sees his bed slopping about in the dirt on a rainy day, he looks round for a good-natured face before he ventures most civilly to request the owner of the amiable physiognomy to take it below to the cockpit, modestly adding, that he will not trouble him to hang it up, as he intends doing that himself.

At the mess-table, he gets the fattest dabs of pork, and the leanest and most mahogany-grained piece of salt beef; he is only permitted to look at the butter, and smell at the cheese; but, as an indemnity, his supply of hard biscuit is unlimited. His elder messmates have a religious regard to his health, evinced by taking care that he shall not touch a drop either of his wine or spirits; yet he contrives to get it, however, and what is worse, to get a liking for it at the same time.

In harbour, his duty principally consists in going on shore with the captain's steward for milk and such-like services for the buttery; at sea, making out the day's work, and writing up the log-books of his more experienced messmates, when below; when on deck, squeaking out the orders like a parrot through a cracked reed, and sleeping his night-watch through, adumbrated by a tarpaulin, with a signal-flag for a pillow, generally under the lee of a quarter-deck gun, from whence he is pulled out by the leg, and sent down below

to bring up the officer of the watch a stiff glass of grog, that would float a marling-spike, and at the same time drown the senses of any but a thorough-going seaman.

But as the younker wears off, and the Midshipman blows into full flower, the second phase of his existence begins; he has learned to swear, will quarrel for his grog, and has become a veritable Midshipman—just such an one as we have represented at the mast-head.

Already does he know the names and uses of every rope in the ship; knows how to splice, can make a Turk's head, and thinks too that he could cut one off, had he the opportunity; knows how to put the rigging over the mast-head, and can actually fling the lead overhand as far as the anchor-stock. Here be virtues upon which to found assumptions! Moreover, he begins to talk about parliamentary interest, and is at once on the look out for connexions with the Admiralty, and a—beard.

If you believe him, he is a wicked fellow; but his speech is much worse than his acts, for the which he is very sorry in company, but very glad when he turns in—that is to say, goes to bed. Already has he the character for bravery; he has behaved very well on a cutting-out expedition, and has been slightly wounded—a mere scratch—of which he is already too manly to boast. He is not now quite so impudent to his superiors; he has begun to know the value of respect, and therefore pays it cheerfully; and can already understand that the first lieutenant may be a most worthy officer, although he chews tobacco, and that the master may be a thorough seaman, though he drawls in his north-country dialect; and is, in harbour, frequently overcome by the enemy—the greatest one the seaman has to fear—grog.

But we must now consider the Midshipman in his last phase,—as a regular full-blown oldster. The change come over him is decided, and so well marked, that every one is conscious of it as well as himself, and he is conscious not a little. Pride has invested him as with a mantle, and he walks the quarter-deck with a loftier tread, and sings out "rowed of all" to the boat's crew, as he lands at the Sally Port at Portsmouth, as if he was fully aware that there was authority in his voice, and that all the world ought to be aware of it as well as himself.

But the signs manifest that he be veritably an oldster are these. Imprimis:—He groweth ugly, but he consoleth himself thus;—that to look ugly is to cause fear; to be feared is to be respected; to be respected is the way to the hearts of the ladies; therefore he cocketh his hat fore and aft, and looketh fiercely before the sex

feminine, and deludeth himself that he is admired. Moreover, he hath an incipient beard, that groweth stragglewise upon the nethermost parts of his face like thistles upon a common, the which he cherisheth much, and coaxeth with his finger and thumb; and he may now be discovered secretly perusing the advertisements which set forth the virtues of the oil 'ycleped Macassar.

Again: in the presence of his superior officers, there is observance in his eye, activity in his heels, and much humility in his voice; the brim of his hat is worn bare by overmuch touching thereof, and he starteth with "an obedient start" when the first lieutenant ordereth the decks to be swept. From those above him, he taketh every thing in good part: he taketh dinner with the captain joyfully; he taketh reproof from the officer of the watch humbly; he taketh lunars with the master assiduously; he taketh grog with the purser zealously; and he taketh the conceit out of a Midshipman weaker than himself, with a right good drubbing, boastfully.

Though he knoweth that he be now in the chrysalis state, he anticipateth with an overstrained faith the time when he will burst forth—the butterfly lieutenant, with the one golden wing on the right shoulder; and he prideth himself accordingly. Yet he condescendeth, at times, to hold familiar discourse with the three warrant officers, whom he astonisheth; for verily, hath he not struck the gunner with awe by the word "parabola!" mystified the carpenter by speaking of "aqueous edificial constructions," and vanquished the boatswain in argument, because he understood not the proposition that, "in metaphysics, nothing may be understood, as everything in the preconception of an unformed substance, upon which depends the first category of illimitable boundaries that circumscribe infinity."

To conclude: he hath become wary, and escheweth the masthead, and the ways that lead thereunto; he borroweth more money than he lendeth; he patroniseth, and he catereth for the mess; he possesseth also fine jokes, at the which the youngsters would do well to be rejoiced, and their joy be more exceeding at the repetition thereof; he also getteth drunk virtuously and discreetly, and imitateth *Master Slender* in becoming intoxicated only with the soberminded, and in exemplary society. Finally: he readeth Hamilton More, and drinketh with devotion the toast,—"A bloody war, and a sickly season."

Thus there be three states of this officer, yet is he one, and indivisibly—a MIDSHIPMAN.

THE PEW-OPENER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Even in the temple—at the very shrine—where meekness, self-humiliation, contrition of heart, and remorse of spirit, kneel, and make sweet sacrifice; yea, even there, plies the Pew-Opener; the busy servitor of pride; the watchful handmaid of distinction; the soft-spoken waiter upon Mammon: yes, in the temple, the hopeful looker-out for sixpences.

Pews!—What a sermon might we not preach upon these little boxes!—small abiding-places of earthly satisfaction! sanctuaries for self-complacency!—in God's own house, the chosen chambers for man's self-glorification! What an instructive colloquy might not the bare deal bench of the poor church-goer hold with the soft-cushioned seat of the miserable sinners who chariot it to prayers, and with their souls arrayed in sackcloth and ashes, yet kneel in silk and miniver. How would the thumbed, dogs'-eared, discoloured, sheep-cased prayer-book, discourse it with the volume bound in velvet, clasped with gold, and borne to its place by stalwart footman, powdered specially for the sabbath!

Pews! How often, in your half-filled spaces, may be seen the smug possessor,—the thrifty, respectable Christian,—with his ears open to precepts of boundless charity to all men, glancing coldly at his pewless brother standing in the crowded aisle, and never beckoned within? Reader, have ye not beheld pews peopled with the sons of pride,—the true-begotten of worldly ease, who from the softness of their seats have seemed to look more serenely round at the lowly folk without? Miserable sinners! who once a-week go through the ceremony of seeming to think themselves dust; children of darkness! who, for an example to society, permit themselves once a-week to be addressed as "the sons and daughters of corruption, the brothers and sisters of the worm!" Lowly, contrite-hearted men, in purple and fine linen, who, with abased eyelids, and faces steeped in two hours' humility, make up their minds to endure a talk of the judgment, and take a parson for the sake of appearance.



THE PEW-OPENER.

Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.

SHAKSPERE

But the bell rings to church! The alehouse bolt is drawn; no sign of traffic in the street, save where the late fishmonger takes his hurried way with turbot to my lord's; no apple-stall profanes the sabbath light; and irreligious barbers, if they shave, must shave in sin and secresy. Long lines of parish boys and girls, chattering, whispering, grinning, are led to church by master and mistress, who, deeming religion a terrible and bitter thing, look savagely serious. The two or three children who carry pewter medals look graver than the rest.

The Pew-Opener, with her kerchief of speckless white; her face put in order for the morning service; with key in hand, and active, noiseless step,—is here, is there, folding her lambs fast as they enter. With almost a smile, and a motion very near a curtsey, she welcomes some; with aspect serious as a Death's head, she leads the way with others. To whispering children, she looks terrible as the Witch of Endor!—a witch threatening the advent of the beadle!

Mark how daintily she doth her office! The service is begun; and there is a stranger leaning in the aisle with a sixpenny face,—perhaps, a shilling countenance. Poor man! although he pays church-rates, he has no pew; he hath helped to build the fabric, and to pay the preacher, but there is no seat for him save on the back benches; and that is a place (for only mark his coat, the beaver sleekness of his hat, the complexion of his linen) not to be thought of: how can he, who comes to confess himself a filthy vessel before the Lord; a sin-stained lump of mortal clay; a moral leper; a child of iniquity, deserving everlasting fire;—how can he, Peter Wagstaff, a small tradesman with the best of prospects, sit on the same bench with the old, paralytic man who now-and-then does his errands? Peter Wagstaff is not proud,—by no means proud; no man—that is, no christian—ought to take pride to church with him; but, for all that, although his sometimes servant makes room for his employer, Peter Wagstaff sees him not, and, in fact, would rather stand.

Our Pew-Opener beholds the apostolical fight in the breast of Peter; beholds, and walks to the rescue. Walks! The spider traversing its web above the church poor-box (for thou, great Hogarth, hath seen and fixed the insect in immortal film) makes louder noise than our Pew-Opener pacing the rushes. She approaches the stranger; her eloquent forefinger beckons him forward; surely, the lock and key are not of iron, but velvet, they work so noiselessly;—the man is in the pew, and, being in, he feels himself, as he is, respectable. He is now comfortable, and can join in the responses declaratory of his own unworthiness with beseeming placidity; he

can now pay every proper attention to the denunciation of penal fire, no longer fearing to be elbowed by his inferiors. Nay, when the glories of immortality are promised, they lose no portion of their lustre from the startling idea violently pressed upon him, that his neighbours on the bench,—the wretchedly poor, the drudges of the world,—are, with himself, to be made participators of the gladness. He is, he owns it in sonorous tones, a "miserable sinner," but, notwithstanding, a respectable man.

Did the Pew-Opener, when she contemplated this service to the self-respect of Peter Wagstaff, come at right conclusions? Was his face only worth a tester? More; for Peter has just set up in the neighbourhood, is a bachelor, and this being his first visit to the parish church, he has disbursed a whole shilling. The Pew-Opener seats herself on her square piece of projecting wood, and, with one eye towards the door, and the other on her prayer-book, with occasional wanderings towards the children in the gallery, is profoundly rapt in the service.

Another visitor appears at the door; step by step he creeps up the aisle; our Pew-Opener sees him, but is determined to see him not. Let him sit with the poor people; why should such as he affect the vanity of a pew? Better than he are on the benches;—are we not all flesh and blood; all poor worms; all things of corruption; all *creturs* for the grave? Such are the thoughts of the Pew-Opener, and she reads hard at her book; she sees not the candidate yearning for promotion above the common. There is some reason for this? There is; for thrice has our Pew-Opener given "that person" a seat, and he has merely nodded thanks,—made a pantomime acknowledgment of the favour. The Pew-Opener reads on.

Be it known to all whom it may concern, that we renounce His Holiness the Pope, and all his works; be it fully understood, that we have a proper horror of Guy Fawkes and the Jesuits, as Jesuits; and, therefore, when we say a word in praise of a custom observed in Catholic sanctuaries, we do not for that reason believe in Holy Water. There are no pews in continental cathedrals: there the rich sit with the poor; the beggar says his paternoster close to the ear of the man of ingots. The dame of fashion kneels next to the market-woman, who has put down her load to make her offering to her saint: there, all is common dust; there, no porcelain of the human clay; there, all food for worms. And thus would we have it in Protestant temples. When Luther reformed the church, he surely never intended to cut it up into little private boxes for the

especial use of worldly pride and worldly distinction. In all his reveries, we will be sworn for him, Luther never dreamt of a Pew-Opener; and yet Weaver tells us, that, after the Reformation, "there were cushions in churches to sleep upon;" and Rudder, another church historian, informs us, that it was customary for the squire of the parish to withdraw to smoke his pipe during the sermon, and "return to the blessings." The Pew-Opener, doubtless, came in with the cushions,—was found a necessary monitor to call the squire from tobacco to the benediction.

We have, however, left the immediate subject of this paper seated outside a pew, still meditating her religious lesson. Now-and-then she rises, creeps, mole-footed, down the aisle, finds the proper hymn for the inexperienced psalm-singer, looking somewhat reprovingly at the ignorance of the offender, cries "hush" at the creaking shoe-leather of an unreflecting sinner, and wonders, with the church full of a November fog, how people *can* cough "in the sweetest parts of the discourse." The sermon draws to a close: at "sixthly and lastly" the Pew-Opener again glides down the aisle, again applies the silent key to the mute lock, and again the doors stand open for the egress of the better part of the congregation—the fortunate and respectable holders of pews. As they depart, the Pew-Opener hath a ready curtsey, and a ready smile; ventures to ask about the health of an absent wife or daughter; hazards some admiring words at the good looks of the youngest child; and, with a brief, encomiastic allusion to the "noble sermon" of the day, proceeds to other patrons. The church is empty; and the Pew-Opener enters the various sanctuaries sacred to those who can pay for them: here she diligently puts in order the hassocks, gathers up the books, and departs for dinner.

If every hassock had a tongue, and might tell the thoughts, reveal the inmost workings of the hearts of those who, in attitudes of humiliation, kneel upon them! Look at this one, this lump of softest wool, covered with cloth of purple: this has borne the bulky mortality of a rich and arrogant man—of one, who, every week, confesses himself a miserable sinner, and in that confession prays aloud for grace,—whose son is banned the paternal door, for that he has taken a wife, whose only vice was poverty! Here is another, yet warm from the knees of a domestic tyrant, who comes to church to sacrifice to the humility, the love, and searching tenderness of the Divine Example; and who, returning home, shall make his wife tremble at his frown, and the little hearts of his children quail at his foot-fall. Take a third: this is part of the pew furniture of a man

who lives, and becomes sleek, upon the falsehoods, the little tyrannies of the world, who eats the daily bread of heartless litigation, whose whole life is a lie to every Christian precept; and, Judas to Truth, who kisses it only to sell it! Yet will this man pray, respond in prayer, run through the Creed, and glibly troll the Decalogue,—a human clock, wound up to strike on Sundays. And in this pew will kneel the withered usurer, a most respectable man, and one in parish office, whose heart glows at the worldly cunning of Jacob, and who, losing the spirit in the letter, dotes, above all measure, on the parable of the talents.* These come to church—make the employment of the Pew-Opener—to keep up the farce that their worldly brethren, with themselves, agree to act; they congregate to perform a ceremony, and that over, the week lies fair before them. They come to church deaf adders, and deaf they quit it; and as the weekly hypocrites come and go, the devil stands in the porch and counts them.

The Pew-Opener is, necessarily, a critic upon sermons. We do not assert that she knows much of ancient divinity; though, were she suddenly made acquainted with the pulpit works of our old Churchmen, we doubt not she would relish the "shilling sermon" of old Latimer, preached with apostolic courage at the palace, before the young King Edward. On sermons of the present day, the Pew-Opener, premising that she opens in a church of some importance, may be trusted. Bishops have preached before her, and when she has retired to her home, she has faithfully compared the various merits of former pastors for the day with the labours of the bishop just departed. Episcopacy has no stouter champion than the Pew-Opener; for when a bishop mounts the pulpit, the church is crowded, seats are in demand: a blessed thing, as she may, over her tea, declare to her landlady,—a happy thing, as shewing that there is yet some religion in the world. To the Pew-Opener, sermons in lawn are sermons, indeed: for she loves to see the church thronged within, besides having without full six hundred yards of Christian humility in chariots and carriages.

The Pew-Opener has a great reverence for a fashionable preacher, even if he have not a mitre. Fashionable preachers are, however, of two kinds. The dear and gracious Doctor Smoothly,—who, in his time, has been private clergyman to two lords, one a cabinet minister, —his face shining as with oil from Canaan, and words, dropping honey, accustomed to make religion up for high-bred and delicate

* Roger Coke, in his "*Detection of the Court and State of England*," tells a story of a muckworm, who gave his nephew twenty shillings for preaching against usury, that, others being dissuaded, he might make better bargains.

stomachs, enters the pulpit as he would tread the carpet of a drawing-room. The doctor is a worthy descendant of the French divine, who, preaching before the king, in an unguarded moment, astonished the monarch by declaring that "all men must die;" but, as speedily amended his indiscretion by adding, with a penitent look at his royal auditor, "*almost* all." Doctor Smoothly touches death with a very gentle hand: if he must introduce him to the better sort of people, he does it gently, courteously, gracefully: he disdains to send gentlefolks into hysterics, by taking up the scare-crow, death, and flinging its rattling bones into the faces of the congregation. Is it not vastly uncivil to tell beautiful women, with pulses of hope, happiness, and love—the whole world opening like a garden upon them—that they, the delicate, the lovely, the admired, the flattered,—that they are meat for worms?—that they, with faces fair as angels, are to be crammed beneath the earth, like the wretch who died in the work-house to-day, or on the gibbet yesterday? Doctor Smoothly thinks this manner highly inhuman, and therefore takes all heed not to ruffle the plumes of worldly pride—to pluck the smallest feather from the tail of vanity. He therefore treats of death as a sort of vague probability, and speaks of the grave as a pit dug somewhere, and into which some people have sometimes fallen. The doctor, as a part of his soothing system, rarely talks of the abode of naughty spirits; or if, by chance, he touches upon it, it is with a manner that declares its utter vulgarity, its extreme meanness.—In a word, Doctor Smoothly makes hell very low.

The Reverend Mr. Yewberry is a very different divine; yet is he fashionable. His church is crowded with a congregation, filled with elbowing hundreds, panting to receive the anathemas of the indignant spirit, who darts his sacred fire at the folk in lofty places, and makes it his especial duty to turn inside out the elect and chosen of the land. Royalty comes *incog.* to listen to him; cabinet ministers are seen in the gallery; court demireps give an hour to the new prophet; young members of parliament study him for the vehemence of his style, and the peculiar felicity of his invectives. Mr. Yewberry is taken by the fashionable world as a kind of tonic; he serves, for a time, to brace up the relaxed system of the mode, but is never to be thought of as a spiritual regimen for life. He is visited as a sort of evangelical fire-eater; and princes, lords, and countesses, having witnessed his extraordinary performance, quit him with this impression, a wonder how "he can do it." He is, however, fashionable upon the strength of his merciless dogmas, and blazes a pillar of fire in the pulpit, for—six months, at least: he

then burns to less numerous admirers; and, at length, settles into endurable brilliancy, and tolerable heat.

Mr. Yewberry is, of course, a great favourite with our Pew-Opener: she thinks the world has some chance of amendment, since he has taken it in hand, and complacently surveying her crowded pews, feels very many hopes of human regeneration. Smoothly is a darling pastor; Yewberry a powerful divine: one touches mortal frailties with a *patte de velours;* the other shakes over the head of the offending Adam a scourge of vipers.

We have hitherto spoken of the Pew-Opener in her calling during divine service; in her delicate duty of locking and unlocking doors; in the serene self-possession with which she at times advances one hand, and then, as if nothing had happened, returns it to her pocket. She has, however, her times of professional gladness; when, to smirk and smile, and tread quickly about the church, to be very busy when there is nothing to be done, to be greatly interested at what, to her, is a dull repetition of a dull scene, is her duty, being one of the sources of her profit: we speak of weddings. Observe, how gladly good Mrs. Spikenard smiles upon the happy couple, and the crowd of friends, as she meets them at the door; what approving gladness at the solemnity about to be performed is in every look: how quickly she trips along the aisle, and ushers them to the pew, where, until all things are ready for the sacrifice, and before it is too late, the plighted parties are mercifully allowed the benefit of some minutes' consideration. She hovers about the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids, and, indeed, the whole nuptial party, as if she had positively a personal interest in the matter, assures the young couple that the clergyman will not be long; and, at length, when the good man is gowned, and ready for the service, comes, with her wrinkled face all smiles and satisfaction, to tell the gladsome news that Mr. Tie 'emtight is quite prepared.

The marriage party dispose themselves,—we mean, the clerk disposes them, for never does man, as principal, seem so helpless as when about to undergo the ceremony of marriage, another ceremony, perhaps, excepted. Here you will see a fine, stalwart bridegroom, with whalebone whiskers, and standing six feet one in his silk stockings, picked out by the clerk, and somewhat imperatively placed upon the very spot where he is to suffer, the gentleman himself having, apparently, no voice or will in the matter. Well, the bride and bridegroom are placed; and, at a respectful distance, watches the Pew-Opener. Sometimes, marriage is a case of fainting; we have known it rise to the tragic passion of hysterics mere swooning,

however, is, at the altar, common as white muslin, and gives, to the spectator at least, by no means an unpleasant interest to the scene. Let the bride faint to her heart's content: the Pew-Opener—astute, experienced woman—is prepared for the sufferer. Suddenly, the bride, like a bent lily, declines her pale, beautiful head: the bridegroom looks helplessly around, when, close at his elbow, brought thither as by a charm, stands the Pew-Opener, with a goblet of crystal water, drawn that very morning from the spring, in readiness for the white lips of the newly-married. The glass is taken, and the Pew-Opener, profuse in her remedies, proffers a bottle of salts, kept hot in her hand for the last ten minutes.

Well, the swooning is past, and the signing is over, and (after the clerk and the beadle) the Pew-Opener takes the liberty of calling down upon the heads of the couple, now made one, all the very many blessings of this mortal world. Her disinterested wishes are generally rewarded; when, according to the sense manifested of their value, the youthful pair are sullenly dismissed from the thoughts of the Pew-Opener to the thorny ways of this bramble-skirted earth; or she pronounces them worthy of all happiness, "being as handsome a couple as ever the sun shone on."

There is another solemnity at which the Pew-Opener assists with considerable alacrity; that of baptism. Here her experience, her knowledge of the world, as picked up and cultivated in the temple of the Lord, stands her in exceeding help. She can at a glance espy the respectable mothers and godmothers, the fathers well to do, and the godfathers of sufficient purse; and, benefiting by her knowledge, she bestows them in separate pews, wide away from the poorer sort. And there are babies whose eyes are blessed by the Pew-Opener with all the prodigality of sudden admiration, the eyes, perhaps, being entirely hidden by the costly lace about them: "darling little angels," whose month or six weeks' noses alone are visible; "cherubs," who have nought in common with the cherubic nature, except, indeed, in their continual crying.

We have spoken of marriage and baptism; there is a third ceremony at which the Pew-Opener is called upon to assist, at which she is unfeignedly a grave, a serious actress:—we speak of funerals. Here she has nought to hope: people with bursting hearts, and they who counterfeit sorrow, have no thoughts of fees; the Pew-Opener (save it be a public funeral, and the demand for seats is great) takes nothing from the hand of death: that is to her, cold, unprofitable indeed.

We thought to give the memoranda found among the papers of

Abigail Spikenard, for two-and-thirty years Pew-Opener at the church of Saint ——. They have been sent to us with full permission to use them as we list; yet are holy and profane things jotted down so confusedly together (good Mrs. Spikenard could, no doubt, easily separate them), that we almost fear to set them as they are before the reader. However, Mrs. Spikenard, in her spirit of generalisation, saw nothing indecorous in her mode of making notes; and, therefore, hoping that the reader will take the Pew-Opener in the guilelessness of her meaning, we will venture to present him with a very few notes taken at random from her journal :—

"Epiphany.—Short sermon,—hard frost: sixpence from woman in red cloak.

"Sexagesima.—The dear Bishop of Manna preached;—moving discourse:—run off my legs;—full church;—seven shillings and sixpence,—bad half-crown:—suspect lady in blue velvet, yellow bonnet, and red poppy wreath.

"Easter Monday.—Ten couple married; made only a pound: refused, out of spirit, from one two, a sixpence:—shall know the fellow if he ventures again. Oiled pew-locks.

"Shrove Sunday.—Again, Bishop of Manna; long sermon, and rather hot. Lady fainted in crowd—a shilling. Saw person in blue velvet; mentioned bad half-crown: she wondered at my impudence! Where will she go to?

"Christening in afternoon: shabby parents, noisy brats; godmothers and godfathers shocking ignorant of what becomes 'em. Woman with twins only give as much as them with one. A poor day: early home to tea; left off muffins for the season.

"Rogation.—New bishop—whitest hand ever saw. Crowded church; beautiful discourse again lusts of the flesh and vanities of the world. Lovely carriage of the bishop's, and footmen fine and tall. Ladies sobbing; a sweet sermon: fifteen shillings. Do people come to church to pass off bad money?—another Brummagem sixpence!"

We will quote no further, for we fear there is, despite of the simplicity of Mrs. Spikenard, a certain irreverence in her style,—a neglect of the spiritual in her care for the worldly.

Oh, ye "pillars of unshaken orthodoxy!" ye, raised in station, educated for the ministry; ye who preach the gladness of glad tidings; ye in finest lawn, see that in your yearnings for the goods of earth, in your daily intercourse with the ignorant laity, yea, even thundering in the pulpit, see, in heart and soul, ye sin no worse than the lowly, ignorant Pew-Opener.

We have read the discourse against the vanities of the world, as preached by the white-palmed bishop; and we have read his three hours' speech made two nights before on the Beer Act. Verily, the two compositions did somewhat remind us of the memoranda of the worthy Mrs. Spikenard.



THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—who from their little pulpits (the tops of chimnies) in the nipping air of a December morning preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

ESSAYS OF ELIA.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

BY JOHN OGDEN.

"We are losing all our privileges." Time was—and is not long past—when it would have been accounted an audacious violation of established and venerable custom, for either author or artist to approach the dingy subject of this sketch with any other expression on his countenance than that of premeditated facetiousness. In inverse ratio to the blackness of the original, was the lightness of the colours in which its representation was invariably decorated;—as a negro, it will be observed, generally rejoices in the whitest of neckcloths; or as the external sombreness of a Venetian gondola is supposed to indicate the high state of hilarity and enjoyment of the company it encloses.

It will not hereafter be for us to boast that "we have changed all that." Truth to say, the holiday practice, on which former delineators mainly founded their delusive representations of sooty joyousness, has changed itself, without consulting us on the subject; and we, as faithful chroniclers of things as they are, do but accommodate ourselves to existing circumstances, while handling the topic in more sober vein;—in a state of feeling better suited to the general condition of our unconscious sable sitter, yet not altogether alien to the cheerful point of view in which our "merry masters," the public, have been accustomed to contemplate his injured visage.

> "Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the East, and brings with her
> The flowery May,"—

says Milton; and, whilome, so surely came dancing, on the first of the month—not only from the East, but from all points of the compass—the grotesque caricatures of "My Lord" and "My Lady," "Jack-in-the-Green," and an anomalous route of followers, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," sporting on toe far less light than fantastic, and gladdening the lieges of London with a welcome relief to the monotony of daily mechanic life. Nay, though "Winter lingering chilled the lap of May" (as is too much the

churlish custom of the cantankerous old carle), and made matter-of-fact mortals glad to warm those toes and fingers at the fireside, which, according to all poetic reckoning, ought to have been employed in traversing the verdant fields, and taking toll of the whitethorn for its fragrant blossoms; yet, still we had the spangled Chimney-Sweeps, gaudy couriers of the sun, who came to announce his inevitable advent, and set the awakened blood careering with a certain hope almost as welcome as immediate enjoyment.

But now, alas!—albeit for reason good—the gorgeous vision has evaporated; the good old custom has departed, with the good old watchmen, and many other good old venerabilities; or is followed by low impostors only; presumptuous brown-faced varlets,

> "Who never gazed around from chimney-top,
> Nor the nice conduct of a soot-bag know
> More than a dustman."

In plain terms, the genuine respectable Master-Sweeps of the present day, considerately, but most unromantically, take their capering juveniles to dine, on the first of May, at "Chalk Farm," "The Eyre Arms," or some other suburban adumbration of the Elysian fields; and, in pensive rumination on the sad bereavement, our only comfort is to hope that the glee thus abstracted from the public store, may be added in overflowing measure to the portion of earthly good possessed by these humaner shepherds, and the sable lambs they thus lead forth to pasture: black sheep in nothing, let us trust, but in being shorn, "and to the quick," by adverse fate.

Speaking, however, of "The Eyre Arms" dinner as unromantic, we are perhaps begging the question, with reference to the parties principally concerned. The expression of eager grimy countenances, at an unaccustomed sumptuous board, may haply not electrify those lovers of the picturesque whose notions on the subject are merely conventional, founded on an intimate personal acquaintance with

> "The Alps and Appennines,
> The Pyrenean, and the river Po;"

but an enormous rich plum-pudding, "massy, large, and round,"—may possibly, in the entranced, bewildered optics of a hungry juvenile, appear an object more romantic than Arno's vale to the satiated traveller; and a roast goose, redolent of condiments not to be even named to ears polite, an apparition more sublime than actual Vesuvius, or golden mountains seen but in visions of the night.

If the hypothesis seem extravagant, reflect, most sovereign Public, that there was once a time when thou wert young thyself; hadst not

attained those years of sound discretion which now so gracefully become thee. Or, if we might presume to select a single representative of thy corporation multitudinous, we would, in courteous phrase and accent bland, accost him thus:—"Fair sir, remember what thy feelings were, and what thy thoughts of true sublimity, when erst,—at temperate school, public or private, Clapham or Blue-coat, Highgate or St. Paul's,—thou oft didst banquet with the gods, in Milton's phrase. Poet sublime! who saith, in good round terms,

'Spare Fast, that with the gods doth diet!'

Lean invitation! which thou gladlier hadst *declined* than Latin noun, had not imperial will of sapient seniors, who certes best knew what thy erring stomach needed, compelled thee loathing to the intellectual feast."

The benevolent Mrs. Montague, author of the "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspere," was in the habit, during the latter part of the last century, (this lady died in 1800,) of giving an anniversary dinner to the Sweeps, on May-day. It was commonly reported that the repast was bestowed in remembrance of her long-lost son having been found in the employment of a Sweep, and happily restored to his friends. In this particular, however, we have an additional specimen of the mode in which truth and fiction are commonly confounded in traditionary legends. It was, in fact, Edward Wortley Montagu, son of the witty Lady Mary, who eloped from his parents, and voluntarily took upon himself the sable garb of sweephood: in this state, he was accidentally met in the street by a friend of his family, and taken back to the fearful pains of cleanliness and opulence. Such, at least, Master Edward appears to have considered them; for he shortly after disappeared again, went to sea in the lowest capacity, and throughout his life continued to give evidence of that eccentricity which dictated his first choice of a profession. The taste of Bampfylde Moore Carew, who fled from the elegancies of polished life, to indulge in the vagrant habits of a gipsy, may be easily understood, if not commended; but a romantic predilection for groping up chimneys, an enthusiastic longing for kybed-heels, bleared eyes, and a blackened visage, betrays a state of intellect something beyond singularity, and likely to terminate in the crazy. Some respect, however, is due to the memory of the erratic Edward Montagu, he having been the first European child on whom was tried the experiment of inoculation; an ordeal to which his mother nobly devoted him, when she had made discovery of the invaluable practice at Constantinople.

Nor was Mrs. Montague the only philanthropist who, in former days, has been noted for a considerate hospitality to the forlorn race of Sweeps. Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful essays, tells a pleasant anecdote of his eccentric friend, "Jem White," who, on each return of the far-famed fair of St. Bartholomew, was wont to give a "solemn supper" (the chief ingredient of which was sausages of local celebrity) to the sooty juveniles of the metropolis. Cards of invitation were despatched in due time previously, and on the appointed day, "the great, the important day," the humorous host himself, supported by Lamb, and another friend, officiated as master of the ceremonies. Much sober jest and mock solemnity were observed, in order to give a zest of contrast to the feast; but the substantials were plentifully provided—"the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials," and all was done in honour, not in scorn.

But although a holiday and a plentiful repast are, doubtless, always welcome to hungry, hard-working boys, anywhere or under any circumstances, we confess to a decided preference for the present custom of taking the young revellers somewhat beyond the immediate dominions of the brick-and-mortar demon. A walk to some suburban place of entertainment suffices to give them at least a draught of unadulterated air; nor will we, in cowardly fear of the cuckoo-cry of cockneyism, shirk mention of the beautiful scenery in the direction of the "Sister Hills" (as Thomson calls them), Hampstead and Highgate. (Cease further to impede the poor man's access to them, ye pitiless or unreflecting path-stoppers! "Rest, perturbed spirits, rest!") Novelty gives life to everything; and without supposing a troop of Sweep-boys to speculate deeply on their sources of enjoyment, we may yet admit a hope that on emerging from their noisome prison, and bathing their liberated spirits in the bluer ether, they are not insensible to the spirit of Milton's lines, although utterly uncognisant of the lines themselves, in which the poet describes the purified and joyous sensations of "one, who long in populous city pent," throws its noise and cares behind him for a time, and eagerly imbibes the bliss that breathes from the beauteous face of nature, and the objects of rural life.

Trivial, indeed, as the deprivation may be deemed comparatively, it has ever appeared to us, who daily find our original yearning for a freer enjoyment of the country grow upon us with our growing years, to be one of the minor evils in the lot of those myriads, both male and female, who are steeped in poverty—(and poverty-created vice)—in this portentous town, that seldom do they, from one year's end to the other, see the face of nature in its verdant beauty: everywhere and

at all times are they surrounded with bricks—bricks—evermore bricks! An occasional intercourse with the country seems as necessary to purify the spirit, as water to cleanse the body. It is pleasant, with this feeling, to encounter, as one may occasionally, the ragged denizens of Drury Lane or Whitechapel in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Wood or Dulwich; they are almost always boys, however, and furnish but a slight exception to the general rule. Much is effected for the amelioration of this grievance, as regards the north and west of London, by the various parks in those directions. But look at that arid desert, the east! What benevolent Genii, in the form of government, millionaires, or corporation, will pity the murky fate of those forlorn ones, aliens, for the most part, to the peace and health-giving smiles of the common parent?—This "babble of green fields," it must be admitted, is not precisely in the bond that tasks us to talk of Chimney-Sweeps; yet did it spring spontaneously from the subject, and may not be altogether irrelevant to it. What we urge for the poor generally, we would be understood to urge in particular for our more immediate client, the Chimney-Sweep.

In illustration of the strange union of strength and weakness, benevolence and apathy, in the human character, we may note that few will give themselves the little additional trouble of engaging a Master-Sweep, who uses the machine for cleansing chimneys; yet most persons take sufficient interest in the little fellow who comes as its substitute, to question him in reference to his treatment. —By-the-bye, we have never been able to gather, from our enquiries among housekeepers, why these said machines have not been taken into more general use, as surely they might be, although, in many of the older houses, their application is impracticable. Is it hatred of innovation? Is it that the present practice appears more picturesque? Or is it that the early ring of the tiny operator imparts an agreeable zest to the downy pillow?—No; to neither of these causes can we fairly attribute the circumstance:—the cause potential is, no doubt, the influence of the unctuous, torpid demon, who, under his milder designations of indolence, thoughtlessness, and various other titles, all too good for him, is so apt to fetter our better resolutions—who has not, indeed, spared even the good-natured determination of 'Liza (*ci-devant* Betty), the housemaid, who went to bed vowing she would not let the poor boy stand a minute at the door in the morning, and yet, for the last half-hour has tossed and tumbled in broken slumber, affecting to herself not to hear him; and, at last, giving token of sympathy only by murmuring, "Deuce take that Sweep; he's rung three

times! If I was sure mistress would not hear, I'd let him stand another hour, for his impudence." Ay, 'Liza; but we trust that mistress will hear, and master too; and hear also the still small voice within, which, in tones somewhat more plaintive than those of the jingling wire they have been listening to (although that has its pathos, when we see who puts it in motion), says to them, "What a dreadful trade is this for a child to follow! How should we like it for one of our own? Can we not contribute our mite to its extinction?—Yes; next time the chimneys are to be swept, we will certainly take the trouble of finding out a master, even if we advertise for him, who uses nothing but the machine."

A truce, however, with the shadier side of this naturally shady topic. The subject has its streaks of cheering light, and let us not unfaithfully or churlishly fail to notice and enjoy them. We have said that people inquire anxiously in general, of the juvenile Sweeps, how they are treated; and we have been assured by a friend, who has several times heard the question put, that the reply has always been satisfactory: that they have spoken favourably of their masters and mistresses, and seemed, upon the whole, contented with their lot. The experience, however, of any individual, must necessarily be little, with reference to the general question. All things, too, are estimated relatively (Goldsmith's inimitable story of the "Disabled Soldier" will furnish some useful hints on this subject); and what may appear good treatment to a forlorn little wretch, brought up, or rather dragged up, as the human material usually is of which Sweeps are finally composed, would probably seem dreadfully severe to the happier offspring of comfort and affluence. A ludicrous instance of something more than content with his profession, in one of the sooty tribe, occurred, however, to a second friend of ours—no other, indeed, than the artist who, in this favoured arena, takes off the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE" so much to their comfort and satisfaction. This gentleman was, some years since, employed upon a portrait in the house of a sitter, when a youthful Sweep, who had also been paying a professional visit, passed through the room. With boyish curiosity, he ventured to peep over the shoulder of the artist, and stood earnestly gazing at the performance. This naturally excited attention; and our gratified friend, turning round to his supposed admirer, said to him, "Well, my man, should you like to be a painter?" "I don't know," replied his little irreverence, after a few moments' consideration; "I don't know;—I think I should like my own business better."

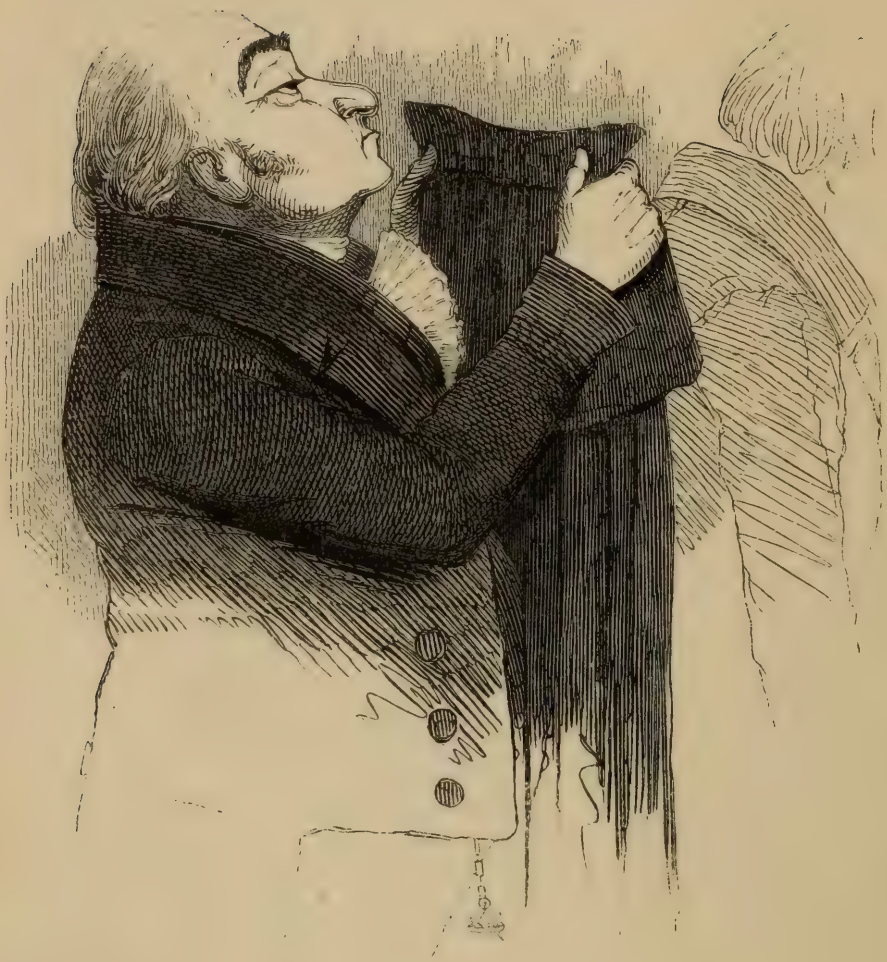
Here, perhaps, we have an exemplification of Hamlet's philosophy: "Better to bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." This sable contemner of the fine arts (for, highly as he appreciated his own, we can hardly admit it to be one of the number) had possibly heard of the proverbial poverty of poets, and may have taken upon him rashly to conclude that artists were birds of a plumage congenially bare. Yet, even on this ground, there was no occasion for so much proud vaunting. "Time and chance happen to all men." Even sweeps may live to bewail the curse of poetic pockets: indeed, we can produce proof of the humiliating fact. Two credible witnesses (also in the roll of our acquaintance) were recently walking along Southampton Row, when they passed two young Sweeps in earnest conference: the question propounded by one of the interlocutors our informants did not catch, but this awful replication struck full upon their startled ears:—"No, I can't do that, Jem, 'cause I have n't no *l' argent;*" the foreign term being pronounced with a laudable effort to achieve the genuine French accent. —A sweep with no *l' argent!*—"Think of that, Master Brook," and blush hereafter to lament thy own petty modicum of life's annoyances.

It is gratifying to record light anecdotes connected with this unpromising theme; yet must they not be permitted to estrange us from a steady consideration of its general bearing. That Sweeps' apprentices are still liable to dreadful ill-treatment, appears from a case that lately came before the magistrates of one of the metropolitan police-offices. A man named Devow was brought up for brutally using a boy, eight years of age, who had been bound to him. The little sufferer had taken refuge with a female relative. He stated, that shortly after he had been consigned to the prisoner by his mother, he became so severely crippled with chilblains, that he could with difficulty crawl about: his feet, indeed, were in so terrible a state at the time of his escape, that a surgeon declared that a little further delay would have been productive of mortification. The child added, that, in consequence of his inability to go up chimneys, his master had frequently beaten him with a wire-brush; and he bore marks of this cruel treatment in various parts of his thin and delicate person. It is due to truth to state, that seldom indeed does a series of barbarous treatment to dependents, or a case of ferocious assault, whatever its nature, meet with anything like adequate punishment: (see the newspapers, *passim*). There is an extreme lenity among magistrates generally, in matters of this nature, that is altogether grievous and unaccountable. The offender, however, in the present instance, did not escape so easily

as might have been expected: he was fined five pounds for the assault, and in default of payment, committed to prison for two months. It was also ordered that he should be proceeded against for having infringed the act of parliament which forbids the taking of Sweeps' apprentices under ten years of age. The chivalrous Devow is thus performing inadequate penance in durance vile: had he, however, been a respectable member of the class—*i. e.*, able to throw down five sovereigns, accompanied with some remark of vulgar insolence—it is greatly to be feared that he might at this moment be smoking a consoling pipe in the sanctuary hallowed by his household gods.

The statute just alluded to was passed in 1834; it was consequent on the proceedings of a parliamentary committee, and contains many humane and judicious provisions. The boys must all, as before stated, be above ten years of age at the time of being apprenticed; and the masters must be householders. Forcing or persuading a boy to ascend a flue when on fire is forbidden, under penalty of indictment for a misdemeanor. The binding is to take place before two justices, after two months' trial of the business by the boy; the justices, of course, to withhold their consent, if he express reluctance to be apprenticed. The act also prescribes the mode in which chimnies are in future to be built or altered.

So far well; but why not provide at once, that in all chimneys so constructed as to admit the free use of the machine, no boy shall be allowed to operate? The custom may be reformed indifferent well; but why not reform it altogether? Let us hope that it will speedily retreat before the advancing footsteps of moral and physical science. The avocation of a Chimney-Sweep is well known to generate peculiar maladies of a terrible description; and it is accompanied with circumstances of inevitable suffering and degradation, from which, even where the victims are insensible to them, we should endeavour to protect all human beings (especially the tender juveniles), for the honour of our common nature. Let us be permitted, then, unblamed, to take leave of the subject, with the expression of a hope that it will not much longer continue to furnish a subject for either writer, artist, or legislator. Great and little monstrosities are alike gradually departing. The present generation has smiled indulgently on "the last of the Pigtails;" and we would fain anticipate for our successors a vision far more joyous to the quickening eye of glad humanity—"THE LAST OF THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS!"



THE UNDERTAKER.

The sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

BLAIR.

THE UNDERTAKER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

No man (that is, no tradesman) has a more exquisite notion of the outward proprieties of life—of all its external decencies, luxuries, and holiday show-making,—than your Undertaker. With him, death is not death, but, on the contrary, a something to be handsomely appointed and provided for; to be approached with the deference paid by the trader to the buyer, and treated with an attention, a courtesy, commensurate with the probability of profit. To the Undertaker, death is not a ghastly, noisome thing; a hideous object to be thrust into the earth; the companion of corruption; the fellow of the worm: not it! Death comes to the Undertaker, especially if he bury in high life, a melancholy coxcomb, curious in the web of his winding-sheet, in the softness of his last pillow, in the crimson or purple velvet that shall cover his oaken couch, and in more than all, particular in the silver-gilt nails, the plates, and handles, that shall decorate it. A sense of profit in the Undertaker wholly neutralises the terrible properties of death; for, to him, what is another corpse but another customer?

"Of course, sir," says Mandrake, taking orders for a funeral,—"Of course, sir, you'll have feathers?"

"Indeed, I—I see no use in feathers," replies the bereaved party, whose means are scarcely sufficient for the daily necessities of the living; "no use at all."

"No feathers, sir!" says Mandrake, with a look of pitying wonder. "Why, excuse me, sir, but—really—you would bury a servant without feathers."

"Well, if you think them necessary,"——

"Necessary! No respectable person can be buried without feathers," says Mandrake; and (wise dealer!) he touches the chord of worldly pride, and feathers make part of the solemnity. "Then, sir, for mutes; you have mutes, doubtless?"

"I never could understand what service they were," is the answer.

"Oh, dear sir!" cries Mandrake; "not understand! Consider the look of the thing! You would bury a pauper, sir, without mutes."

"I merely want a plain, respectable funeral, Mr. Mandrake."

"Very true, sir; therefore, you must have mutes. What is the expense, sir? Nothing, in comparison with the look of the thing."

"I always thought it worse than useless to lavish money upon the dead; so, everything very plain, Mr. Mandrake."

"I shall take care, sir; depend upon me, sir: everything shall be of the most comfortable kind, sir. And now, sir, for the choice of ground;" and hereupon, Mr. Mandrake lays upon the table a plan of the churchyard, probably divided into three separate parts for the accommodation of the different ranks of the dead. "Now, sir, for the ground."

"Is there any choice?"

"Decidedly, sir. This is what we call the first ground; a charming, dry, gravelly soil: you may go any depth in it, sir,—any depth, sir; dry, sir, dry as your bed. This is the second ground; a little damper than the first, certainly; but still, some respectable persons do bury there." On this, Mr. Mandrake folds up the plan.

"Well, but the third ground. That is, I suppose, the cheapest?"

"Clay, sir; clay! Very damp, indeed;—you would n't like it;—in winter extremely wet."

"Still, if the price be much lower than either of the others,"——

"Very true, sir; it is, and properly so; or how would the very poor people be able to bury at all? You may, of course, sir, do as you please; but nearly all respectable families bury in the first ground. If it were my own case, I should say the first ground—such gravel, sir!"

"Well, I suppose it must be so."

"You would n't like any other; depend upon it, sir, you would n't. The first ground, then, sir;" and Mr. Mandrake departs, self-satisfied that, for the look of the thing,—for merely the sake of his customer's respectability,—he has induced him to order feathers, mutes, and the first ground.

And in all this dealing what part of it has Death? Alack! the feathers are not borne before his cold, white face; the mutes march not with solemn step to do him reverence; the fine, dry, gravelly bed is not for the ease of death's pithless bones; they would rest as well in the third ground as the first. No; the trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living: the Undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead. It is the living who crave for plumes, for nails, double gilt,—for all the outward show of wealth and finery. Pride takes death, and, for its especial purpose, tricks

it out in the frippery of life. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre; nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." Hence, the Undertaker.

Let us, however, follow Mr. Mandrake through his daily solemnity. Let us attend him to the house of mourning; let us go with him on the day when he who was the very heart of that house is to be carried forth to the churchyard. For a time, the Undertaker takes possession of the miserable homestead. He is the self-created lord of its hospitality. It is he who stands the master of the mansion, and does its melancholy honours. With what grim urbanity he hands about the cake and wine! How he presses refreshment upon the heart-broken; how, as merely a matter of business, he proffers it to the mourners by invitation! His words, few and significant, come in whispers, and he treads the carpet as though he walked on flowers. Nor are his attentions confined to the relatives and friends of the dead: no, he has a keen anxiety for the wants of his vassals. The mutes, two breathing, half-crown images of deepest woe at the door, must, to support their load of sorrow, be plied with cake and alcohol; the coachmen cannot look sufficiently serious without their customary fluid; and the bearers, that they may stand manfully beneath their burthen, must nerve their hearts with potent gin.

The funeral is over, the cloaks are gathered up, the hatbands adjusted, the Undertaker and his servants have departed, and nought remains of the solemnity save—the bill! That is, in due time, presented; and—happy is the Undertaker above all the race of trading men—his commodities, as provided and supplied, defy the voice of cavil. His articles, six, eight, ten feet below the earth, are not to be questioned. He boldly charges for the "best mattress and pillow;" for the grass has begun to grow above them, or the mason has built them over, and who shall doubt their quality? The "*best* mattress!" What a melancholy satire in the superlative, when we think of the head of clay, the limbs of earth disposed upon it! And then, "To a stout, handsome elm coffin;" its durability and beauty insisted upon with a flourish, as if it were a thing made and adorned to endure for ever; a precious chest provided for the judgment. Then follows, "To the use of the best black silk velvet pall," and the "feathers," and the "cloaks," and the "hearse," and the "coaches," and all that may be truly said to belong to the living; the mattress, the shroud, and the "handsome elm," being, indeed,

the only things that can be honestly charged to the account of the dead.

But we are speaking of the funerals of the rich, or, at least, of those to whom death is not made more ghastly, more bitter, more agonising, by poverty. Such shows are made impressive by the worldly cunning of the dealer in coffins. How black, and fat, and shining, the horses! how richly caparisoned! what fine, heavy, massive plumes! How the hearse nods from its roof! What an army of pages! And then, after the twenty mourning coaches, what a line of private carriages, sent by their owners as representatives of their love and respect to the departed. All this makes a touching sight; we are profoundly moved by this union of earth's wealth and earth's nothingness; this meeting of human glory and human meanness; this shaking hands of stark corruption and high-crested pride. Yes; there is in the sight food for meditation,—serious matter suggestive of solemn thoughts; and yet, what are these brave shows of death to the miserable, squalid obsequies of the poor?

It is the sabbath in London. Streams of people pour along the streets; everybody wears a brightened face; the whole metropolis makes cheerful holiday. All things move, and look, and sound of life, and life's activities. Careless talk and youthful laughter are heard as we pass: man seems immortal in his very ease. Creeping through the throng, comes the poor man's funeral train: look at the Undertaker marshalling the way. Is he the same functionary who handed cake and wine—who deferentially assisted at the fitting of the mourning gloves—who tied on the cloak; or, who noiselessly entered the room, and, ere the screws were turned, with a face set for the occasion, and a voice pitched to the sadness of his purpose, begged to know if "it was the wish,—before—before—" and then shrunk aside, as some one or two rushed in agony of heart to take a farewell look? Is it the same Undertaker—is it even a bird of the same sable feather? Scarcely; for see how he lounges along the path: his head is cast aside, and there is in every feature the spirit of calculation. What is he thinking of,—the train he leads?—the part he plays in the festival of death? No: he is thinking of his deals at home—of the three other buryings his men are attending for him—of his chances of payment—of the people who have passed their word in security for part of the money for the present funeral—of the lateness of the hour—of his tea, that will be waiting for him ere the burying be done. How sad, how miserable the train that follows! The widow and her children: what efforts have been made—what future privations entailed, by the purchase of the

mourning that covers them! Here is death in all his naked horror; with nought to mask his unsightliness—nothing to lessen the blow; here, indeed, he rends the heart-strings, and there is no medicine in fortune, no anodyne to heal the wounds. Follow the mourners from the church-yard home. Home!—A place of desolation; a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard. It is in the poor man's house that the dart of death is sharpest—that terror is added to the king of terrors. It is there that he sets up his saddest scutcheon in the haggard looks of the widow—in the pallid faces of the fatherless.

There is another funeral in which the Undertaker performs a double office. How often do we see him sauntering dreamily along, bearing on his shoulder the "baby bud"—the youngling that seemed born only to die. Noisy, laughing children play before and about him, as the Undertaker steadily pursues his way; the itinerant tradesman shouts at his ear, and all the noise, the stir, and bustle of unceremonious, working-day life, goes on around him, as, followed by the heart-broken mother, and some solitary friend, he carries to churchyard earth—what? The last covering of an immortal spirit—the fleshly garment of one of God's angels.

The pauper's funeral has its Undertaker: an easy, careless, unpretending person; for at such a ceremonial, there is no need of even professional gravity. Rough, parish deals, put in no equal claim with "fine elm, covered with superfine black cloth;" the rag that swathes the beggar has not the "magic in its web" woven in the shrouds of corpses of respectability. No man puts on mourning for the pauper, nor should he. For, at his grave, humanity should rejoice—should feel a solemn gladness. Poor wretch! at length he has tricked the trickster, Fortune: he has shuffled off his worldly squalor, that, like a leprosy, parted him from healthy men; he is no longer the despised tatterdemalion—the outcast, the offal of the human kind. He has taken high promotion: he has escaped from the prison of this world, and is in the illimitable country of the dead. There he has rare companionship: he is with Solomon and Paul—with "the man of Uz"—with Lazarus and Saint John! He, who, a week since, was a workhouse drudge, is now equal with any of the line of Pharoah! Thus thinking, the rough-hewn deals of the pauper become rich as the cedar coffins of the royal dead: the beggar rots in his rags, yet shares he the self-same fate as spice-embalmed kings.

The Undertaker is sometimes called upon to make up by one great show—by the single pageant of an hour—for the neglect and misery shewn and inflicted for years by the living to the

dead. How many a poor relation has pined and died in a garret, disregarded by wealthy kindred, who profusely lavish upon clay what they denied to beating flesh and blood. How many a worthy soul, doomed, by the apathy of relatives, to a thread-bare coat, has his coffin covered with superfine black cloth, at their most special request? He, who has been made prisoner to his wretched hearth by his napless hat, shall have plumes borne before him to his grave; and he, the penniless, who yearned for out-door air, yet had no limbs to bear him across the threshold, shall be carried in a hearse and four to his grave, with mourning coaches to follow. When death strikes the neglected relative—the poor man of worth and genius,—kindred and admirers send in the Undertaker to make amends for past coldness. Some of the money might have been better laid out with the vendors of creature-comforts; but no matter, let there be no stint of expense to the man who deals in hoods and scarfs, and the loan of the best pall. A few pounds might have soothed the last hours of the departed, stung, it may be, into death by the threats of creditors—the gentle process of the law.—That, however is not to be thought of; there is now no fear of a prison for the defunct, so, Mr. Undertaker, be sure that his coffin is of the very best and stoutest elm.

> "And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
> Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow."

The Undertaker comes in at the last to hush up all former indifference, all past neglect, to make all things even with a splendid funeral, and to bury the deceased, and the memory of his wrongs, handsomely together. Then comes the hypocrisy of the mourning, the outward sign of the inward heartbreaking, made manifest by many flounces, for one, if acknowledged at all, acknowledged as a family annoyance, whilst upon earth, though deeply regretted in many yards of crape and bombasin since he has been laid under it.

The Undertaker is now and then required to make due reparation to the self-wronged. When the muckworm, who has starved his bowels, and kept bare his back, that he might die worth some darling amount, is called from a world he knew not how to enjoy, it is pleasant to see the Undertaker lavish on the carcase of the miser all the sombre glories of his craft. We feel a kind of satisfaction at the expensive revenge taken upon his clay for all its former penury; we chuckle at the costliness with which the dead hunks is dished up for the worms; we acknowledge in the lengthy bill of the Undertaker a proper and piquant retribution on the money-clutching deceased. A few weeks ago was buried Mr. Skinpenny: he died

worth half a million. A fortnight only before he was shovelled into the earth, he pathetically remonstrated with his profligate son on his reckless mode of poking the fire. No money could stand such an outlay for fuel.

"Well, but father," said the spendthrift, "the weather is extremely cold, and what am I to do?"

"Do, sir!" exclaimed the thrifty sire; "look here, sir, see what I do—see what I endure to save fourpence." On which Mr. Skinpenny twitched the wristband of his shirt from below his cuff, and shewed that the garment had been vigilantly guarded from the hands of the laundress for many a week. The pleasant part remains to be told: the funeral of Skinpenny cost exactly one hundred pounds. We have only to add a wish, that, as his ghost seated itself in the boat of Charon, and after due chaffering paid its fare, the eternal waterman, ere he landed the thin shade, clapt into its hand the bill of Deathshead, Crossbones and Company, for the burial of its flesh. To be doomed to read such a bill, and nothing but the bill, for a handfull of ages, would, we conceive, be a very proper purgatory for the soul of a miser, who, shivering in rags whilst he lived, had been buried in fine linen and superfine black when a carcase.

There are some men, who, passing for dullards all their life, have had a joke at their funerals; they have, in anticipation, enjoyed their posthumous wit, and been content to live upon the humour of the future. It is only a short time since that we read of the funeral of an Italian wag, who gave it in strict charge, that certain torches, made under his own inspection, and carefully preserved for the ceremony, should be used in his funeral procession. The man died, the torches were lighted, the procession, composed of the sorrowing and the grave, was formed, and proceeded to the tomb. At a certain time, the torches having burned down to the combustibles, squibs, crackers, and other holiday fireworks, exploded from the funeral lights, to the fear and astonishment of the people. How often had the deceased, at the time a clod of clay, laughed and hugged himself at the explosion! How many times had he, in fact, enjoyed his own funeral! However, he must have died in good odour with the Church, or else, how easy for her cowled and bare-footed sons to have found in the squibs and crackers, a supernatural manifestation of the whereabout of the soul of the departed.

The Emperor Maximilian I. took, as we conceive, very unnecessary pains to shew, when dead, the nothingness of human nature. He ordered his hair to be cut off, and his teeth to be ground to powder, and publicly burnt. He also ordered that his body, after

due exposure, should be put into a sack of quicklime, covered with taffeta and white damask, laid in a coffin, and buried under the altar of St. George, in the church of the palace of Neustadt; the head and heart of the emperor being so situated that the officiating priest should tread upon them. This is the very trick of bigotry: the tyrant, during his life, walks over living heads and hearts, and thinks he makes all quit with heaven if he give his dust to be trod upon by Mother Church!

As we have dealt with melancholy,—have written in the shade through several pages,—we will wind up with a piece of humour which, were it generally followed, would, at least, have this good:—it would make needless funereal hypocrisy, and render burials ingenuous and truthful ceremonies. We quote from the "Choix de Testamens, Anciens et Modernes," this, the most wise and hearty last will of one Louis Cortusio, a doctor of Padua, dated 1418.

The testator forbids his friends to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited; and, on the contrary, appoints him who shall laugh the loudest his principal heir and universal legatee. Not a piece of black is to be seen in his house or in the church when he is to be buried; but both are to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. There is to be no tolling of bells; but his corpse is to be carried to church accompanied by fifty minstrels sounding their lutes, violins, flutes, hautboys, and trumpets; and "Hallelujah" is to be sung as at after Easter. The bier, covered with a shirt of different sparkling colours, is to be carried by twelve marriageable girls, clothed in green, and singing lively airs; to whom the testator leaves a dowry. Instead of torches, green boughs are to be carried by boys and girls wearing coronets of flowers, and singing in chorus. The clergy, with the monks and nuns (at least, those orders who do not wear black), to follow in procession. We have only to add (and we write it to the honour of the judicial powers of Padua), that the orders of the defunct were carried into effect. May the earth rest lightly on thee, Louis Cortusio!

We have but one quaint anecdote of an Undertaker: being, however, something in a kindred spirit to the humour of the doctor of Padua, it must be given. The Undertaker lost his wife. "I wear black," quoth he, "for strangers; how shall I shew my mourning for the partner of my bosom?" A lucky thought fell upon the man of sables: he changed his garments of black for raiment of snowy white. From hat to shoes was the Undertaker clothed in candid array. We have heard of crows as white as whitest swans: can they be crows that have lost their mates?



THE POSTMAN.

I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE POSTMAN.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Herald of joy—messenger of evil! Daily terror—hourly hope! Now, one deputed from the gods; and now, the envoy of pain, and poverty, and death. Each and all of these is the unconscious Postman. In the round of one morning he may stand at fifty thresholds, the welcome bringer of blessed news,—the long-hoped, long-prayed for carrier of good tidings,—and the dismal tale-bearer, the ambassador of woe. The Postman deals his short, imperative knock, and the sound shall, like a fairy spell, as quickly call a face of hopeful gladness to the door: he passes to the next house, and his summons makes the anxious soul within quail and quake with apprehension. He is, indeed, a stout, a happy man, whose heart has never shrunk at the knock of the Postman.

We meet the Postman in his early walk: he is a familiar object,—a social common-place, tramping through mud, and snow, and drenching rain, and withering cold, the drudge of all weathers; and we scarcely heed the value of his toil,—rarely consider the daily treasure of which he is the depository and the dealer forth. We speak of treasure in its highest meaning; eschewing all notice of bank notes, and bills, and cheques, wherewith the Postman is daily trusted: we confine ourselves to the more precious records of the heart; to the written communings of affection; the kind remembrances, the yearnings of the absent; the hopes of the happy; and the more sacred sorrows of the unfortunate. Look at that little bundle of letters grasped by the Postman. Who shall guess the histories that are there!—histories more deep, more touching, than many on the shelves of libraries; writing, albeit the authorship of the poor and ignorant, that in its homely truth shall shame the laboured periods of fashionable quill-cutters. Sally Robins writes home to say, that John Thomson is a very proper young man; and that, if father and mother have no objection, she thinks she can persuade herself to become Mrs. Thomson. Give us that letter for a piece of wholesome nature, a bit of simple feeling, before any set of three volumes by Lady Pickansteal, even with the illustration of

her ladyship's portrait, *built* by Parris, with the hat, weeping-willow feather, bouquet, velvet and all to match. The Postman is the true publisher: his tales are verities; his romances, things of life: besides, in his case, though penned by right honourable ladies and gentlemen, the wares he deals in are delivered without any improvement by foreign hands, to their readers. Thus considered, the Postman's diurnal budget is the history of much of human life; the written pictures of its hopes, wants, follies, virtues, crimes; of its pettiest and most fleeting ceremonies, as of its highest and most enduring aspirations.

The Postman's packet is before us. In what close companionship are the lowly and the great! Here is a letter to his Grace, and over it a missive from Molly the scullion: look we immediately behind the duke, and we find the epistle of Dicky the groom. Try lower down: what have we here? The humble petition of an old constituent to a place-giving politician, backed by a letter from Epsom, penned by a professor of the thimble rig! What next? Alack, the profanation! Behind the pea-and-thimble varlet, lies the pastoral note of the meek Bishop of Orangeton to a minister of state. In the rear of the bishop—oh, for a pound of civet!—lurks the agonising correspondence of a heart-stricken opera dancer. Here is a position—here a jumble! Oh, for a peep at the contents of only two of the last three letters! That it should be felony to break a seal, and in spite of such provocation! Otherwise, what various views of life might we not enjoy from them? How beautifully should we find the trickery of the trading gambler relieved by the gentleness, virtue, and political piety of the senatorial bishop! True it is, that we have a sort of half-reverence for the professor of the pea-and-thimble, on account of the remoteness of his origin. It is not generally known (except, perhaps, to losers), that the pea-and-thimble man comes from the country of the crocodile, being, as proved by the learned Mr. Lane, descended from the sons of ancient Egypt. Nevertheless, their several letters opened, we know, we feel, that we should turn with disgust from the sharper of the race-course, to melt and glow with admiration at party episcopacy—at the lordly shepherd smelling of the imperial parliament.

But we have not time to go through all our Postman's bundle; we must not dwell among the lovers, lawyers, contrabandists, merchants, gossips, philosophers (for there shall, in so thick a budget, be one or two of such rare fowl), hucksters, sharpers, moralists, quacks and dupes, peaceably bound together by the Postman's string, and each and all waiting serenely for their delivery. Looked

upon as the emanations, the representatives of their separate writers, what a variety of purpose, what many-coloured means, and nearly all to arrive at the same common end! Could we have more curious reading, than by taking letter by letter, and so going through the whole Babel of contents? To light now upon the doating ravings of an absent swain, and now upon the peremptoriness of a vigilant attorney! Eternal love, and instant payment! Dim visions of Hymen and the turnkey; the wedding ring and the prison bolt! Next, to come upon the sinful secrets of the quiet, excellent, respectable man; the worthy soul, ever virtuous because never found out: to unearth the hypocrite from folded paper, and see all his iniquity blackening in a white sheet! And then, to fall upon a piece of simple goodness; a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful, unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature; a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth: a writing that, in the recollection that it leaves, shall be an amulet against the sickness of uncharitable thoughts, when judging man at his worst, remembering still the good of which he is capable. Yes, a most strange volume of real life is the daily packet of the Postman!

The letter-carrier himself may be said to be deficient of any very striking characteristic, any peculiar recommendation as a national portrait; in himself he is, indeed, a common-place: he is only for the time being elevated by our hopes and fears; only for the nonce the creature of our associations. We suffer the fever of anxiety for a letter, and the approaching Postman comes upon us a very different person from him who passed our window a week ago. In the intensity of our expectation, we almost make him a party to our gladness or our suffering: he has nothing for us, and inwardly we almost chide him for the disappointment; he seems leagued against us, and in our thoughts we reproach him for his unkindness. "Are you sure you have nothing?" we ask, as if almost petitioning his will to delight us; for a time, we seem to ourselves dependent upon his courtesy alone for a satisfying answer. We have a little story in illustration of the naturalness of this:—

A late friend of ours had long expected a letter—it came not. Day after day his handmaiden had seen the Postman pass the door. At length, the knock was heard—that heart-awakening sound, when so desired—the Postman's knock! Betty flew to the door, and as she took the letter, with vehement reproach addressed the unoffending carrier:—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Betty; "you know you ought—a good-for-nothing fellow!" "What 's the

matter?" asked the Postman, speaking through the silver in his mouth, and with his right hand dipping for change. "What's the matter, my dear?" "Don't dear me! You know you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the ancillary reply. "Why, what have I done?" urged the Postman. "Done!" echoed the maid, who then immediately crushed the culprit with a revelation of his iniquity; "here have you brought this letter, and only this morning!" "Well?" "Well, indeed! and my poor dear master expected it three weeks ago." Betty felt assured that the delay rested with the Postman; that he alone was chargeable with the disappointment. Wiser folks than Betty have been tempted to do the letter-carrier a like passing wrong.

We have said the Postman was with us a common-place; and yet, in the very regularity of his calls may we see the highest triumphs of civilisation. How he keeps man knit to man; what interests he upholds; how he connects, and makes voluble, absent hearts; how, through him all the corners of the earth hold discourse with one another! The Postman with us is a daily fate: nought stops him; he walks, and walks, and for ever walks, knocking and dealing forth his many missives, in fair weather and in tempest, in scorching sun and nipping frost. In the remote habitations of man, the Postman is, indeed, invested with more romantic attributes; he is not a dweller among the people, but a fitful and uncertain visitor. The letter-carrier to the few denizens of a Canadian forest, is of far higher mark than the Postman in Cheapside. He who brings news to the wilderness, comes a more eventful courier than he who delivers tidings from the log-hut to men in towns. *They* are living in the hurly of life: to them there can come at best but quiet news; tidings of hewing and clearing; of corn sown, sows farrowed, and poultry hatched. To the exile in the woods, the letter-carrier brings with the news of cities, old recollections touching to dwell upon, thoughts of old habits not yet quite flung off, memories of old and early friends, with all the noise, and stir, and goodly glittering show, that once made up a hopeful existence—was once the day-dream of the reader's life. We can see such a man, can behold the emigrant in the very heart of the wilderness, leaning against a tree. The pines felled about him bear witness to his sinewy arm, and yet his hand shakes as with palsy at an opened sheet of paper. In the depth of the forest; in its solemn silence, only broken by the leap of the squirrel or the cry of the jay; in a solitude and stillness so profound and so still that there a man might hear his own heart beat;—the emigrant, gazing on the letter, sees amidst his tears the houses of England, her old,

remembered streets, a hundred well-known faces, and hears long since forgotten, old familiar sounds. Is this a fancy-picture, reader? Never believe it; for men of self-deemed granite, cut off from men, find, to their own astonishment, that they still are tearful flesh. We must, however, turn from all picturesque couriers; from the letter-carrier through swamps and woods; the Arab, dromedary-mounted; and the Tartar on his arrowy steed,—to return to the wayfarer of British streets, the English Postman.

Though his calling be, in truth, of the humblest sort, we do not look upon it as altogether menial. The cause of this is probably to be found in the various feelings of hope and fear which it is his function at times to awaken in us. Though, indeed, nothing more than a light porter, still, the precious things revealed to us by the little packets he is charged with for us, endow him with a consequence independent of his mere employment. He is, we know, with his masters a man of trust; but he is something more to us; he is so mingled with our happy and fearful expectations, that we wholly forget the money-letters every day entrusted to him, in our thoughts of the missives beyond all purchase which he sometimes brings us. If we may here say a word for the Twopenny Postman, we will denounce his livery: it is more a badge of mere servitude, than a uniform denoting office. We would have him a thought more gallantly appointed, or at once relieve him of the scurvy cuffs and collar with which, in either the bad taste or the worse economy of the Post Office, he is now branded. The suit of scarlet, we own, befits a Postman: there is an importance, a blazonry in it, in proper harmony with the bringer of news. This is as we would have it; nor are we certain that we should object to the assumption, on the part of the General, of a more noticeable beaver—say, a beaver of three angles, gold-lace bound. As it is, however, the General is outwardly a man of mark; his coming is to be seen afar off: but for the Twopenny, he may pass obscurely in a crowd; or, if he carry no distinguishing bundle of letters, be irreverently mistaken for the vassal of a suburban apothecary,—yearning for a footman, coquetting with a livery. Perish such invidious distinctions between Generals and Twopences!

Postmen (we speak particularly of Twopenny) are happy in their vocation: it secures them against all the manifold ills of a sedentary life; and their minds, continually engaged in the light, though sometimes difficult, reading of superscriptions, must necessarily be at once enlarged and strengthened by the practice. Cobblers and tailors are said to be addicted to politics, and, consequently, treason: this

disposition has, by some philosophers, been traced to the in-door habits of the craftsmen, to their sedentary and cross-legged positions, all favourable to inward brooding, and, thereby, to discontent. Far different is the Postman: he literally walks through life; absolutely knocks through a whole existence, transacting small government bargains, with no time to sit or stand and think of the iniquities, real or imaginary, of his political masters. We never heard of a Postman being concerned in a conspiracy; whilst what tongue has strength enough to count the cobblers? Again, if the Postman start in life with a dapper figure, shall he not be slim and elegant to the last? Is he not certain of carrying to the grave his original greyhound outline? Gout shuns him; corpulency visits him not; whilst exercise crowns him with all its gifts, and claims the Postman as its own!

The Postman rarely knocks at the doors of the very poor; and when, perchance, he stands at the threshold of the indigent, it is too often to demand a sacrifice. The letter that he proffers must, perhaps, be purchased at the price of a dinner: at any cost, however, the letter must be possessed; for it comes from one who, it may be, has been silent for years; a far-off son, a married daughter. To thousands, a letter is a forbidden luxury; an enjoyment not to be bought by those who daily struggle with the dearest necessities, and who, once severed from a long distant home, are mute because they cannot fee the post, and will not, must not, lay the tax on others wretched as themselves. How much seeming neglect may have originated in the want of the post office shilling!

Great was the delight—and then, no less the anxiety and disappointment—when, to the surprise of the neighbours, the Postman halted at the door of an old widow who, with her daughter, dwelt in a miserable hut on the outskirts of ———. The Postman, holding fast the letter, asked, "One shilling and a penny." There was but one person in the world who could send the dwellers in that hovel a letter, and he——

The widow's daughter sprang to the door, and, with her eyes flashing, and her face in a flame, almost snatched the missive from the hand of the bearer.

The Postman tightened his thumb and finger on the letter, and again asked, "One shilling and a penny."

The widow and her daughter looked at each other,—and then the old woman hobbled from the door, and burst into tears.

"I'll call again to-morrow," said the Postman; and he bore away the precious piece of paper.

On the next day, the Postman was at the door.—"One shilling and a penny."

What a paltry sum! and yet, since yesterday, what efforts had been made to obtain it. The girl had called on half-a-dozen neighbours: none could lend the money. The widow had for months been wellnigh bed-rid; and so her hovel had been stripped to meet the wants of her forlorn old age. The mill, too, had stopped work for some weeks: with all their sufferings, never had the widow and daughter been in such a strait.

"One shilling and a penny."—"Strange!" thinks the reader, "that there should be such a pother about so paltry a sum; that from a dozen neighbours, no such amount could be gathered as one shilling and a penny. It is incredible! impossible!"

Still the letter remained at the post office—and how, how to obtain it!

The village barber, Zachary Slum, was cross-grained, hump-backed, avaricious,—indeed, in the opinion of all who had the disadvantage of knowing him, there was no such ogre as Zachary Slum. He had long cast an affectionate—a longing eye on the charms of Molly: he had long hovered about her house, like an evil spirit, but had never been so constant in his visits as during the sickness of Molly's mother.

"And can you find it in your heart still to refuse me?" asked Zachary, looking languishingly upon Molly; "depend upon it, you don't know what's for your own good."

"I wonder at your impudence, Mr. Slum," cried Molly, who might as well have talked to one of the walnut-tree cherubs adorning the village pulpit; for the barber, still unmoved, puffed out his cheeks, and smiled and gazed admiringly.

"And you won't be persuaded, Molly?" persisted Slum, "there's no melting you!"

"I'd rather die first!" exclaimed Molly, colouring at the pertinacity of the grinning barber.

"And is your mother so very bad," cried Zachary, adroitly shifting the subject. "Poor old soul!—depend upon it, all she wants is a little chicken-broth; but then chickens are so dear."

"She has what the doctor bids her," answered Molly, moodily,—"I'll take care of that."

"But it's a dreadful thing to strip your house of all its little comforts; and, if you'll take my offer,—" and the barber leered.

"I won't," cried Molly, vehemently; "and there's an answer."

"A crown's a crown," said Zachary Slum; and filliping the coin with his thumb and finger, it flew up, glittering in the angry eyes of Molly. "A crown's a crown," repeated Zachary.

"I would n't, then, if you 'd give me five pounds," said Molly.

"You 'll think better of it," persisted the barber,—"you 'll not be such a fool to refuse such an offer," and Zachary turned from the door and limped away. Suddenly he stopped, and looking towards Molly, called her a proud, insolent hussey, and begged to ask her where she expected to go to. And then, the barber, believing that Molly would, at the last moment, relent, hobbled back to the door, flinging up the crown-piece and catching it, as he advanced. Just as he gained the threshold, and for the last time, was about to repeat his magnificent offer, Molly disappeared, and shut the door in Slum's face.

Zachary returned his crown-piece to his pocket with the air of a deeply-injured man; and at night, at "The Bundle of Hay," gave it as his unbiassed and most dispassionate opinion that, "Molly was the proudest, and most upstartest wench; and, if he knew what was what—and he had never been mistaken—would certainly come to no manner of good. "She had refused him, and that in the most impudent manner, what he had often had of her betters."

A fortnight only had elapsed since the repulse of Zachary Slum, when the Postman appeared with the letter.

"One shilling and a penny!"

For two days had Molly pondered on the means of possessing the precious, unexpected letter. Who could tell what wonderful news it might contain? Who could divine how much gladness might be had as payment of the postage—for "one shilling and a penny."

It was on the third morning, that the girl suddenly darted from the cottage. As she ran, her beautiful hair (for Molly's auburn locks were, indeed, most beautiful) streamed behind her; and still she ran, as one of the neighbours said, like mad.

And whither went she? Alack! To the shop of the barber, the tempting mercenary Zachary Slum.

In half-an-hour Molly returned to her mother. The old woman almost screamed when she beheld her. "Why, Molly, where hast been, and what hast done?" cried the old woman, snatching the bonnet from the girl's head.

Molly only answered, "here, Mother—here 's the letter."

The reader has seen how Molly was tempted by Zachary Slum, who, many a time had offered money for her beautiful long hair,—offered, only to be laughed at, chidden, refused. But now,—enough; Molly could bear no longer suspense; at any cost she must have that precious writing.

Molly, shorn of her locks, brought home the letter: the bribe of the barber had paid the Postman.



THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough.

SHAKSPEARE

THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal, and most people when they have called him a clown, or a country hob, think they have described him. If you see a picture of him, he is a long silly-looking-fellow, in a straw hat, a white slop, and a pair of ankle-boots, with a bill in his hand—just as the London artist sees him in the juxta-metropolitan districts—and that is the English Peasant. They who have gone further into England, however, than Surrey, Kent, or Middlesex, have seen the English Peasant in some different costume, under a good many different aspects; and they who will take the trouble to recollect what they have heard of him, will find him a rather multifarious creature. He is in truth a very Protean personage. What is he in fact? A day-labourer, a woodman, a ploughman, a wagoner, a collier, a worker in railroad and canal-making, a game-keeper, a poacher, an incendiary, a charcoal-burner, a keeper of village ale houses, and Tom-and-Jerry's; a tramp; a pauper, pacing sullenly the court-yard of a Parish Union, or working in his frieze-jacket on some parish farm; a boatman, a road-side stone-breaker, a quarry man, a journeyman bricklayer, or his clerk, a shepherd, a drover, a rat-catcher, a mole-catcher, and half a hundred other things, in any one of which he is as different from the sheepish, straw-hatted, ankle-booted, and bill-holding fellow of the print-shop windows, as a Cockney is from a Newcastle keelman.

In the matter of costume only, every different district presents him in a different shape. In the counties round London, east and westward, through Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire &c., he is the *white slopped* man of the London prints, with a longish rosy-cheeked face, and a stupid quiet manner. In Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and in that direction, he sports his *olive-green* slop, and his wide-awake, larking-hat, bit-o'-blood, or whatever else the hatters call those round-crowned, turned-up-brimmed felts of eighteen-pence or two shillings cost, which have of late years so wonderfully taken the

fancy of the country chaps. In the midland counties, especially Leicestershire, Derby, Nottingham, Warwick, and Staffordshire, he dons a *blue slop*, styled the Newark frock, which is finely gathered in a square piece of puckerment on the back and breast, on the shoulders, and at the wrists; is greatly adorned in those parts also with flourishes of white thread, and invariably has a little white heart stitched in at the bottom of the slit at the neck. A man would not think himself a man if he had not one of these slops, which are the first things he sees at a market or a fair, hung aloft at the end of the slop-vender's stall, on a crossed pole, and waving about like a scare-crow in the wind.

Under this, he generally wears a coarse blue jacket, a red or yellow shag waistcoat, stout blue worsted stockings, tall, laced ankle-boots, and corderoy breeches, or trousers. A red handkerchief round his neck is his delight, with two good long ends dangling in front. In many other parts of the country, he wears no slop at all, but a corderoy or fustian jacket with capacious pockets, and buttons of giant size.

That is his every-day, work-a-day style, but see him on a Sunday or a holiday; see him turn out to church, or wake, or fair,—there's a *beau* for you. If he has not his best slop on, which has never yet been defiled by touch of labour, he is conspicuous in his blue, brown, or olive-green coat, and waistcoat of some glaring colour,—scarlet, or blue, or green striped, but it must be showy; and a pair of trousers, generally blue, of a width ample as a sailors nearly, and not only guiltless of the foppery of being strapped down, but if he find the road rather dirty, or the grass dewy, they are turned up three or four inches at the bottom so as to shew the white lining. On those days, he has a hat of a modern shape, that has very lately cost him four-and-sixpence, and if he fancies himself rather handsome, or stands well with the women, he cocks it a little on one side, and wears it with a knowing air. He wears the collar of his coarse shirt up on a holiday, and his flaming handkerchief round his neck puts forth dangling ends of an extra length like streamers. The most troublesome business of a full dress day is to know what to do with his hands. He is dreadfully at a loss where to put them. On other days, they have plenty of occupation with their familiar implements, but to-day they are miserably sensible of a vacuum; and, except he be very old, he wears no gloves. They are sometimes diving into his trouser-pockets, sometimes in his waistcoat-pocket, and at others in his coat-pockets behind, turning his laps out like a couple of tails.

The great remedy of this inconvenience is a stick, or a switch; and in the corner of his cottage, between the clock-case and the wall, you

commonly see a stick of a description that indicates its owner. It is an ash plant with a face cut on its knob, or a thick hazel which a woodbine has grown tightly round, and raised on it a spiral serpentine swelling; or it is a switch that is famous for cutting off the heads of thistles, docks, and nettles, as he stalks along.

The women, in their paraphernalia, generally bear a nearer resemblance to their sisters of the neighbouring town; the village dress-makers undertaking to put them in the very newest fashion, which means the newest that has reached that part of the country; and truly were it not for the genuine country manner in which their clothes are thrown on, they might pass very well too at the market.

But the old men and old women, they are of the ancient world truly. There go they, tottering and stooping along to church. It is now their longest journey. The old man leans heavily on his stout stick. His thin white hair covers his shoulders; his coat, with large steel buttons, and a square-cut collar, has an antique air. His breeches are of leather, and worn bright with age, standing up at the knees like the lid of a tankard, and his loose shoes have large steel buckles. By his side, comes on his old dame, with her little old-fashioned black bonnet; her gown of a large flowery-pattern, pulled up through the pocket-hole, shewing a well-quilted petticoat, black-stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles also. She has on a black mode cloak, edged with old-fashioned lace, carefully darned; or, if winter, her warm red cloak with a narrow edging of fur down the front. You see in fancy the oaken chest in which that drapery has been kept for the last half century, and you wonder who is to wear it next. Not their children—for the fashions of this world are changed; they must be cut down into primitive raiment for the grand-children.

But who says the English Peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and shillalying of the Irish Peasant; nor the grave plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said to be, in his own phraseology, "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book if you will give him a schoolmaster. What is he indeed but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance, dig him out of the slough of everlasting labour, chisel him, and polish him, and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff that your armies have chiefly been made of but this English Peasant?

How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, and when they came to shore again were no longer the simple slouching Simons of the village, but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide; and as much glib slang and glib money to treat the girls with as any Jack of them all?

Cowper has drawn a capital picture of the ease and perfection with which the clownish chrysalis may be metamorphosed into the scarlet moth of war. Catch the animal young, and you may turn him into any shape that you please. He will learn to wear silk stockings, scarlet plush breeches, collarless coat with silver buttons, and swing open a door with a grace, or stand behind my lady's carriage with his wand, as smoothly impudent as any of the tribe; clerk it with a pen behind his ear, or mount a pulpit as Stephen Duck did, if you will only give him the chance. The fault is not in him: it is in Fortune. He has rich fallows in his soul, if anybody thought them worth turning. But keep him down, and don't press him too hard. Feed him pretty well, and give him plenty of work, and, like one of his companions, the cart-horse, he will drudge on till the day of his death. So in the north of England, where they give him a cottage and his food, and keep no more of his species than will just do the work, letting all the rest march off to the Tyne collieries, he is a very patient creature; and if they did not shew him books, would not wince at all. So in the fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridge, and Huntingdon, and on many a fat and clayey level in England, where there are no resident gentry, and but here and there a farm, you may meet the English Peasant in his most sluggish and benumbed condition. He is then a long-legged staring creature, considerably "lower than the angels," who gapes when you ask him a question like an Indian frog, which when its mouth is open has its head half off, and neither understands your language, nor if he did, could grasp your ideas. He is there a walking lump, a thing with eyes and ears, arms and legs, but with a soul as stagnant as one of his own dykes. There never was any need of his mind, and therefore it never has been minded. All that has been wanted in him has been good, sturdy limbs, to plough and sow, reap and mow, and feed bullocks; and even in those operations his sinews have been half superseded by machinery.

This is the English Peasant where there is nobody to breathe a spirit into the clod. But what is he where there are thousands of the wealthy and the wise? What is he round London, the great, the noble, and the enlightened? Pretty much the same, and from pretty

much the same causes. Few trouble themselves about him. He feels that he is a mere serf amongst the great and free; a mere machine in the hands of the mighty who use him as such. He sees the sunshine of grandeur, but he does not feel its warmth. He hears that the great folks are wise, but all he knows is that their wisdom does not trouble itself about his ignorance. He asks, with "The Farmer's Boy,"

> "Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?
> Whence this new grandeur that my eyes behold?
> The widening distance that I daily see—
> Has wealth done this?—then wealth's a foe to me,
> Foe to our rights, that leaves a powerful few
> The paths of emulation to pursue."

Beneath the overwhelming sense of his position—that he belongs to a neglected, despised caste—he is, in the locality alluded to, truly a dull fellow. That the peasant there is not an ass or a sheep, you only know by his standing on end. You hear no strains of country drollery, of no characters of curious or eccentric humour—all is dull, plodding, and lumpish.

But go forth, my masters, to a greater distance from the luminous capital of England; get away into the midland and more northern localities, where the pride of greatness is not so palpably before the poor man's eyes; where the peasantry and the villagers are numerous enough to keep one another in countenance; and there you shall find the English Peasant a "happier and a wiser man." Sunday schools, and village day schools, give him, at least, the ability to read the Bible. There the peasant feels that he is a man. He speaks in a broad dialect, indeed, but he is a "fellow of infinite jest." Hear him in the hay-field, in the corn-field; at the harvest supper, or by the village alehouse fire: if he be not very refined, he is, nevertheless, a very independent fellow. Like the judge at Derby, when counsel was cross-questioning one of these Derbyshire peasants, and desired him to make some statement, and he bluntly replied, "I' st niver oss,"—you might not understand his words, but you would have no hesitation about their spirit when interpreted. The judge exclaimed, "Niver oss! niver oss! What does he mean by oss?" The counsel explained:—"My lord, he means, 'I shall never *offer*—I shall never *attempt*—to answer that question.'" Look at the man, indeed! None of your long, lanky fellows, with a sheepish visage; but a sturdy, square-built chap, propped on a pair of legs that have self-will and the spirit of Hampden in them, as plain as the ribs of the grey worsted stockings that cover them. What thews, what

sinews, what a pair of *calves!* Why, they more resemble a couple of full-grown *bulls!* See to his salutation as he passes any of his neighbours; hear it. Does he touch his hat, and bow his head, and look on the ground, as the great man goes by in his carriage? No; he looks him full in the face, with a fearless but respectful gaze, and bolts from his manly breast a hearty "Good day to ye, sir." To his honest neighbour, and equal in worldly matters, he extends his broad hand, and gives him a shake that is felt to the bottom of the heart:—"Well, and how are ye, John? and how's Molly, and all the little ankle-biters? And how goes the pig on, and the garden, eh?"

Let me hear the dialogue of those two brave fellows; there is the soul of England's brightest days in it. I am sick of slavish poverty on the one hand, and callous pride on the other. I yearn for the sound of language breathed from the lungs of humble independence, and the hearty, earnest greetings of poor but warm-hearted men, as I long for the breeze of the mountains or the sea. Oh! I doubt much of this

"Bold peasantry, a country's pride"

is lowered in its tone both of heart-wholeness, boldness, and affection, by the hard times and hard measures that have passed over every district, even the most favoured; or why all these emigrations, and why all these parish unions? What then, is not the English Peasant what he was? If I went amongst them where I used to go, should I not find the same merry groups seated amongst the sheaves, or under the hedge-rows, full of laughter, and full of droll anecdotes of all the country round? Should I not hear of the farmer who never wrote but one letter in his life, and that was to a gentleman forty miles off; who, on opening it, and not being able to puzzle out more than the name and address of his correspondent, mounted his horse in his vexation, and rode all the way to ask the farmer to read the letter himself; and he could not do it—could not read his own writing? Should I not hear Jonathan Moore, the stout old mower, rallied on his address to the bull when it pursued him till he escaped into a tree? How Jonathan, sitting across a branch, looked down with the utmost contempt on the bull, and endeavoured to convince him that he was a bully and a coward? "My! what a vapouring coward art thou! Where's the fairness, where's the equalness of the match? I tell thee, my heart's good enough; but what's my strength to thine?"

Should I not once more hear the hundred-times-told story of Jocky Dawes and the man who sold him his horse? Should I

not hear these, and scores of such anecdotes, that shew the simple life of the district, and yet have more hearty merriment in them than much finer stories in much finer places? Hard times and hard measures may have quenched some of the ancient hilarity of the English Peasant, and struck a silence into lungs that were wont to "crow like chanticleer;" yet will I not believe but that in many a sweet and picturesque district, on many a brown moorland, in many a far-off glen and dale of our wilder and more primitive districts, where the peasantry are almost the sole inhabitants, whether shepherds, labourers, hewers of wood, or drawers of water,

"The ancient spirit is not dead."

That homely and loving groups gather round evening fires beneath low and smoky rafters, and feel that they have labour and care enough, as their father had, but that they have the pride of homes, hearts, and the sweetness of mutual sympathy, still. Let England take care that these are the portion of the English Peasant; and he will never cease to shew himself the noblest peasant on the face of the earth. Is he not that, in his patience with penury with him, and old age and the Union before him? Is he not that when his landlord has given him his sympathy? When he has given him AN ALLOTMENT—who so grateful, so industrious, so provident, so contented, and so respectable?

The English Peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and he is readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage?

In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream: there is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play. It is all slaps and bangs, tripping-up, tumbles, and laughter. But, to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has his money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair: the houses are empty of them; the highways are full of them.

There they go, streaming along, lads and lasses in all their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk. See, here they come flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them: shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day. He will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain. See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side, she thrusts her arm through his, *up to the elbow*, and away they go, a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but besides this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing they do n't pull off one or the other. But they do n't. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them with open eye, and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit, and grimaces and summersets of harlequin and clown. They shall have a merry dinner, and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami, and then—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that become poachers and incendiaries. How, and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and reveling in vengeance? Hunger and hardship! When the English Peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and well clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling red-eyed monster!—How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or game-keepers. How the man, who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English Peasant? 'T is the same! 'T is the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame—or is there another?



THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

If we must take a trip for pleasure, do let us make it as much like business as possible.

Mr Daniel Boits

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY A "KNIGHT OF THE ROAD."

Of all travellers living, your Commercial Traveller is he, who is ever designedly "at home," and never, even accidentally, "abroad." No member of the travelled club, (not the club of commerce, but of fashion), admission into whose select circle is only attainable by some such remarkable achievement as the performance of a thousand-miles-journey in a direct line from St. Pauls, ever saw so far before him, or understood so well the principle of perpetual motion. It would not be easy to form a more accurate notion of the identity of a Commercial Traveller, than by picturing him to the mind's one eye, as the very antipodes of the ordinary Tourist. Imagine a lounger, a saunterer, a scene-sketcher, a stroller on a grand scale, a shifter from inn to inn, a foolish fluttering bird of passage

"——That has but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon;"

a stray pigeon for cosmopolitans all the world over to pluck; a crawler from city to city; a Wandering Christian avoiding the Jew in his own country; a will-o'-the-wisp without a light; a flitter from pillar to post, and back again; a twin brother of the fair inconsistent, who could turn and turn, and yet go on, and turn again, and not get forward after all, nor backward to any purpose; a determined sight-seer with his eyes shut; an incorrigible trip-taker whom nothing in nature can move; an automaton wound up, and thus set going; a day-dreamer who is never awake; a sort of somnambulist who has taken up his bed and walked: in short, a thoroughly idle, listless, gentlemanly victim to custom and polite prescription; a genuine Man of Fashion on his Travels:—imagine that, and then you very plainly see something which the Commercial Traveller *is not*.

Every man, according to Hamlet, "hath business and desire, such as it is;" but no traveller hath business and desire like his, who travels in the service of commerce. His very pleasures are, in

one sense, matters of business; his business is, in every sense, a matter of pleasure in the main, for it is executed under circumstances peculiarly favourable to health, energy, and excitement, and its accomplishment is sure to be crowned with the exquisite enjoyment derived from annoyances disregarded or difficulties overcome. Of these, Commercial Travellers have enough. It may be truly said, that the vicissitudes to which, as a class, they are exposed; the anxiety, the danger, the fatigue, which they individually endure; are "best known to themselves." It may naturally be supposed, however, by anybody, that the climate of England alone is a source of inconvenience to wanderers "out in all weathers," sufficient to denote that the Commercial Traveller's lot is not perfect and unfluctuating felicity. But against annoyances from the weather there must be set, in this case as in all others, the intense pleasure of grumbling at and abusing it: so that we may leave out of the list of provocations, the shower of sleet on a summer morning, or the promise of "so fair a day" as Shakspere, in one of his "Sonnets," sings,

"That made me travel forth without my cloak."

(Catch the Commercial Traveller unprovided against the pitiless storm, and you will at the same time catch a "dead donkey" and a "dead postboy" walking arm-in-arm.) We pass, then, at once to other troubles and trials to which the flesh of Commercial Travellers is heir: such as accidents with horse or carriage; variable tempers of customers; alterations in markets; orders fallen short, and money taper—perhaps, withheld: these, and a few thousand things beside, equally fatal to mortal man's pretensions to saintship, are ever likely to occur, and thus keep their victims perpetually in a ferment. Yet against the spirit of "an old one" neither rough weather nor rough roads, nor even a rough reception, has often been known to prevail. He defies the foul fiend Impediment, come in what shape he may. It is his most exquisite art, the flower of a cultivated temper, the fruit of a ripe experience, to be prepared for whatsoever card may turn up, to meet unforeseen accident as though exactly anticipated to a moment, and to convert an obstacle suddenly appearing in his path into a stepping-stone to a smoother road. Let what will befal on the way, there he is, true to his time,

"Safe as the Bank, and as a trivet right,"

presenting his well-known, readily-recognised list or card, not having in the last twenty journeys varied a single hour. In sure and certain

consciousness of which fact, and in virtuous inclination to reward such regularity and oblige good customers, at those inns where he has made himself a little more at home with the family, his favourite dinner will be ready for him on his arrival. Perhaps a grouse or a woodcock, predestined for his supper, will be put away in some secluded part of the larder.

An old Commercial may be known anywhere, in town or country, by his appointments. Every part of his dress has its particular and professional, as well as its general and conventional object. His broad-brimmed hat has direct reference to the probability of rain; the locality of his coat-pockets suggests associations of turnpike-tickets and small change. His trap, one of Alford's best fifty-guinea ones, is built with all possible attention to neatness of style and lightness of draught. His horse or mare, though screwed on all fours, is all game and in high condition. Be it, by the way, especially set forth at starting, as a fact incontrovertible, that a Traveller's horse is almost literally part and parcel of himself. A very rare and a very unseemly circumstance it is, to see a Traveller feed himself (however sharp his appetite or seductive the savour that comforts him as he alights) before he has seen his horse, his best "guide, philosopher, and friend," particularly well attended to. Perhaps it has been one of the first favourites in the steeple-chase or the hunt; and although what a Tattersall swell would designate "one of the has-beens"—belonging to

"The dreary *fuimus* of all things human"

(and brute too)—yet he is still one of the first on the road. What coachman who has, even in later years, driven out of disgusting, dissipated, delightful London, but has touched up his leaders, and double-thonged his wheelers with a whistle, as B. with his chesnut mare, or G. with his grey, has raked up alongside, the forefinger of the whip-hand up, giving the challenge for a trot! And on they go. A gentleman on the box, perhaps, hopes to encourage Jem the coachman with an assurance of the impossibility of his adversary's keeping up that speed many miles; but the answer is a knowing shake of the head, a half-drawn sigh, and a tone implying downright conviction in the words, "I 've tried him afore; it can't be done." Our Commercial, of course, knows well the house at which his competitor will change horses; gives him the go-by, therefore, just at the right distance, and slaps along. Having pulled up at the inn, out he jumps, pats the old mare's neck, and orders her a pint of oatmeal, a ditto of ale, and double that measure of

warm water, to be mixed *secundum artem*. It is, indeed, money (spent *that* way) that makes the mare go.

Let us wait the arrival of the coach. Up it comes, the horses "all in a trifle." Concerning them, "Jem," having got down, gives some directions, and then turns to our Traveller. "Well, by little Vic., if the old mare do n't go along better than ever! What a slashing pace she went at down that pitch! Best bit of stuff alive, s' he'p me twenty men!" Then turning to the traveller on the box, "There 's chest, there 's limbs! What a mare to breed from! A colt from her would be worth money!" He knew the usual consoling glass of rum-and-milk would be ready at the charge of his conqueror, and Bess must have a little praise for it. Should some rash, grudging passenger, who looks on and listens, dissent from this glowing eulogy, B. is quite as ready to resent a disparagement of his mare, as a reflection upon himself. He offers to bet a pound a mile he beats the coach the next ten. No hammer more down than "Jem:" —bet as safe as her Majesty's paper-cart. But it is stopped by the appearance of the landlord, with two glasses of rum-and-milk for Whip and Bugle, and a glass of sherry for our Commercial. The glasses empty, and horses to, "All right" is heard, and off they go, Bugle playing their favourite air "Tantivy." Our Traveller, satisfied with his past achievement, and pleased with Whip's eulogium on the mare, thinks it a pity to hurt her, and determines to drop her quietly into the next town at seven miles an hour. We 'll take a start forward, and see him come in.

We are at Oxford. Up the High Street a gig is going at a "slapping pace," doing full credit to the character of the bit of blood just described. Her head and tail are up, the last joint turned as if to look over the dash-board; and she is driven by a veteran who boasts of being five-and-twenty years on the road. The gig is unexceptionable, black, picked out with bright blue, cane back, tilbury springs, and harness to match. The driver, whose mouth is satisfactorily furnished with a cigar, every now-and-then lays his whip over the mare, half-urgingly and half-caressingly. A knot of gownsmen, not over-knowing, twig the Traveller. "Who *is* he?" asks one. "Only some swell bagman," is the reply. The sneerer convicts himself of obscurity. Who that sees him once but knows him again! "Not to know *him*, argues yourself unknown"—in the commercial world, at least.

The entire turn-out, the *tout-ensemble* of the affair, bespeaks, beyond mistake, the first-rate Commercial Traveller. But shall we direct attention to the man himself, and mark his "points" as we

proceed. First, observe his hat, a perfect modern bit of quakerism. His whiskers "of luxuriant growth" are partially hidden by a dashing spotted Cashmere shawl, which, covering the lower portion of his face, just leaves room for his half-smoked cigar to pass over. His upper coat is a handsome "blue Taglioni," with a small velvet collar. A large box-coat, with many capes and a curricle collar, is thrown over the back of the gig; and partly covering that, is seen a Macintosh wrapper. His inner, or walking coat, is a bright blue cutaway, with gilt buttons; his waistcoat is of the last new commercial cut, a crimson silk and worsted, with black cheques and a white spot in the centre; there are large flaps, in the olden style, over the pocket, and on the left side a small breast-pocket for his neat little gold watch. (This, by the way, is not the waistcoat he sports when off duty; that is very likely to be of light-blue satin.) His tailor has probably been charged not to conceal, by looseness of measure, the turn of a muscular and well-formed leg, justifying the pride its owner takes in it; and his neat boot of Spanish leather equally exhibits the handsome pretensions of his foot. Such, without flattery, is our friend of the road—the "Commercial Gentleman."

Thus accoutred, and thus accompanied, let us suppose our traveller arrived at the top of High-street. The mare knows the corner every bit as well as he does. A little way down, and she turns into the "Cross"-yard with a bang. "Ding, ding, ding," instantaneously goes the bell. (Mrs. H— is always on the alert.) Out issues Boots; the best—well, we won't risk exaggeration in this our veritable sketch—one,—there then!—one of the best ostlers in the wide commercial world, presents himself to view, perhaps in the identical white-smalls and tops which so many people of taste have involuntarily admired. Boots seizes the mare by her bridle, rubs her nose feelingly, and calls her "poor old Bessy." (Young or old, he applies to them all the same endearing terms, so impartial is his affection for horseflesh.) The instant the gig stops, down go the reins on the mare's back; these are as speedily gathered up by Boots, and our traveller stepping out, instructs the gentleman of the whip to have the mare's legs washed with soft soap and warm water, and to see that dry bandages are put on; adding,—"And, I say, when she's ready to feed, let me know." That's a poser to an idle ostler, though not necessary at the "Cross."

Mrs. H—, who never forgets her curtsey-general, drops, to an old friend, her best particular, hoping he has been well ever since she last saw him. Into the commercial room he walks, whip in hand; and such a whip! One of Gill's very best, silver-mounted,

with the name of the owner on the ferule. But he is not allowed to hang it up; Boots is in time to forestall him, being particularly tenacious of his prerogative. To the bell he marches, and in glides Caroline. "Caroline, how do? Send the chambermaid." "Yes, sir," and out glides Caroline. As he passes to his room, he perhaps chucks this engaging damsel under the chin, or pats her cheek, or gives her a gentle pinch somewhere; possibly, brings his lips into momentary acquaintance with her own—but

"All in conscience and tender heart."

Ablutions performed, he proceeds down stairs to the bar, and inquires for his letters. These being handed to him, he is very soon buried in reports and advices from head-quarters. Whilst thus occupied, several of the fraternity congregate in the room, for the time is now fast verging upon half-past one, and half-past one is the commercial dinner hour.

The Travellers' room now presents a very animated scene; a perfect country exchange, the very opposite of a *rus in urbe;* it is a city-scene out of town. Here are drapers, druggists, drysalters, grocers, hop-merchants, Brummagem-men, and the representatives of a dozen trades beside; and the few minutes of chit-chat, when many are congregated, and most are known more or less to one another, are often acknowledged to be the pleasantest part of the whole day. Each compares notes, vents a complaint, or expresses congratulation in turn. The druggist declares that isinglass is stiff, bark tending towards decline, and other drugs *but* drugs; the hop-merchant, that the want of a blight in the last crop has blighted all his hopes of the present; the Brummagem genius, that orders "for foreign" are so large, as to oblige the taking on of five hundred fresh hands, and yet the manufacture can't proceed fast enough; the grocer, that Muscavadoes are scarce, bastard in demand, and titlers a shade higher; whilst the draper, who has just come out with his spring patterns, protests that he has not taken an order once during the last two days; and, appealing to the company, emphatically inquires, who the deuce could sell lively stripes, gossamers, and printed muslins in such weather, the wind nor'-east, and the snow on the ground. Here his eye rests upon a young listener standing near him, an inexperienced Traveller, out on his first trip, and possessing a keen ear for commercial chit-chat. "Why, sir," continues he, addressing the new comer, his eye at the same time brightening with a sense of consolation under his misfortunes, as he feels the unborn joke moving within him; "Why, sir, an old

customer of mine was yesterday seized with a violent fit of ague, merely in consequence of my asking him to look at my patterns." Long before he has finished his laugh at this, some one, more impatient than the rest, inquires if dinner's ready—and dinner is. A muster takes place; B., in the blue cutaway, dines later, but the rest sit down; the traveller who arrived first, taking the chair as president, and the latest comer the bottom, as vice.

When Commercial Travellers do agree to dine, their unanimity is wonderful. The share which each now takes in demolishing the abundant repast, tends to furnish fresh evidence of a truth, which, without further proof, is incontrovertibly established, that a good appetite is among the few good things, perhaps the only one, of which, the instant we have obtained them, we desire to get rid. The dinner itself, which opens with soup at the top, and fish at the bottom, has proceeded a very little way, when the president's voice is heard,—"Caroline, bring two bottles of sherry." Challenges immediately commence, and the fire of courtesy is freely kept up, as well across the table as down the sides. Perfect strangers, "nob and nob," with "Happy to take wine with you, sir." "Most happy, sir." "Mr. President, a glass of sherry, sir." "Thank you, Mr. Vice; most happy." Thus dinner progresses, and conversation becomes general; turning a little on politics, a little on trade, a little on horseflesh, and the last or the next races; a little on the "Commercial Traveller's Society," and how Sir Chapman Marshall, the president thereof, is to be lord mayor next year! "And won't we have a gentle flare," exclaims our budding traveller, who is taking his first trip out of town on a commercial enterprise; "won't we though!"

All this while, our acquaintance in the blue cutaway looks on with an air not free from dignity. He puts a calm judicious remark in now and then; runs his hand through his thick black—no, not black—say, bright Oxford-mixture hair, smooths his whiskers, adjusts his collar, pulls down the waistcoat we have minutely pictured, glances at his boots of Spanish leather aforesaid, draws on his white woodstocks, and seizing his hat and brown-paper packet of samples, walks out to effect sales, and, if the word must be spoken, gammon his customers.

Three o'clock now draws near. The identical traveller, who was the first to exhibit his anxiety for the appearance of dinner, is now the first to exhibit his anxiety for the production of the dinner-bill; not that he likes an extra glass less than his companions, nor that he is of a more eager and impatient honesty; but simply that he has an appointment, and must be off. The bill is called for, brought in,

read a first time, and a division on the very eve of taking place, when the young sprig of commerce, who is thus pleasantly performing his noviciate, rises with considerably less diffidence than he had displayed before dinner, and begs leave to propose an amendment: "Mr. President, should we not rather have said, a bottle and the bill?" The original motion is rescinded at once, and the amendment carried by acclamation. "Now, sir," suggests the president, "as you have carried your point, perhaps you will favour us with something to say with this parting glass." "Oh, certainly, Mr. President, by all means. I'll give you, then, 'Prosperity to the town and trade of Oxford; and though we are not gownsmen, may we all take orders.'"

The extra bottle is out as it strikes three o'clock. The dinner-bill, as amended, is laid on the table, and duly divided amongst the company is the responsibility of the sum total thereof. The mode of apportioning the expense is this; the vice divides the amount into as many sums as there are diners and debtors, he then hands the bill up to the president, who sends it approved to the bar; and to the personal account of each his share is placed. The landlord never omits it, never. The experience of the "Commercial Travellers' Society" has no cognisance of such a phenomenon.

All now start forth by various roads, and with various prospects of success, in the pursuit of one object—*business*.

Our acquaintance of the morning comes in to dinner at five. He sits down to take his ease in his inn, either alone or with any agreeable dropper-in; and keenly does he enjoy his pint or his half-bottle, when he has reason to be satisfied both with the quality of his wine, and the productiveness of his day's trade. The history of the remaining hours of the day is soon related. Nine o'clock is the commencement of a new era, and Smoke asserts its soothing, soul-entrancing sway. Under its ever-increasing canopy of fragrant floating vapour, sociality spreads her ample and varied feast—one of reason and of rhyme too; for the song succeeds to the joke, and the heart's laugh to both. Perhaps the delicious and profound charm of a quiet rubber succeeds to them all; and then, the *sine quâ non*—a good night's rest.

Those who have effected their commissions, and obtained the desired orders, prudently perform the ceremony of paying their bills overnight, and take their departure with the first flush of morn.

"To-morrow to fresh inns, and ostlers new."

Pleasant life to lead, to find a different home every few hours.



THE STREET-CONJUROR.

Sooth, sirs, yon fellow is as full o' tricks as a monkey—

PROVOST OF LIEGE

THE STREET-CONJUROR.

BY HAL. WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

SINCE the decline of fairs, which, for the last ten or twelve years, have gradually lost their charms in the eyes of a "discerning public," the Street-Conjuror, obtaining a precarious livelihood upon the voluntary contributions of an admiring crowd, has evidently gained considerable patronage. In all quarters of the town, he may now be seen enacting his wonders, for the entertainment of a gaping mob, composed of all grades.

There stands the grinning errand-boy, the foremost of the motley circle, losing his employer's time and letting his commission go "clean out" of his head, rubbing against a chimney-sweep, regardless of the sooty contamination; and divers dirty boys bent upon no errand in the world but idleness and mischief. Servants-of-all-work, transfixed to the spot by curiosity, with mugs for the dinner beer, or a dish for the chops or steaks, in one hand, and twirling a latch-key upon the thumb of the other. All excited by the wonders, and expressing their pleasurable surprise in broken exclamations of "Well, then, I never!" and "That beats everythink as I ever seed!" while the outermost circle of the congregation, like a rich fringe to a shabby cape, is made up of the more respectable class of middling people.

Probably, stationed at the gas-lamp, at a sufficient distance to prevent any vulgar contact, and still at the same time near enough to witness the dexterity of the performer, appears a young clerk, with a penny Cuba 'twixt his lips, and "preserved" in a fashionable Macintosh, who half patronises the exhibition by casting a copper ostentatiously in the air, with, for him, the expressive encomium of "Dem the fallow!"

It may be a weakness, but we must confess that we always mix ourselves up in these audiences; for the efforts and exertions of these itinerant vagabonds create an indescribable excitement—a sort of

melancholy pleasure—that leaves, we trust, no unprofitable impression on the mind. The faded finery of the tawdry little jacket or vest—the soiled white "tights" and the muddy high-low boots—and the sallow complexion of the loud-voiced performer—are all sad, very sad! He looks like a "soiled remnant" of the scattered company of the once-splendid Richardson, the emperor of showmen; and when we recal to mind the annual display which feasted our devouring eyes at the Fair of St. Bartholomew, we sigh to think of the sorrowful changes relentless Time hath wrought. The familiar tricks—the repetition of the oft-repeated jokes (as threadbare as the speaker)—bring fresh to our pondering mind those happy days when "trifles light as air" were wont to tickle us to laughter.

How has he fallen from his "high estate!" The brilliant prince, all glittering with spangles, whose splendid habiliments excited our wonder, now trudges in the filthy mud!

The romance of our infant mind has evaporated like a dream! The cold and vulgar reality serves only to create our commiseration. Paint seldom conceals the ravages of dissipation in the hard-featured and haggard countenance. We—not uncharitably, but reasonably—conclude, from his appearance, that half his time is perhaps passed in the public streets, and the other half wasted in the public-house. He has no huge caravan now to transport him from place to place; the whole implements of his vocation are carried about with him. An old rusty sword, some balls, a dish or plate, a pack of dirty cards, and some broad-bladed knives, comprise nearly all his available "properties;" and, certainly, when the stock is considered, the interest he derives from it is greater far than the proceeds of any joint-stock bank in the three kingdoms.

His rude oratory, and the cunning manner in which he excites the curiosity of his audience, and contrives to extract the reluctant pence from their pockets, are admirable specimens of seductive eloquence, and worthy a better cause.

The most earnest and successful appeal, to the largest audience, seldom or never brings more than a shilling or eighteen-pence to his exchequer.

These contributions, however, as he repeats his performances so frequently, would produce an ample sum; but, unfortunately, our climate is so unfavourable to *al fresco* entertainments, that he is very often "*rained* in" (like a runaway horse) for days together. In the winter season, indeed, he is rarely visible: he appears to "go out" with the butterflies. Whether, like them, he is transformed

to a "*little grub*," we know not; but the probability is that he lives upon *short commons*.

In this profession, as in many others, there are different grades; some exercising their feats unaided, while others have the able and attractive assistance of music and a confederate, who usually enacts a *rôle* similar to the clown in the circle.

We shall endeavour, as far as the power of our pen will permit, to describe one of the latter class:—One September afternoon we were attracted by a motley mob of boys and girls and "children of a larger growth," who were following close upon the heels of two men. They were both dressed in shabby great-coats. The head of one was adorned with a cloth cap; the other sported a very "deteriorated" white hat, that, in the palmy days of Hunt, might have surmounted the caput of a respectable radical. A countenance smeared with white and red appeared ludicrously enough in such a guise. He bore a huge drum at his back, and a canvass bag in his hand, while his companion carried a ladder about eight feet high on his shoulders, and led a juvenile Arabian pony (*vulgò*, a donkey) in a string. We, of course, joined the idlers.

Arriving at one of the broadest of the many streets which run into the City-road, the leader of the mob halted.

A moment's consultation, and an evident excitement in the crowd ensued. At last the drum was placed upon the ground—the young donkey was tied to one of the rowels of the prostrate ladder, and in the meanwhile the "company" began to encircle them—the urchins "punching" their way to the best and foremost places. Cards, cups and balls, and other mystic machinery, were brought to light from the capacious bag, and displayed in order, with rather a tiresome precision, to the expectant beholders.

At length all was ready. The white hat was thrown aside, and then the envious coat that concealed a very dirty cotton garb of white and red. The boys shouted, for it *was* a real clown, after all—albeit the muddy lace-up boots, with hob-nailed soles and heels, rather "derogated" from the dignity of the character.

"Now, sirrah, beat the drum," said the conjuror, doffing his cap and coat, and exhibiting a short muscular, ill-made figure, arrayed in a loose pair of white tights, garnished with strips of red and green tape, and a very confined dark velvet vest, through the arm-holes of which his shirt-sleeves flowed full and free;—"Now, sirrah, beat the drum."

"Beat the donkey, sir?" enquired the fool (a very old fool,

by the bye, averaging about fifty), and hereupon there was *such* a shout !

"No, sirrah ; the drum, the drum ! "

"What for, sir ? He ain't done nothing, I 'm sure."

"That 's the very reason, sirrah, he ought to be beaten, and for which I shall beat you, if you do n't instantly obey ; so set to work.'

"To work !—you do n't mean it."

"I do."

"It 's a big fib, for you mean me to play, I know.

"Well, play away, then."

"Please, sir, I 've lost my drum-sticks," replied the fool ; "perhaps you 'll lend me a pair ? " pointing to his master's legs.

"No, sirrah, I want 'em to support me."

"Then I only wonder how you manage to live upon such a slight support. Why, it 's as bad as the *Di-e-tittery* of the Unions."

A burst of "popular feeling" followed this allusion.

"Come, sirrah, no talking ; take the pipes and drum, and summon our friends to witness our astonishing feats of legerdemain and balancing, which we confidently hope will be thought worthy of their patronage and support."

"Hear, hear ! " exclaimed the fool. And forthwith he thrust the Pandean pipes in the breast of his waistcoat, and began blowing away to the very noisy accompaniment of the drum.

The master, meanwhile, begging his audience to enlarge the circle, commenced throwing up the balls, first two, then three, and lastly four, with a facility and precision which would not have disgraced the manual dexterity of the celebrated Indian jugglers.

And now, drawing four broad-bladed knives from the apparently inexhaustible bag, he played with them in the same manner, the fool still keeping up the time.

The crowd gradually became more dense, and a few pence were from time to time cast into the circle.

Having finished his second performance, he bade the clown produce the money-bag, who, putting down his drum, drew out a small one, about the size of a shilling, with a long bobbin to it.

"What 's this for, sirrah ? " said his master.

"For the sovereigns," replied the fool.

"Nonsense. Where 's the one for the small change ? " enquired his master.

The clown then brought forth a large leathern bag from the capacious pockets of his nether garment.

"It 's all very well," said he, "but I 'm such a loyal man that when I get one good *sovereign* I 'm never desirous of seeing any *change;*" and proceeding to collect the pence, he continued, "This is what mother used to call 'picking up a livelihood.'" A laugh followed this sally, and, better than all, some liberal hand threw three pennyworth of coppers, which fell upon the shoulders of the clown. Turning quickly towards the donor, he exclaimed, "Sir, the shower of your benefits has not fallen upon a barren soil. I have not words to express my gratitude. I can truly say," rubbing his shoulders, "that I am struck by your liberality. Now, master, go on, and while you raise the wind, I 'll not cease to blow, depend on 't." And delivering the bag into the conjuror's hand, he recommenced his music, now shuffling, and cutting, and flapping the cards, "as the manner is." The conjuror paraded round the circle, requesting one of his audience to draw a card, "anywhere, no matter which," as he said. A boy took a card. "Look at it," said he, "you 'll remember it? Now place it in the pack, take it in your own hands, and shuffle it. There, do n't be afraid; mix 'em well together. Now, you 're sure it 's there?" "Yes, quite," replied the boy. "Presto! begone," exclaimed the conjuror, casting up his eyes with a mysterious air, and "snapping" the cards with his right hand. He then bade him name the card aloud.

"The Jack—the Jack o' Clubs," said the boy.

"The Jack of Clubs, eh! Now, look;" and then displaying the cards one by one upon the ground, the identical card was found —wanting. "Are you quite sure, young gentleman, that you put it into the pack again?"

"That I am," replied the lad confidently, at the same time colouring up to the eyes, as if he were really under the suspicion of having purloined it.

"Well, the card is n't worth much, but the pack will be spoiled without it. Come, I 'll give anybody a penny who will produce it."

And taking up the leathern bag for the reward, he suddenly drew out, instead of the penny, the missing card! This delusion was so well executed that there was a general murmur of applause.

He next threw a rusty sword into the air, and catching it as it descended, balanced it on his chin and forehead, walking about the ring; then placing a pewter platter on the hilt, and beating it swiftly round with his hand, he raised it aloft, whirling with the rapidity of a smoke-jack, and striking the point of the weapon in the bole of a table-spoon, took the handle between his teeth, and moving his head

backwards and forwards (with that action so peculiar to the goose!) he walked with arms a-kimbo across the primitive *parterre* of his chosen theatre, to the admiration of the spectators. This being concluded, "Now, sirrah, "said he, "while I prepare the infant prodigy, get your dinner."

"That 's the ticket," exclaimed the fool, putting down his drum and pipes with alacrity, and tenderly addressing the former, he warned it to be quiet:—"Unless anybody hits you, do n't make a noise, now, but be *dumb, dumb!* And there 's the pipes—which although rather the worse for wear, I hope nobody won't smoke 'em!"

"Now, sirrah, be quick, and do n't keep the *donkey* waiting," said his master.

"I 'll not keep *you* a minute," replied the clown, and hereat all the little boys laughed immoderately, and the bigger folks tittered. Proceeding to the bag, he drew out a wooden bowl, filled with strips of white paper.

"Here 's lining for a man's trunk!" said he, "but I suppose I must chew it, whether I *choose* or no; so here goes;" and he forthwith began filling his mouth with the shreds.

"It 's sweet and clean, at any rate," said his master.

"I think it 's a little *foul*, for if here ain't a bone!" cried he, arresting his masticatory operations; and putting the forefinger and thumb of his right hand to his jaws, he drew out what is technically termed a "barber's pole," which he gradually extended, projecting it from his lips four or five feet! Taking it in his hands, and spitting out the paper, which he had crammed into his capacious mouth, he held it up to the laughing crowd: "If that ain't enough to choke an alderman!—mind me if I do n't discharge the cook, that 's all, for attempting to *dish* me, instead of the dinner. No more made dishes for me; my *standing* dish in future, depend on 't, shall not be *stationary*."

Having replaced the bowl and its contents, he proffered his services to his master, who having securely tied the donkey's legs to the ladder, with the fool's assistance, raised him on his chin, and held him *in equilibrio* in the air.

"Ain't my master clever?" said the fool, "and yet all the world must see that he 's *below* an ass! You laugh—you 're tickled—but there 's a moral in this that none of you see. I 'll expound That man and that ass are a type of the world as it wags. For how many asses are daily supported by the ability of clever men! The Temperance Society will tell you that asses alone get 'elevated.' Do n't believe 'em! Drunkenness may make a beast of a man, but

let me tell you everything is good in moderation. They tell you to drink water, and promise you length of years, which is as much as to say that if you drink water, your *ears* will increase to the length of a donkey's !—pah ! when the spirit is fled the man is dead, and all arguments are weak that are wanting in—spirit ! But I must assist my master ; the greatest fool can give a man a *lift* upon occasion." Having released the conjuror and the donkey, which appeared very stupid and inert, the master stood in the midst of the circle, to take a little breath after his feat.

" Now, calf, leave the donkey," said he.

" Calf indeed ! " replied the indignant fool, " I 'll shew you I can make a little *wheel* before I 'm dead, at any rate ; " and casting a hoop adroitly over his master's head, he exclaimed, " There, now ; there 's a little wheel in a jiffy."

" How do you mean, sirrah ? "

" Why, that 'ere hoop 's the tire, and you 're the *knave*," to be sure, replied he.

" But where 's the spokes, fellow ? "

" Why, you 're the *spokes*-man, everybody must allow," quickly answered the fool ; and his master picking up the hoop, and throwing it at him, he caught it, and began trundling it round the area formed by the spectators.

" What *are* you about, sirrah ?"

" Playing at hoop," replied the fool ; " will you hide ? "

" I 'll *hide* you," said his master. " Come, strike up ;" and the buffoon immediately resumed his musical instruments, and began blowing his pipes, and throwing and swinging about his drumsticks, after the most approved mode of the Moorish drummer.

The conjuror then took a large blue and white dish, and began whirling it to and fro, up and down, to the nervous amazement of the throng, who expected every moment to see it fall, and dashed to pieces on the ground. At last, placing it between his legs, he looked up, and pretended to cast it in the air. Up went his hand, and the dish was gone ! All eyes were upturned towards the sky, expecting to see the dish skimming the air ; and so adroitly was the deception executed, that they all laughed heartily at their disappointment ; for the conjuror had merely passed it from one hand to the other, and now quietly laid it down.

Placing a sort of leathern cup, with a strap, upon his forehead, which projected like the horn of a rhinoceros, he grasped a wooden ball, about the size of an orange, and began tossing it in the air,

about as high as the copings of the adjoining houses; and at last, in its descent, caught it in the cup! He repeated the apparently dangerous experiment; for, in its fall, should he miss it, the ball certainly threatened to "put him out of countenance." Having caught it for the third time, he appealed to the generosity of a "British public" for more contributions. A few more pence were scattered.

"That's your sort!" exclaimed the fool, seizing the large bag, and beginning to collect the tribute; "down with your dust! If any lady or gentleman wishes to contribute a piece of silver, I've a hand 'open *as* day to melting charity.' Only consider my master's family. Here's a big drum; and here's the pipes, which cost, I don't know how much and a great deal more; and then there's the ass, myself and himself, and a large family of small children at home, who are admiring the beautiful eyes of an old potatoe, and smelling a red herring! Pray tip; for master owes me the last fortnight's wages, and there's my washerwoman all 'in the suds;' and when she asks me, 'Dick, how are you off for soap?' poor creature, she'll look blue-bags at me if I don't shell out the browns. Washerwomen, of all women in the world, can do the least without '*coppers*,' you know. Thank 'e, sir, thank 'e."

Having made a tolerably good collection, he looked round the circle before tying up the contribution:—

"I do not wish to disappoint the generosity of any individual: before I draw the string, is there any one who wishes to bestow a mite?"

"No, no; go on!" shouted a boy from the crowd, who had contributed nothing, and was impatient of the delay.

"We shall go on directly," replied the fool. "Ladies and gentlemen, the fireworks are all over!"

Hereupon there was a general movement in the crowd, and they gradually separated; while the Street-Conjuror and his merry colleague resumed their walking attire, and took up their paraphernalia preparatory to a repetition of their gambols in some favourable spot in the vicinity.



THE YOUNG LORD.

These are the lilies, glorious as Solomon's, who toil not, neither do they spin.

SUNDAY

THE YOUNG LORD.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"When a sow farrows," writes Henry Lord Brougham, in his "Dissertations," illustrative of Paley, "each pig"—by the action of the abdominal muscles, being literally thrown upon the world—"instantly runs up to one of the teats, which he ever after regards as his own peculiar property." So far, so well, with the first-born pigs; for his lordship continues:—"When more pigs than teats are produced, the latter ones run to the tail of some of the others, and suck till they die of inanition."*

Never before were the advantages and injuries of primogeniture more strikingly, and withal more affectingly, displayed. Who could have believed that a parallel was to be drawn between peers and pigs? And yet the Chinese, a philosophic, far-seeing people, must have had some inkling of the curious fact; for, in their harmonious and mysterious tongue, "the word '*shu*,'" says Dr. Mason Good, "means both a *lord* and a *swine*." It is, however, but just to add, that this irreverence of synonym is purely the fault of the Chinese radicals; although, in the whole Celestial language, they "do not exceed four hundred and eleven."

The reader, after the authority we have cited, must admit that pigs are of two kinds: pigs born to teats, and pigs born to tails!

(Let us not be mistaken: far be it from us to mingle in an unseemly crowd sucking pigs with sucking peers. We hope to be understood as speaking philosophically, and not profanely.)

Young Lords, like young porkers, are of two kinds: lords born to teats, and lords born to tails. Here, however (and for the sake of our common humanity it is great happiness to know it), the parallel ends. Lords, though the twentieth of the same house, do not die of inanition; for though aristocracy has but one teat, the state has many most nutritious tails. The firstborn tugs all his life at the family breast; the younger Lords Charleses and Lords Augustuses have, time out of mind, been wet-nursed at the Treasury. When

* See "Dissertations on Subjects of Science," vol. i., p. 208.

the inhuman mother has refused the bounty of a bosom, a Walpole has benignly given the fatness of a tail. The state, with Lady Macbeth, may cry,

"——I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the lord that milks me!"

And the world has borne testimony to the plumpness of the nursling, to the fulness of its cheeks, the brawn of its thighs, and the loudness of its crying. History has shewn the state to be a most kind wet nurse to deserted noble babes: so kind, that, considering them in the maturity of their powers, it is sometimes difficult to decide who have been most fortunate,—the lords of the family teat, or the lords of the Treasury tail.

However, we live in eventful times, in days of daring change, of most profane revolution. The Young Lord of the nineteenth century is a much less enviable person than the Young Lord of fifty years ago. If he be the firstborn, with all the advantages of that happy state, the task set him by the hard and grudging spirit of the age is far more irksome, far more difficult, than that conned by his grandfather. His title as a title has not the weight it had; it has lost, too, something of the music of its ring upon the leathern ears of a utilitarian generation. Hard times for Young Lords, when they may not leisurely saunter along the path of worldly honour, lest their heels be wounded by the advancing toes of the viler orders!

Time was when the lord exalted genius; when the poet was a literary serf, and wore the collar of the nobleman. The bard of high fancies, noble aspirations, was protected by the rank of nobility, and the bay, it was thought, could only flourish near the strawberry leaves. The poet had succeeded the household jester, and was considered the especial property of the patron. His lordship's name was to be held a potent and wondrous idol in the dedication page of the bard, who was to kneel, and duck beneath, and to utter a strange jargon of idolatry and self-abasement. The poet was to clasp his hands in worship of the rewarding genius, and his lips, touched with Apollo's fire, were to kiss the dust from the shoe-leather of his literary life-giver. The sacrifices paid to the Ape with the Golden Tooth are harmless ceremonies to the offerings of genius rendered, within the last hundred years, to the patron-lord. Genius, however, no longer wears the livery of the nominally great, and the lord, the mere lord, has lost his hymning bondsman.

The Young Lord of the present time (we mean, the fortunate firstborn), stripped as he is of many of the sweet prerogatives of a

former age, has still a deal of good provided for him by the gods. Though his title has not the same music, the like note of terror in its sound, that by turns delighted and awe-struck the vassals of other days, there are still broad lands, waving forests, inexhaustible mines, all in perspective his. Though he may have the ears of Midas, still he shall have his wealth; and if he may not, like his ancestors, hang at his own sweet will, an offending serf at the hall-door, it is still a part of his birthright to make gins to catch the wicked. In this day, however, to be anything he must be something more than a lord; if not, his title is but a glittering extinguisher of the man.

Come we now to the younger brother—the Young Lord, still more hardly treated by the unjust prejudices of the present hard dealing generation. He may, indeed, eschewing a stern, laborious ambition, that promises the reward of the student and the statesman, surrender himself to the blandishments of the race-course, and now-and-then give his system a fillip with the ancient, time-honoured sport of cock-fighting. If he be no longer by his station the exclusive patron of literature, he may take under his worshipful protection a wonderful rat-killing terrier:—still, there is something in his name that sheds lustre on a badger-bait, and gives no small importance to a hopping-match. Small clubs still woo him as a grace and ornament, and very small men are, in their own esteem, made considerably bigger by his acquaintance. The lord, as a lord, is still a man of topping height amongst dwarfs; still an oracle to the witless and the dumb. He has been known, in the fulness of his condescension, to drive stage coaches; and, keeping up the drollery of the disguise, has touched his hat to the passengers, thankfully receiving half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences.

The Young Lord may, at times, with nothing else to dispose of—with neither talents for public trust, nor industry nor habits for private dealing—take his title to market, and with it turn a profitable penny. Eastward of Temple Bar, there still are bidders. Although the prosaic spirit of the times has considerably affected the sale of Young Lords amongst the daughters of the counting-house, a title, even if it be not recommended by the most seductive manners, the handsomest figure, and the whitest teeth, finds purchasers in the oriental districts. Like Mrs. Peachem's coloured handkerchiefs, the Young Lord may go off at Redriff. He may take this credit to himself; that he has ennobled Barbara Wiggins, the youngest daughter of Ralph Wiggins, tallow-chandler; that he has introduced to the court, and to all the court's great glories, Miss Moidore, the heiress of old Moidore, money-lender and contractor.

Westward, the Young Lord is a dangerous person, to be especially watched by prudent mothers. He is, indeed, of the same family with his elder brother; has admittance to the self-same circle; is, probably, the handsomest of the stock; and therefore, being a younger brother, a person to be more vigilantly considered. The Young Lord moves among fashionable heiresses to the liveliest distress of their disinterested natural guardians: his station gives him every opportunity of rendering himself the most delightful of men to the susceptible young, whilst the poverty of his fortunes makes him detestable to the reflecting old. His very look has in it an invitation to elope; he cannot whisper, that he does not put the fatal question. These are the fears of the lynx-eyed mother, who very properly descants on the profligacy of the younger brother, of his habits of play, his debts, his horrible *liaisons*, his wickedness in general; forgetting not to cast all his faults into deeper shadow by contrasting them with the manifold virtues and very many gentlemanly qualities possessed by his dear, his excellent relation, the family heir.

There is, however, an easy road to distinction for the Young Lord: he has still within his reach the means of notoriety, with the further gratification of proving to the scoffing vulgar that he is, even in these days, privileged in his enjoyments; that his ebullitions of a warm temperament are more considerately judged than the vagaries of common folks; and that when called to account for his buoyant eccentricity, he is "used all gently," and, on the part of his censors, with due allowance for his social standing. The Young Lord despoils many doors of their knockers, and there is a whim, a novelty in the achievement which makes it "light to Cassio." He breaks a few lamps, and is fined forty shillings: he pays the money with the fortitude of a martyr, and, with a smile, asks his judge if that is all the damage. The judge nods assent; forty shillings from the purse of our Young Lord being, in the punishment inflicted upon him by such a mulct, equal to two months' imprisonment to a poorer wag, with the trifling supplement of hard labour. Thus it is; unless a man have a Young Lord for his acquaintance, and can use a crowbar or fling a stone under the patronage of the aristocracy, he must pay most disproportionately for the recreation. This is obviously wrong, and, in our humble opinion, quite in opposition to the meaning of the excellent King John when, one fine day, he signed and sealed at Runnymede.

The Young Lord is sometimes the centre of an admiring circle; the patron of a knot of eccentric spirits, living on the hem of

society, who are yet convinced that the light of the fashionable world is reflected upon them from the countenance of their noble "friend." Under his auspices, in his name, they assemble at a pot-house which, dignified by such a gathering, becomes a tavern; and with true devotion, eat and drink their fealty to the Lord of Broken Panes. He sets the fashion of commonplace debauchery, and has a thousand followers: clerks, shopmen, and apprentices, in humble imitation of their great original model,

> "Break the lamps, beat watchmen,
> Then stagger to some punk."

The Young Lord, by his own sufferings, makes a watch-house a place of sport for humbler revellers; and fined for being drunk, by the chivalrous air with which he flings down five shillings, recommends intoxication as the best of all possible frailties to his worshipful admirers. To beard a magistrate is to shew fine blood; to damn the newspapers, and all their daily histories, high moral valour. Thus the Young Lord has still some influence on social life—still makes his impress on a plastic generation.

We live, however, in times unpropitious to the successful development of romance. Every day the distance between the noble brawler and the plebeian blackguard is lessened, and we know not how soon the Young Lord may, in public opinion, toe the same line with the young cobbler; that is, when both engaged in the same midnight mirth, when both animated by the same dignified purpose. This is a hard truth for the *Pullus Jovis* of the nineteenth century, who may accuse his stars that he fell not on a more feudal age; that, coming late into this revolutionary world, he must even submit to an ordeal unknown to his grandfathers. But so it is. Public opinion is the terrible Inquisition of modern times; and those who, in a former age, were by their birth and office held the elect and chosen, are unceremoniously dragged forth, questioned, and doomed to an *auto da fé*. We have fallen upon bitter days.

It is next to be considered (policy, humanity presses upon us the necessity of grave cogitation) what is to be done with Young Lords —with those who in a happier time would have been born not to their fathers and mothers, but to the people; with those who, deprived of a teat at home, would have been put out to wet-nurse on the nation. There was a time when the public treasury had many tails; but alas! alas! murderous innovation, with a heart of flint, has cut them off one by one, and already are others marked and doomed for excision.

What shall become of the younger branches of the aristocracy, since they may no longer, to any number, be planted in the garden of the Hesperides, laid out and tended at the public cost?

The Young Lord (be it still remembered, that we speak of second sons, and so downwards) looks around him in this hard, grudging nineteenth century; surveys every yard of once merry England, and, to him, yearning for the sweet fruits of former days, finds the land barren!

The Young Lord peeps into the church. Alas! though a few good stalls still remain, the struggle to get into one of them is made fierce by many candidates. And then, the sweet green nooks, the rich pastures, the many pleasant places, consecrated for an age to the uses of the sons of orthodoxy, are, in a measure, thrown open, impoverished, made desolate, compared to the exclusiveness and plenty of the good old religious times. There are still, it must be confessed, many delicious corners, a thousand savoury morsels for the occupancy and palates of the sons of the church; but alack! the crowd elbowing for the worldly paradise,—the host, with open mouths, gaping for the food! The Young Lord can no longer lounge into the very *penetralia* of the costly edifice; its manna is not to be had for the mere gathering; he is hustled by a mob of lords as good as he; and hands as white and gentle as his own, claw and scramble for the blessed aliment.

The Young Lord would try his fortunes on the deep. Again, the spirit of the times levels him almost to the common. There was a day when epaulettes were to be had for votes; and the "aye" of the papa would bring down decorative honour on the shoulder of the son; when grey heads were common among plebeian midshipmen; as common as downy chins among lieutenants and commanders; when, lucky was the child whose father was one of twenty freeholders, for his merits, made known to the minister, would be exalted. Such days are dead and gone: the Young Lord looks into the gun-room and the cock-pit, and in those chosen spots, where, in former times, one Young Lord sufficed to shed a grace and dignity—there are lords by the half-dozen. Unless more ships are built for Young Lords, they must even tarry in the shade; must be still commanded, when they would fain command.

The Young Lord, disappointed in the church, disgusted with the fleet, looks towards the army. Peace, however, inglorious peace, throngs the service with gentle spirits of his order; he sees a crowd of lords, and, so long has the sword slumbered in the scabbard, not a sprig of laurel amongst the multitude.

The Young Lord turns his looks towards Westminster. He will practise the law. He looks into the courts: what clouds of wigs! How many hands yet innocent of briefs! Yea, every seat is filled with candidates for fees, and there is no abiding-place for the Young Lord.

What, then, is to become of our young, our most interesting subject? Are all the avenues to fame and profit closed against him; or, at least, are they so beset by suitors that it is to lose all distinction to mingle among them? What, then, is left for our Young Lord?

The reader is to be admonished that we would present society in its inevitable advancement. We do not picture the present Young Lord in this utter state of destitution; we do not assert this to be his case in 1839, but assuredly as his certain perplexing condition as the world wears on; as abuses, that is, privileges hitherto assured to him are amended, swept away by the spirit of the times. "Young ravens must be fed:" Young Lords must be nourished; and when all the thousand tails whereupon Young Lords exist are cut off by the fell shears of utility, either they must displace their brethren, the happy firstborn enjoying all the milk of primogeniture from their feeding-places, insisting on an equal share of goods, or they must descend a step in the social scale, and ruffle it with the vulgar.

But the Young Lord will not so condescend. He has still the pride of birth—of ancestry; is still linked with the representative of his family; still has reflected upon him the barren lustre of his line. What, then, is to be the condition of the younger sons of pride and rank? What, in the social revolution, silently but steadily approaching,—what course is left to them? We see hope—yes, we descry land.

New Zealand—world of promise and of beauty!—rises upon the destitute. The Young Lord has still an outlet from crowded England—from the multitude amidst whom he is undistinguished, to a land where he may wax great and strong by the exercise of those very energies which he may not, from pride and prejudice, put forth at home. The position we have taken may, to the unreflecting —to those who see in the social state of the present day the type of that to come—appear Utopian, foolish; insulting to the illustrious persons to whom the argument applies. And yet the very progress of things indicates the issue. Saint Giles has sent forth his emigrants, and, in due season, so will Saint James.

The ship may not yet be built; nay, the acorns from which the timbers shall be grown, not yet in the earth; but the prophet sees

her dropping down the Thames, and sees aboard her freight of younger sons.

—— "The vanes sit steady
Upon the abbey towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north-wind reigns in the upper air.
Mark, too, that flock of fleecy-winged clouds,
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's!"

In the meantime, the Young Lord is the nursling of fortune. What knows he of the wants, the strugglings, the sympathies of life? It is ten to one that almost the whole purpose of his education is to render him indifferent to the great interests of humanity, inculcating within him a polished selfishness that reduces the whole world to his immediate circle; that makes him look upon all without that magic ring as nought. At college he takes honours as a matter of course, whilst the plebeian labours for them. Even in academic groves, he becomes fortified in those prejudices which separate him from the great mass of his fellow-men. Whilst ostensibly giving ear to "divine philosophy," he is the frequent scholar of riot and misrule. Bigotry finds him her aptest pupil; a ready soldier for her hoary rights; the panting follower of her low behests. In her cause he can wield a cudgel, and out-bellow Stentor: for her beloved sake he blows a catcall, and knocks down his man. Do you doubt this, reader? To Oxford, then, or Cambridge: go, and be converted.

The Young Lord of our day, has, it must be owned, changed from his predecessor of fifty years ago. He is not the same hero of fortune, who, with impunity, might cane his footman, and kick his creditor. He is, by public opinion, put upon his good behaviour; and so, generally conforms to all the decencies. There are, to be sure, exceptions; but we will not dwell upon them. There was a time when the Young Lord could take shelter from personal insignificance in his title: the nobleman could, as Sheridan has expressed it, "hide his head in a coronet;" now it affords no concealment; but, on the contrary, is a mark, drawing the thoughts of men to test the value of the possessor.

The Young Lord must march with the times, or must be content to be left behind with the stragglers. This is the more incumbent on him as the old resources of his predecessors become every day less; more urgent, when every day serves to shew the different destinies of lords who, like Brougham's pigs, are—lords born to teats, and lords born to tails.



THE BALLAD-SINGER.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post.

Hood

THE BALLAD-SINGER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The public ear has become dainty, fastidious, hypercritical; hence, the Ballad-Singer languishes and dies. Only now and then, his pipings are to be heard. Sometimes, like a solitary hermit frog, he croaks in a gutter; at long intervals he "saws the air" with his foggy, jagged voice; and, on rare occasions, is to be found at nights in a melancholy, genteel street, warbling like a woodlark to the melting bosoms of congregated housemaids. Yes; your Ballad-Singer is now become a shy bird: the national minstrel—the street troubadour—the minnesinger of the alley—the follower of the *gay seance* in London highways and by-ways, is fast disappearing from the scene; his strains speedily to become, like the *falsetto* of Homer, a matter of doubtful history. The London Ballad-Singer has fallen a victim to the arts of the Italian: he has been killed by breathings from the South, ground to death by barrel-organs from Lucca and Pisa, and Bologna *la Grassa*. To him, *Di tanti palpiti* has been a scirocco; *Non piu andrai*, a most pestilent and withering air. Like the ruffian of a melo-drama, he has "died to music,"—the music of his enemies. Mozart, Rossini—yes, and Weber,—signed his death-warrant, and their thousand vassals have duly executed it.

With the fall of Napoleon, declined the English Ballad-Singer. During the war, it was his peculiar province to vend halfpenny historical abridgments of his country's glory; recommending the short poetic chronicle by some familiar household air, that fixed it in the memory of the purchaser, who thus easily got hatred of the French by heart, with a new assurance of his own invulnerability. No battle was fought, no vessel taken or sunk, that the triumph was not published, proclaimed in the national gazette of our Ballad-Singer. It was his harsh, cracked, blatant voice that growled, squeaked, shouted forth the glorious truth, and made big the patriotic hearts of his humble and admiring listeners. If he were not the clear silver trump of Fame, he was at least her tin horn. It was he who bellowed music into news, which, made to jingle, was thus, even to

the weakest understanding, rendered portable. It was his narrow strips of history that adorned the garrets of the poor; it was he who made them yearn towards their country, albeit to them so rough and niggard a mother. Have we not great authority for praising the influence of the Ballad-Singer? What says the wise, virtuous, gentle Sidney?—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet is sung but by some blind crowder, with no mightier voice than rude style."

Napoleon lost Waterloo, and the English Ballad-Singer not only lost his greatest prerogative, but was almost immediately assailed by foreign rivals, who have well-nigh played him dumb. Little thought the Ballad-Singer, when he crowed forth the crowning triumphs of the war, and in his sweetest possible modulations breathed the promised blessings of a golden peace, that he was then, swan-like, singing his own knell; that he did but herald the advent of his provençal destroyers.

Oh, muse! descend and say, did no omen tell the coming of the fall? Did no friendly god give warning to the native son of song? Burned the stars clearly, tranquilly in heaven,—or shot they madly across Primrose-hill, the Middlesex Parnassus?

As on an Autumn eve, when all the winds are hushed, the trees are still; when a deep silence is in the sky, and earth lies sleeping in the lap of peace,—suddenly a solemn sound is heard, and earth, from her heart's core seems to send a sigh, and all the forest leaves shake and tremble in the twilight air, and yet no wind is felt upon the cheek of John and Molly, straying in the grove.

So, evening had gathered o'er Saint Giles's; and Seven Dials, tranquil in the balmy air, confessed a sudden peace. Nor garret, cellar, hostelry obscene, gave utterance to a sound. So tranquil was the season, even publishers were touched. Catnach and Pitts sat silent in their shops; placing their hands in breeches-poke, with that serenity which pockets best convey, they looked around their walls—walls more richly decked than if hung with triumphs of Sidonian looms, arrayed with Bayeux stitchings; walls, where ten thousand thousand ballads—strips, harmonious, yet silent as Apollo's unbraced strings,—hung pendulous, or crisply curling, like John Braham's hair. Catnach and Pitts, the tuneful masters of the gutter-choir, serenely looked, yet with such comprehensive glance, that look did take their stock. Suddenly, more suddenly than e'er the leaves in Hornsey wood were stirred by instant blast, the thousand thousand ballads swung and rustled on the walls; yet wind there was not, not the lightest breath. Still, like pendants fluttering in a northern breeze, the ballads

streamed towards Catnach, and towards Pitts! Amazing truth—yet more; each ballad found a voice! "Old Towler" faintly growled; "Nancy Dawson" sobbed and sighed; and "Bright Chanticleer" crowed weakly, dolorously, as yet in chickenhood, and smitten with the pip.

At the same instant, the fiddle, the antique viol of old Roger Scratch, fell from its garret-peg, and lay shivered, even as glass.

A cloud fell upon Seven Dials; dread and terror chilled her many minstrels: and why—and wherefore?

At that dread moment, a minstrel from the sunny South, with barrel-organ, leapt on Dover beach! Seven Dials felt the shock: her troubadours, poor native birds, were to be out-carrolled and out-quavered, by Italian strains. The poor were to have the Italian opera retailed by penn'orths to them, from the barrel-organ; and prompt to follow their masters, they let the English ballad singer sing unheard.

The Ballad-Singer, though all but mute in these chromatic days, has done great service. Can we not hear him, far away, making homely, yet most welcome music to the yeomen, prentices, and milk-maids of Elizabeth? Did they not all "love a ballad in print?" Was not the minstrel a public servant of allowed utility? A most humanising wayfarer; now kindling, now melting the common heart? An outcast, ragged wanderer, in the benevolence of his vagabond calling, giving fitful respite to drudgery; making the multitude pause, and listen to a ballad, one of the fine old things that for these two hundred years have sweetened the air of common life, and are now fragrant and fresh as hawthorn buds,—a ballad, that could stir the heart of a Sidney "more than a trumpet?"

Two hundred years ago, and the street Ballad-Singer was not only the poet and musician for the poor, but he was their newsmonger, their journalist. As then, the morning papers were not: the saints of Sunday shewed not the spite of devils at Sabbath prints conned over by the poor; historians, encyclopædists, and philosophers were not purchaseable piecemeal by pennies; and though the Globe Theatre had its gallery for two-pence, the works of a certain actor, playing there, were not printed at the price. Hence, the Ballad-Singer supplied music and reading to the poor: he brought enjoyment to their very doors. He sung to them the news, the court gossip of the day, veiled perhaps in cunning allegory—(for the virgin Queen would snip off the ears of a bookseller, as readily as her waiting-woman would snip a lace)—throwing on a dark point the light of a significant look, and giving to the general obscurity of the text ex-

planatory gestures, nods and winks, for the assistance of homespun understandings.

It is upon record that the Ballad-Singer must have acted no contemptible part in the civil wars. Have we not evidence of his stirring, animating importance? Has the reader ever met with the "Songs of the Rump?" If so, can he not figure to himself the English Ballad-Singer, bawling, yelling the ditty to a grinning, rejoicing crowd, as party rose and fell? The very songs, at first written for a few, and sung in watchful secrecy in holes and corners, were, as the Commonwealth waned and died, roared, bellowed to the multitude. Hark, reader! what lungs of brass—now, what a roar of voices! Look; the music issues from the metal throat of yonder dirty-faced Phœbus in rags; and the shouts and laughter from the mob, frantic with joy at the burden of his lay—the downfall of Old Noll, and the coming of the king, that silken, sorry rascal, Charles the Second. How the ballad-singing rogue screams his joyful tidings! and how the simple, giddy-headed crowd, hungering for shows and holidays, toss up their arms and jnmp like satyrs! And there, darting, slinking by, passes the wincing puritan, his face ash-coloured with smothered anger at the profane tune. And now, a comely gentleman makes through the crowd, and with a patronising smile, and bestowing something more than the cost price—for he is marvellously tickled with the theme,—secures a copy of the song. The reader may not at the instant recognise the buyer: he is, we can swear to him, one Mr. Samuel Pepys, afterwards secretary to the Admiralty; but what is more to his fame, the greatest ballad-collector of the day: let his treasures left to Cambridge bear honourable witness for him. See, he walks down Charing-cross, carrying away the burden of the song, and with a light and loyal heart, humming, "And the king shall have his own again!" Who shall say that our Ballad-Singer has not shouted to crowds like these; has not vended his small ware to men, aye, as illustrious as the immortal writer of that best of history—history in undress—*The Diary?*

How many times has the Ballad-Singer, with voice no softer than the voice of Cyclops, set the nation's heart dancing! Though these days own him not—though this age reject his songs—let us not forget him as a national character; as one who has contributed to the enjoyments of wayfaring life; nay, as one who, in his humble vocation may sometimes have vindicated life's best and highest purposes. He has been the poor man's minstrel, satirist, historian; nay, at certain seasons, he has been invested with almost sacerdotal gravity to prosperous men.

The snow is on the ground, the earth is like flint; the wind howls like a wild beast at the windows. How deliciously the fire burns! how the coals crackle, and the flame glows, as if in mockery of the blast and darkness without! A woman sings in the street: between December gusts, you hear a sharp, tremulous human voice—wailing? No; it is the Christmas-carol; the homely burden sung two centuries ago: the self-same words, too, that Shakspere in his childhood may have lain and listened to—that in his later years may have rapt his spirit, bearing it away to Bethlehem! The present, with all its monotonous common-place, for a time is gone from us, and we live in the past. The wild melancholy strain—strengthened by old association—charms away almost two thousand years; and we seem for a space as of those who had an instant interest in the tidings told. The music, the words are a part of our earliest childhood—of childhood, that in its very innocency familiarises solemnities with itself; and we again go back, again seem almost contemporary with the wondrous Advent. And this sweet, though brief emotion, we may owe to the Ballad-Singer. The peevishness, the selfishness of earth is hushed, forgotten in the rich melodious thoughts born of his antique lay, begotten by the Christmas-carol.

The Ballad-Singer has lost his occupation; yet should he not pass away unthanked, unrecompensed. We have seen him a useful minister in rude society; we have heard him a loud-mouthed advocate of party zeal; and we have seen him almost ground into silence by the southern troubadour. Yet was he the first music-seller in the land. Ye well-stocked, flourishing vendors of fashionable scores, deign to cast a look through plate-glass at your poor, yet great original, bare-footed and in rags, singing, unabashed, amidst London wagon-wheels: behold the true descendant of the primitive music-seller; of him who, even two centuries ago, sold his lays without the help of other commendation than his own cracked yet honest voice; of him, who feed not journalists to advertise and trumpet forth his ditties, but, to the public ear, uttered the words and pitched the note himself; of him, who, innocent of the superfluous theory of *ut re mi*, warbled in his own wild naturalness, and found an echo in the public heart. And oh! ye sellers of modern crotchets, tear, hide, burn your pictured scores, where ladies, with the best lump-sugar faces, engraved or lithographed, seduce the simple soul to purchase, fobbing him of two-and-sixpence; hide, ye deceivers, and, for the credit of the trade in general, try and contribute one blush among ye, at the simple, unsophisticated beauty, heading our penny ballad; an honest face, hewed

in honest wood; a fine, true, homely thing, in its very homeliness shaming the prim, curled, smiling, leering, would-be-consumptive misses, exhibited in the windows of the fashionable music-seller to—we speak advisedly—the loss of much public money, and, what is almost as bad, to the imminent danger of public morality. If the lover of true pictorial beauty, illustrative of musical sentiment, would see, and seeing be uplifted and instructed, let him seek a dead wall, vivified and made harmonious by a thousand penny ballads. There, indeed, he may look on simple loveliness; there, art, unadorned, naked as truth, wooes and, if he be worth the catching, inevitably makes him captive. Hark! listen; melodies breathe from the bricks: that wall, so seeming mute and dead, is musical as the blocks of Memnon.

The Ballad-Singer of our day rarely rises above the blackguard (Southey has made the word classic) and vagabond. His strains are, for the most part, the vilest begging set to the vilest music. He takes temporary promotion at an election, merging the mendicant in the more honourable appointment of party-minstrel. He sings the merits of the new candidate, and exposes the frailties and venalities of his opponent, with a modesty and energy that sometimes reminds us of the House of Commons. The Ballad-Singer, pending the election—alas! poor chorister, reform hath cruelly abridged his singing season—is, indeed, a parliamentary agent of no small importance: he may take rank with the solicitor, the professional friend of the candidate; and, if his voice and style of singing have won a few votes for his employer, they have doubtless, been as honestly obtained as many procured by the man of law, who in the course of the canvass may have exhibited a sudden love of kittens and canaries, paying for them ten and twenty pounds per individual.

Still, however, we have the Political Ballad-Singer; still the street-minstrel celebrates the downfall of a ministry; still he has at times something to sing about the royal household. Now and then, too, he fearlessly attacks a growing vice, to the amusement if not to the edification of his hearers. Like the preacher, however, the Ballad Singer finds his auditors increase with the fierceness and causticity of his style. A short time, since we paused to listen to the mud-notes wild of a street-singer: it grieves us to state, that he sang not to the praise, but to the dishonour of women, who, nevertheless, with the characteristic patience that ennobles them, making them smile wickedness itself into good behaviour, stood in a ring of five or six deep about the slanderer, mutely hanging upon the fellow's words, and now and then uttering the prettiest contempt of his miserable libels. How-

ever, in the face of one creature we saw the glowing anger spot: "Infamous! he ought to be taken up—come away!" and she urged a matronly companion, who placidly replied, "Not yet, Mary Anne—let 's wait, only just to hear how far the fellow's impudence will carry him." (It would possibly shock the self-love of many sulphureous lecturers, followed as they seem for the beauty of their talk, were the true cause of their popularity as ingenuously unfolded to them.)

The Sailor Ballad-Singer has died with the long peace; he no longer attacks our sympathies with one arm and a wooden leg: maimed limbs have become scarce. Now and then, when we presume little is to be got by picking pockets—for, in all professions, there is, probably, a longer or shorter vacation—half-a-dozen fellows condescend to wear check shirts, and, if the weather be fiercely cold, to walk with bare, clean-washed feet, executing, as they pick their way, "Ben Bowline," or at times plunging with one accord into the "Bay of Biscay.

At times, we come upon ballad-singing that has its plaintiveness; a pathos, independent of the words and air, though the ballad shall be sweetly sung. May such singing be seldom heard; may the passenger be rarely stopt, when hurrying on a winter's night homeward, by the low, sweet voice of some thinly-clad woman, hugging her child, for whom and it may be for others, her wretched minstrelsy is to buy a supper. We have heard such singing; and the tune of the minstrel, the intonation of the words told a tale of misery; declared that she had suffered many rubs of fortune; that she was not born to sing the requiem of her own lungs in November's fog and January's blast.

The respectable Ballad-Singer is our aversion: the impostor who, acting in broad day an overwhelming sense of his degradation, sings in strictest confidence to himself; or, whose *fortissimo* shall be no louder than that of a bee bumbling in a flower. He is, he will tell you, a most respectable tradesman, who has endured incalculable losses; and who, if you could really come to his secret history, would much rather try to sing than work. The true interests of ballad-singing, as a picturesque calling, have been much injured by such varlets.

The Ballad-Singer who at watering-places carols to young ladies, and sings away the peace of families, is not to our purpose. He is beyond the minstrel of the gutter, and not quite up to the Apollo of a tea-gardens. Besides, there is a mystery about him which we care not to unravel. Heaven knows, he may be a Polish prince, and he may be only a runaway pin-maker

We have now no Ballad-Singers of character; no professed, constant minstrels, chanting their daily rounds, and growing grey, it may be, to one everlasting strain—to one untiring song. The knaves who now chirp in the highways are, like grasshoppers, but of a season; their music tarries not with us; their sweet voices pass from our memories with the air they die upon; they make no part of our household recollections, but are thankfully got rid of at the turning of the street. It was not always so. The reader must remember two or three Ballad-Singers of his youth, whose harmonies, rude or dulcet, still vibrate in his heart, and make a child of him again. For ourselves, we have two—nay, three favourites of the highway minstrelsy. It is but to name them, and if the reader be of London breeding, he needs must recognise the vocal wayfarers.

Our first acquaintance was an old blind man, familiarly named Billy. He had only one song: it was, however, recommended by a fiddle accompaniment. Billy's song—it had worn him into wrinkles—was,

"Oh! listen—listen to the voice of love!"

Billy had a rich *falsetto*. Billy knew it: hence, you could have sooner drawn him from his skin than make him quit his *falsetto*: for he would murmur, preludise a few low notes, then rush into it, and, once there, he knew too well his own strength to quit it on small occasion. Billy's *falsetto* was his fastness, where he capered and revelled in exulting security. We hear it now; yes, we listen to his "love" whooping through wintry darkness—proudly crowing above the din of the street—shouting triumphantly above the blast—a loud-voiced Cupid "horsing the wind." Was it a fine cunning on the part of the musician—we trust it was—that made him subdue into the lowest mutterings all the rest of the song, giving the whole of his *falsetto*, and with it all his enthusiasm, to the one word "love?" If this were art, it was art of the finest touch. Nor must we pass the fingering of his instrument: he would tuck his chin into his bosom, and smiling, now blandly now grimly on that soul-ravishing bit of wood, twitch and snatch and drag away its music with most potent and relentless hand: more, he was so absorbed, so bound by his art, that if the fiddle had been suddenly displaced for a battledore, we believe that Billy would have bowed and fingered away all heedless of the change. Poor Billy! He had a sleek, happy, well-fed look; and though we have known a worse *falsetto* than his ten thousand times better paid, we have a comfortable hope that it procured for him all the decencies of board and lodging. We have liked several Ballad-Singers; but Billy was a "first love."

Has the reader ever been startled by

— "Philomel down in the grove,"

suddenly piped into his ear,—and, looking round, has he discovered an old, lean, withered woman, who—after some investigation—has proved to be the minstrel? Twenty years ago she sang that one song, and then it seemed the song of the swan—a dying strain: then she was age-stricken, and now—we heard her not a month ago—she seems no older. We had lost her for some years, when one night,

—"Philomel down in the grove,"

with its shrill charm, brought back scenes of boyhood. Its wailing, melancholy sound was as the voice of departed years; the requiem of a hopeful time.

Can we close this paper, without one word to thee, O, William Waters? Blithest of blacks! Ethiopian Grimaldi! They who saw thee not, cannot conceive the amount of grace co-existent with a wooden leg—the comedy budding from timber. Then Billy's complexion! We never saw a black *so* black: his face seemed polished, trickling with good humour. Who ever danced as he danced? Waters was a genius; his life gave warranty of it, nor did his death disprove it, for he died in a workhouse.

We would say one word on—not a Ballad-Singer, but an instrumental musician. If the reader be four-score-ten, he must, as a thing of his childhood, remember a little blind woman, with a face like a withered apple, who still plays upon the hurdy-gurdy. No man can tell the age of that minstrel; for she lives and grinds music at this very hour. There was a dark legend that, some years ago, she was an opera-singer—a *prima donna* of even more than professional caprice and arrogance,—and that, as a punishment, Apollo doomed her to the menial footing of pedestrian musician. The tale is in some measure borne out by the fact that she walks rapidly on, never pausing for the alms of the charitable, but turning, turning, eternally turning. It is said that this her punishment is to continue until opera-singers become not a whit more conceited or more arrogant than other people. If such be the case, God help that woman!

We close our paper with an anecdote of Bishop Corbet—all ought to know his cordial poems—who, when a doctor of divinity, one day at Abingdon heard a Ballad-Singer complain that he could not sell his ware. On which, the doctor donned the minstrel's leathern jacket, "went out into the street, and drew around him a crowd of admiring buyers."

THE IRISH PEASANT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

In the present day, there is scarcely a subject more talked of or less understood than the Irish Peasant; not one that is the theme of fiercer debate, contradiction, and misrepresentation. His enemies representing him as a fiend, stimulate his friends to paint him as an angel, and the truth lies between—he is a man; and amongst many high qualities he possesses, that of manhood stands so boldly forward, that in describing him, his chronicler may say emphatically, "The Irish Peasant *is a man.*"

And this is no small praise. The high-souled *Rolla*, when he speaks of the gallant Castilian soldier, conveys to *Elvira* his sense of admiration for him by using the very words—"That soldier, mark me, *is a man!*—all are not men that bear the human form:" and it is true; for such are the persecutors of the Irish Peasant, who, not content with crushing him to the lowest social condition, traduce whom they have rendered wretched; and, having robbed him of all else beside, would "filch from him his good name," and hunt him down the steep of infamy with a sanguinary instinct, more resembling hounds than men.

Englishmen sometimes receive false impressions of other people through superficial travellers, who, hurrying to their conclusions, as they do to their inns, post-haste, are therefore liable to many mistakes: but the false picture of the Irish Peasant is not the result of *mistake*, but *intention*. He it is alone who is designedly, habitually, and systematically maligned.

So much has this been the case, that his chronicler, who may start with the intention of being his eulogist, finds himself suddenly becoming an apologist. So often has the Irish Peasant been arraigned at the bar of public opinion, or, I may say, prejudice, that his best friend is forced rather to plead in his defence than to speak in his praise: instead of producing just impressions, obliged first to remove false ones. Truth may not walk abroad without first clearing away the rubbish with which Falsehood has blocked up her path.



THE IRISH PEASANT.

His heart is made of Irish Oak.

Old Song.

Stand forth then, poor Paddy, and at the bar hold up your hand; and a fine muscular fist of your own you have. Of what are you accused? what says the indictment? It sets forth—whereas, the prisoner at the bar is lazy, idle, improvident, superstitious, careless, ungrateful, ignorant, black-hearted, bloody-minded, &c. &c. &c.

I meet the first accusation with a flat denial; I deny it with both my hands. Paddy is not lazy; he is sometimes idle; and why?—because he can get nothing to do; he is willing to work if he be offered employment, and if he can't get it, the idleness is not his fault. But lazy? no! he is active and energetic; he will work for sixpence a day, or sometimes less; is that lazy?—he will, for a trifle, run you an errand ten or fifteen miles, nearly in as short a time as a horse could perform the distance; is that lazy?—and when he returns, if there 's a piper in the way, he will dance up to his girl as nimbly as if he had not gone a perch; is that lazy? Then he 'll see the girl home, and most indubitably make love to her: ah! Paddy, there 's the improvidence. "Why, sir, it 's not improvident to make love; I make love myself, after a sort, and I 'm a prudent Englishman, or a far-sighted Scotchman." "Oh! yes, sir, but when Paddy coaxes his Norah, he means matrimony; that 's the mischief; and then comes the terrible consequence of a family to perpetuate poverty." But is it nothing to escape the sting of conscience that illicit love leaves behind; to have the heart expand under the holy influence of domestic affections; to enjoy the proud boast that his countrywomen are among the purest of the earth, and that whatever murders may occur in Ireland, child-murder is almost unknown? Let manufacturing towns consult this balance sheet, and on which side does the credit lie? Pat, you 're not a bankrupt this time; you can pay twenty shillings in the pound in the court of chastity!

Paddy's heart opens wider and wider as his children increase to claim its affections: does he dread that the scanty ridge of potatoes will not be enough for the wants of his rising family? no!—with a holy reliance on the goodness of Providence, he repeats the proverb he often heard his father repeat, and religiously believes, "that God never sends mouths without sending something to feed them."

So much for Paddy's improvidence: now for his superstition. He nails a horseshoe upon the threshold of his door for luck; well—does that do any body any harm? "No," your utilitarian says, "but it would be better employed under a horse's foot;" Sir, it 's always an old shoe that is past service: are you answered?

Why, as that athletic peasant bends over his sleeping child, does the devotion of an enthusiast mingle with the expression of a father's

love? Because the baby has smiled in its slumber, and the father believes "it is talking with the angels:" who, with a particle of feeling, would blame this innocent and lovely belief? Neither the head nor the heart are the worse for it. On the contrary, it has its birth in a lively affection and a poetic imagination, and of the same class are most of his superstitions.

But the father must leave his child; he has not work enough at home to enable him to pay his rent. What 's to be done? He must go to England to mow or reap her harvests; so, giving kisses and leaving blessings, all he has to give or leave, to his wife and children, *lazy* Paddy walks sixty or eighty miles to the coast, and quits poor Ireland for rich England. There lazy Paddy walks some hundreds of miles, very often, to procure work—task-work; slaves from the earliest dawn till dusk, to raise a few pounds; lives on next to nothing all the time, and is merry into the bargain. What! does not Paddy repine under all this privation?—not at all; Paddy can do anything better than fret. "What a foolish contented fellow! Why, he must expend half he makes in shoe leather, with all this walking:" But, sir, he does not always wear his shoes; he carries them in a bundle slung over a stick at his back; perhaps, indeed, he has *two* sticks, for Paddy, I own, is *rather* fond of a stick, which he considers his best friend in a row; his other friend is his reaping-hook, which he very carefully envelopes in the folds of a small straw rope, to preserve from injury, and slings on his shoulder. Now, considering Paddy is called a careless fellow, I think this care of his shoes and his reaping-hook is more than could be expected from him. I remember even a story which puts Paddy's care for whatever he pays money for in a stronger light: Paddy Purcel bought, at a fair, a new pair of brogues, and put them on that he might be *dacent* in the fair, more betoken as he had to dance with his "darlin' Biddy;" but the business and amusement of the fair over, Paddy took off his brogues to walk home, and his companion, Mick Murphy, shouldered a new spade that he had purchased. On the way home Mick, every now and then, held out his spade at arm's length to admire his new possession; but, as this was done in a tasty manner, between his finger and thumb, he had not much command of it—perhaps he had not too much over himself, indeed; but whether it was the result of having a drop too much I know not, but he happened to drop his new and sharp-edged spade upon his friend Paddy's foot, on which it inflicted a serious wound. Paddy roared, I won't swear he did n't curse a little, Biddy cried, and Mick pulled all the dock-leaves in the neighbourhood to apply to the wound. After a time Paddy's lamentations grew milder,

and he began to congratulate himself on his luck. "Luck, jewel!" says Biddy.

"To be sure, darlin'," says Paddy.

"Why, your fut is a'most cut off," says Biddy.

"Thrue for you, darlin'," says Paddy; "*but wasn't it lucky I had n't my new brogues on me?*"

"Sure enough," said Biddy, who comprehended this Irish argument; for Biddy knew it was easier to heal a cut foot than to buy a new pair of brogues.

Next in the indictment stand's Pat's ingratitude. Never was there a grosser calumny than to lay such a charge at his door. The Irish Peasant is pre-eminently grateful; treat him but kindly, and he is your's to the death. Gratitude with him is a passion, for it often overpowers his judgment. I remember hearing an instance of Irish gratitude from an English lady, the wife of a clergyman of the Established Church, in the south of England. On a certain occasion, the harvest was late, and the poor Irish reapers who came over for work were without employment, and consequently without the means of subsistence. In this melancholy plight, they were succoured by this excellent clergyman, so worthy of being the priest of a Christian creed. He permitted a party of otherwise unsheltered beings to lie in one of his outhouses, and his kind lady ordered food to be supplied to the poor starving creatures, until the harvest gave them employment. Then they departed; but ere they went on their way, they assembled round the door of their benefactor's house, and their expressions of thanks, their prayers for blessings on the good man's head, and prosperity to his family, and vows of eternal gratitude, were given with an eloquence and passion remembered to this hour with emotion by that kind English lady. I think I hear some anti-Irish scoffer say, "'T is easy to speak thanks and vow gratitude; and as for the eloquence, no one denies that the Irish have the 'gift of the gab.'"

Cold and sneering sceptic, the story is not yet finished. The following season, the same party of poor Irish came to the door of the English clergyman, and each person had brought some trifling present to "the kind lady, God bless her, who was their friend in their throuble:" one brought a hen, another a bottle of whiskey, another a decoction of herbs that his wife had made up, "a fine thing agen the sickness;" another some specimens of crystal from his native mountains; every one of them some testimonial of remembrance for the benefit bestowed on them: not, as they said themselves, "for the worth o' the thing, but to shew that the gratitude lived in their

hearts ever since the day they got the bit and the sup and the shelter in their need."

The English lady wept as she took their presents. Nay, years after, the tear trembled in her gentle eye as she told the tale to me, and added, "Whenever I hear Ireland abused, I always remember my poor grateful peasants, and stand up for them and fight their battle."

May God bless you, gentle English lady!

* * * * * * *

Paddy, you are accused of being ignorant.

Now, from my own experience, I do not think you are more ignorant than your step-brother, John Bull; but if you be, John is the last man should say anything about it, seeing that he once made penal laws against Irish schoolmasters. But John, my dear fellow, don't wonder at that: look to our own times, and, even in this advanced age, the high and mighty of the land don't seem a bit too willing to extend the blessing of education to yourself. Whatever Pat's ignorance may be, he makes up for it in natural intelligence; his wit is proverbial. In reference to the length of an Irish mile, hear his answer to a traveller. The traveller complained of the bad roads; "Well, sir," says Pat, "if the road's not good, sure we give you good measure." Dean Swift, a sharp hand himself, on revisiting a plantation after some years of absence, exclaimed in admiration to his peasant guide, "Dear me, how *wonderfully* those trees have grown!"

"Arrah, where's the wondher, sir?" says Pat; "sure they have nothing else to do."

Now Pat, for your black heart.

Pat's heart is so black, that he will share his scanty meal with the stranger, be he rich or poor; if the former, he will reject the offer of money in return for his potatoes, as an affront; if the latter, he accepts his thanks as an equivalent, and gives his "God speed you" to the poor wayfarer, whose hunger he has appeased.

Willing ever to oblige, and always easily won by a word of civility, Pat never gives (as other peasants do) the stranger who enquires his way, an answer so sulky as to be next door to a refusal of the information: nay, Pat's heart is so *very* black, that he will, in such case, even with business of his own on hand, turn back to put the stranger in his right road. I have known an Irish Peasant walk miles out of his way rather than a stranger should go astray, aud refuse all recompense for it, except the courteous return of thanks, which no generous spirit could refuse, for so much disinterested kindness; and Pat would rather have that than the money, for truth to say, scarce as money is with the Irish Peasant, civility from his superiors is

scarcer. His hard work *does* sometimes wring a few miserable pence from his titled task-masters; but there is no good conduct of his can win one kind word from them.

My poor Pat, your heart is not black, though it would be well for you your face were; for then, may be, there would have been a parliamentary grant of twenty millions for *your* benefit as well as the *negro's*. No, Pat, I'm afraid not; you are too near England to attract her tenderness.

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view."

Slavery in the West Indies is more captivating to English sympathies than in Ireland: or, is it that Great Britain, from her lofty position, commands so wide a sphere of vision that distant wrongs are more perceptible than those which are proximate? She should *stoop* to see the abuses under her nose. Great Britain must not stoop.

Last in the indictment, Pat, stands your sanguinary nature.

'T is true that much blood has been shed in Ireland; but equally true that it has not been shed without cause. The crimes of the Irish Peasant are the result of political circumstances peculiar to Ireland. His crimes may be often laid at the door of the lawgiver. *They* have been cultivated by *others*, while his virtues are his own.

The word "peasant," considered in the abstract, fills the mind with images of green fields and waving corn, and wood, and vale, and mountain; days of healthful employment, and nights of refreshing repose. The propagative plough, the toiling team, the fragrant breath of the cow, visible as it is condensed on the cool morning air; the milkmaid and her profitable employment; the flocks of sheep pouring forth from the fold to grace the summer slopes with their white fleeces, that are to afford us warmth against the winter winds; these, and many other images of beauty and comfort and calm, naturally arise at the word "peasant;" but place "Irish" before it, and, like some potent drop in the cup of the chemist, it changes everything. The images associated with it, instead of being rural, become political. You think of fierce struggles against the oppression of a rich and privileged few, by the poor and limited many; of wrong on the one hand, and revenge on the other; of Christian charity crushed between the collision of Christian creeds; of parliamentary elections, where, to achieve a political regeneration, the anger of defeated and enraged landlords is braved for the cause of country, with a devotion and heroism unmatched in modern times. Then follows the long and fearful train of aristocratic vengeance:—ejectment by wholesale; cabins razed to the ground; families driven to starvation; mothers dying in a ditch in giving birth to some fresh candidate for Irish

suffering; and, at last, maddened fathers, driven to the "wild justice of revenge," expiating on the scaffold their offences against the law, which has been always more ready to punish than protect.

Such is the fearful train of thought that the words "Irish Peasant" suggest to those who know and pity their condition. I think I hear a sturdy Englishman say, "And does he bear all this, and yet do you call him emphatically 'a man?'" I admit that the Irish Peasant, of all men breathing, is the most patient; but remember that patience is one of the cardinal virtues.

But there are bounds even to the patience of Irish Peasants, and fearful are the outbreaks of sanguinary vengeance to which oppression sometimes drives them. The barrier of patience once broken, their repressed feelings, like waters that have burst their bounds, rush destructively onward with that impetuosity which characterises all their actions, and manslaughter and murder are sometimes attendant on agrarian disturbance; but you never hear of the crime connected with robbery; robbery is a rare offence in Ireland. There a woman is not shot over her counter for the contents of her till; nor her throat cut by the road-side for the sake of eightpence-halfpenny; but these things have occurred elsewhere. In short, crime in Ireland assumes a political shape; less attributable to private depravity than to the spirit of public vengeance for public wrong; it is to be numbered among the national events of the time, and belongs rather to the page of the historian than the Newgate Calendar.

The reader, perhaps, may say at the conclusion of this paper, "And is all this about the Irish Peasant, with so little *fun* in it?" Gentle reader, *the Irish Peasant and his present condition are no subjects for joking.* No man would make so light of them as himself; for even around his sufferings, nay, his very crimes and their consequences, he casts an imagery and mirthfulness that disguise their horror. If he threaten another with death, how does he express it?—"I'll put a daisy quilt over him." His consequent melancholy look-out through the bars of a prison, he calls "brightening the queen's iron with his eyebrows." And when in the dock he meets the sentence of manslaughter, neither he nor the bystanders are debarred their joke. Some one was asked, on leaving the court where such a trial was proceeding, how far it had gone. The judge was then pronouncing sentence of transportation on the prisoner, but Pat's mode of expressing it was, "My lord is givin' an illigant *lecture on Botany.*" The man sentenced was very old, and when his lordship concluded by telling the prisoner that fourteen years was to be the period of his banishment, the prisoner answered, "I'm delighted to hear it, my lord, for *'pon my sowl, I did n't think I had half so long to live.*"



CAPTAIN ROOK.

For to have plenty, it is a pleasant thing
In my conceit; and to have it aye in hand.

Ship of Fools

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

BY WILLIAM THACKERY.

The statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world: I should like to see an accurate table shewing the rogues and dupes of each nation; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expansive theme. What thieves are there at Paris, oh, heavens! and what a power of rogues with pigtails and mandarin buttons at Pekin! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg: how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine! what an inordinate number of rascals is there to be sure puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and, smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee; fair running streams for glittering fish; store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions; for active cats, mice; for mice, cheese; and so on; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau): I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and

Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once; so let us pretermit all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially, there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found: proofs of our enterprise, and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo: I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all; better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins; your tallow-faced German baron with white moustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzska at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic majesty's service:—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre*, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever

saw; reading, possibly, "The Morning Post," or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns; or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour; at four, he is to be seen in the window of his club; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances: some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads, with pale dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion): at seven, he has a dinner at Long's, or at the Clarendon; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, besides himself, you may remark a young man—very young,—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies: one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light-blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blonde lace; she wears large gilt ear-rings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night: there 's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours: I 'm blest if it is n't him as we saw in the Park, dear!"

"I wish, Hanna, you 'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You do n't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, *do* you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing very unnecessarily a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been

new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said, that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half-an-hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural and even kind of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups*, and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play: it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea: you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake: if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always;* and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process: if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and sixty-three guineas; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income:—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose; he is frightened

that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill luck: when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!); when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I do n't believe: is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to Brook Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "*If* I had but played my king of hearts," sighs Fred, "and kept back my trump; but there 's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curaçoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;" and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you," must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homœopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versâ*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out: he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a-week. "No men," said he, with a great deal of justice, "was so ill paid as 'dramatic artists;' they laboured for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and, in consequence, won: but ask the table all round: one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down

twopence-halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Etrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling houses that the money is lost: it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing: the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds: every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, or an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labour. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays; as thus—

Horses, carriages, (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500	0	0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350	0	0
Watering-places, and touring	300	0	0
Dinners to give	150	0	0
Pocket-money	150	0	0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150	0	0
Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)	0	0	0
TOTAL	£1,600	0	0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses; no, it is *not* a good profession: it is *not* good interest for

one's money: it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat; when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coupe* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchell sings after Aristophanes—

> "In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green;*
> But now when his dotage is on him,
> God help him!—for no eye of those who pass him by,
> Throws a look of compassion upon him."

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends: in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do; in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! *Is* this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks, I take to be this: that black-legging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villanous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians



MR. PIGEON.

If the pigeons are small, a quarter of an hour will do them; but they will take twenty minutes, if large.

Mrs. Rundle's Cookery.

do not do; they leave all to follow their master, the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory, can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent man old Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in the stable, a protemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month!

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honours at Cambridge in the year 1; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty demure simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now crow-

ing in the rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife: not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years, as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honour.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse, (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing)! Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes Æschylus, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom: however, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of x's and y's.

May comes, and the college examinations: the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIUS ROOK.

Trinity, May 10.

Dear Credo*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps;* in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

I send you his college bill, £105 10*s.*; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive: I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Your's,

Sol. Snorter.

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter, it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:

P.S.—Dear father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner; and owe £54 more for deserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.

The reverend Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter: however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a "God bless you!" and Mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations, but Tom is sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At the second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The reverend Athanasius

* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

begins to grow very, very grave: they have high words, even, the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door, when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's under-graduateship arrives; he is in ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books: and the end is that, a month before the examinations, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge-town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

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Oh, sin! woe, repentance, Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, écarté, blind hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook: when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christine; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N. B. All young men with money have silly, flattering she-relatives)—and the silly trips which he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honourable Tom Mount-coffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear, he puts himself behind a curvetting camel-leopard of a cab horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out! and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratical individuals, Mr. Pigeon is

carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captains Rooks must rob in company; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men; in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially; if you don't somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He *must* be plucked; it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate; if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which, if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him, and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him, until he turns out as naked as a cannon ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is a stout cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place: and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathery state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs: on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He spunges on his relatives; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him or takes to drinking too; or he gets a little place, a very little place: you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the Pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison!—a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie-

cages, ceaselessly walking up and down! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly:—

> Pour mon mal estranger
> Je ne m' arreste en place;
> Mais, j'en ay beau changer
> Si ma douleur n' efface!

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums, the Rooks end their lives; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early: you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession:—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook:—not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over! Oh, Captain Rook! what nice "chums" do you take with you into prison; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *fines patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed!

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world:—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.



THE COCKNEY.

We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!

CHARLES LAMB.

THE COCKNEY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant," says the grateful Gibbon; "nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilised country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." In his heart, the true Cockney has a kindred gratitude to that of the author of "The Rise and Fall," though it may happen he shall never express it; nay, shall be almost ignorant of its existence. Yet, notwithstanding, it is the unknown cause of his self-complacency, the hidden source of his pride, the reason of his compassionate consideration of the original deficiencies of his rustic brethren. He might have been born at the Land's-End; he might have spoken broad Cornish; he might have never seen St. Paul's Church, or the wax-work in Westminster Abbey. Hence, in the meaning of the classic historian, he must have been a slave, a savage, or a peasant. He is, however, none of these—but a Cockney; and therefore a person, to his own satisfaction at least, conversant with all London science and philosophy; and, by virtue of such advantage, justified in the wickedness of his jokes upon bacon, smock-frocks, and hob-nails.

We believe that, despite much antiquarian research, the term Cockney has never been satisfactorily traced to its origin. Should we regret this? No; we ought rather to rejoice that what has been familiarised by—shall we say, contempt—is indeed of an antiquity

"Mysteriously remote and high."

The Cockney, like the forty centuries apostrophised by Bonaparte, may, from the height of time, look down upon the present fleeting generation. Whence Cockney? *Unde derivatur?* Antiquarians have dreamt dreams about it; have, indeed, written their pages in sand: but we have nothing certain—nothing to quench curiosity thirsting for a draught of truth. With these premises, we may safely touch upon the fables imagined by the ingenious men who have, as

we think, vainly sought to bring the Cockney from the dim realm of shadows into " the light of common day." *

The Cockney has, within the last half-century, declined from his importance in the eyes of his rustic brethren. When London was to York a city almost as mysterious as Timbuctoo, the Cockney, in his individual character, was invested with higher and more curious attributes than are awarded to him in these days. When he was only to be approached in his metropolitan fastness, by a week's tedious journey in the quickest-going waggon; when folks, two hundred miles away, shut up their shops and made their wills ere they girded up their loins, and corded their trunks, that they might see the animal in his natural state in Fleet Street and in Bishops-

* One historian relates, that a gentle dweller in London, having incautiously wandered at least three miles from Bow Church, was suddenly astonished by the crowing of a cock. In the artificial life in which he had passed his early days, he had, of course, never listened to the clarion of Chanticleer; he had only seen him smoking in the dish, or exposed to the critical thumb and finger of chaffering housewives in the Poultry. Hence, our Londoner, when somewhat recovered from his astonishment, exclaimed, " the cock *neighs!*" From this, the antiquarian, with an ingenious boldness not uncommon with his tribe, has declared the word Cockney a word of reproach—a blot—a shame—a brand; a nick-name illustrative of the grossest ignorance of the susceptible and astute citizens of London. We should not have spoken of this antiquarian morsel, considering it as merely a thing for the nursery, were not trifles of a like consistency every day made up by commentators and glossary-mongers, to be swallowed by men.

Chaucer, in his " Canterbury Tales," makes John, the gamesome clerk, say—

" I shall be holden a daffe or a *cokenay;*"

a fool, a cokenay—using the term as one of foulest reproach for a man of sense; upon which Mr. Tyrrwhit expressed his belief that it is a term of contempt borrowed originally from the kitchen. In base Latinity, *cook* is *coquinatur*—hence *cokenay*, opines Mr. Tyrrwhit, is easily derived. The critic supports his opinion by a citation from Hugh Bigot:—

" Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Wavenay,
I would na care for the King of *Cokeney.*"

Here London is called Cokeney, in allusion to an imaginary country of idleness and luxury, anciently known by the name of *Cokaigne*, or *Cocagne*, still derived by Hickes from *coquina*, the kitchen, the place of brawn and sweetbread; a derivation that would have been most satisfactory to Rabelais himself. Hickes published a poem " The Country of Cokaigne," probably, thinks Mr. Tyrrwhit, translated from the French, who have had the same fable among them. Boileau says,

" Paris est pour un riche *un pais de Cocagne.*"

There is also a Neapolitan festival, called *La Cocagna;* and in a mock-heroic poem, in the Sicilian dialect, called *La Cuciagna Conquistata* (1674), the most noble city of Cuccagna is described as being seated on a mountain of grated cheese, and crowned with a huge cauldron of maccaroni.

gate; he was, when at length through many dangers looked upon, a creature of no small interest—no passing wonderment. His dress, his air, his look of extraordinary wisdom—all things presented him to the Arcadian from Lancashire or the county of Dorset, as a person of considerable importance. Stage-coaches were started, railroads were laid down, and Timbuctoo (we mean Cockaigne) was no longer a mysterious city, but a common rendezvous for graziers, button-makers, dairy-maids from Devon, and pitmen from Newcastle. The pavement of Bond-street, almost sacred to the shoes of the Cockney, became scarified by the hobnails of all the counties.

Besides the more favourable claims of the Cockney upon the curiosity and homage of Corydon, he had, in the legends told at farmers' fire-sides of his less estimable qualities, a dangerous interest in the eyes of his rustic beholder. All white-headed men, who, in their youth had made one pilgrimage to London, would tell fearful histories of the wiliness of ring-droppers—of the miraculous faculty of Cockaigne pick-pockets. Hence, Lubin from Shropshire, who crawled from the waggon to Cheapside, had a new source of interest as he surveyed the gold-laced coats of the fine people about him: they might be thieves and sharpers in their working suits, and they might be only gentlemen!

And when the Cockney quitted London—yes, when he would condescend to visit his mother's relations in the wilds of Leicestershire! "My cousin from London!" Was he not a something—a bit of the great, mysterious city? Was he not shewn as the very choicest and most certain sample of the great Babylon? Even, as the pedant shewed the one brick as the sample of the house, so was Whittington Simmons, from Lad Lane, exhibited as a veritable fragment of marvellous London. And then what humours of Cockaigne did the said Whittington Simmons put forth, to his own present glory, and to his memory for twenty years afterwards, at the rural fire-side! How the farmer laughed! And how deliciously Whittington, with a joke from the playhouse, or with the last flash phrase east of the Bar,—how triumphantly did he silence the unconquerable exciseman!

Why dwell upon the glories of a departed age? Why, to present mortification, touch upon the raptures of the past? What is now the Cockney in the eyes of Corydon—what London to York?

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

And there is no distance where there is a railroad. The Cockney is no longer stared, wondered at, upon his native pavement; but unceremoniously jostled by Melibœus Mugs, from the Potteries. And

then, for the Cockney's reputation of cheat, among the pastoral swains! How rarely do we find him triumphant over the cunning of a Smithfield bullock-driver? How seldom, in these common-place days, doth he drop a ring? Lastly, for the glory of his rural visits, what is the Cockney now in Staffordshire?—only, to imitate the phrase of Louis XVIII., only one Englishman more. He walks the street of a country place, and is no more the object of curiosity than the town-pump. He visits the farmer's fire-side; is he there the indomitable wit? doth he talk and jest, the wonder of some, the fear of many, and the admiration of all? Alas! it is most probable that he claims no more attention than the sides of bacon hanging about him; or, like the bacon, only keeps his place—so has the rustic won upon the Cockney—to be the further smoked. The inventors of railways have much to answer for.

However, albeit the revolution of things has lessened the importance of the Cockney in the eyes of all the world out of London, he himself remains, in his own assurance, the same clever, knowing, judicious, sprightly, witty fellow that he ever was. He knows life in all its varieties. He was born and bred in Bishopsgate Within; and for that unanswerable reason, is in no way to be cozened. He is a part and parcel of the greatest city upon earth; a piece of the very heart of the empire. The Mansion House, the Monument, and Guildhall, are to him more ancient than the pyramids. Gog and Magog, to the real Cockney, stand in the remote relation of ancestors: he is wood of their wood. Politics to him are most familiar matters; he can discuss state questions as easily as he could play at push-pin; and displace a ministry with the same readiness as, in the days of his apprenticeship, he could take down the shutters. The Court, with all its wonders, is to him no *terra incognita*: not it; for he has seen her Majesty, drawn by the cream-coloured horses, go down to Parliament; and once a week, or oftener, takes off his hat to the Queen in her rides from the palace. Hence, there is no state ceremony with which he is unacquainted; no divinity, "hedging" the royal person, which he has not, with increasing familiarity, doffed his beaver to. In his business hours, the Cockney is worthy of the attention of any reflecting cart-horse. He is the genius of labour; the willing serf to those worse than Egyptian task-masters, "£. *s.* *d.*" Consider him when working for his daily bread; and man, the paragon of animals, appears a creature expressly fashioned to toil for shillings, and for—nothing more. His very soul seems absorbed in the consideration of the coin of the realm; his mind hath no greater range than that of his shop; and his every thought, like every omnibus, runs to the Bank.

But the Cockney has his festive hours, his days of pleasure: and, perhaps, his peculiar genius for pleasantry is never more characteristically exerted than at a masquerade. Here the Cockney is, indeed, in fullest feather. His animal spirits are so abundant that they, incontinently, make him knock off hats; deal body-blows; and send him playing leap-frog over the heads of his fellow revellers. If the Cockney be somewhat dull at a repartee, he has the acutest sensibility for a row; and, though he shakes his ears and looks doggedly at a thrust of wit, he can, with the liveliest promptitude, make play for a black eye. These, however, are the enjoyments of his more sportive—his more youthful season. The middle-aged Cockney has severer pleasures, calm meditative hours, when his soul makes holiday from the business of the week, and spreads its wings and soars, unburdened by the weight of the shop. Sunday comes; and in tavern bower, or humbler tea-garden, with one eye upon his pipe, and the other on a bed of marigolds, the Cockney will sit and smoke, and smoke, and drink an unconsidered quantity of British brandy; and satisfactorily consider his own virtues, complacently taking for himself the very highest rank for true piety, and earnest, downright, Sabbath-keeping, above all the other sinful nations of this sinful earth. It may be, that both his tongue and his foot trip a little on his way home; and his wife, if she be with him, is not addressed in that soft, captivating strain that first won her virgin heart. It has, too, happened, that arrived in his bed-chamber, there has been some difficulty on the part of the mistress and maid in getting off the good man's boots; though, sometimes, he has imperiously waived the ceremony by insisting to go to bed in them. And what of this? hath he not spent his seventh day without whistling; without singing? Did ever the sinful wish rise within him of a fiddle? did he, like a heathenish foreigner, ever dream of a dance? No; he enjoyed himself like a Christian and an Englishman; ten pipes of tobacco, and eight glasses of very black brandy and water, making but a small part of his nobler recreations.

We have seen the Cockney on his own ground. He is, however, to be viewed to greater advantage when away, not from London merely, but from England. What a delicious fellow is the real Cockney in France! How delightful at the Hague! What a positive blessing is one of the true London breed on the Rhine! All his finer qualities, like Madeira, improve wonderfully by a sea-voyage. His self-importance increases with the distance from Bow church, and he lands at Calais, or Boulogne, with an overwhelming sense of his nationality. He wanders up and down two or three

streets, and see—he enters a shop, kept by "John Roberts, from Fish Street Hill," to make his foreign purchases. The inn at which the Cockney puts up—it is his boast—is kept by an Englishman; the dinners are English; the waiter is English; the chambermaid is English; the boots is English; and the barber who comes to shave him, if he be not English, has, at least, this recommendation—he has, in his time, lived five years in Saint-Mary-Axe, and is *almost* English. More! when the Cockney—his heart set upon a little smuggling—buys a splendid French tea-pot, with a picture on each side of it; the very tea-pot which, from the moment that the Custom House officer comes aboard, puts our hero, who has the utensil in his hat, in the coldest sweat—that tea-pot, purchased as a "*souvenir*" for Mary Anne, though the innocent Cockney suspect it not, is, ten times out of twenty, English, too.

Although he is in France, the Cockney is at a loss to conceive why there should be French manners—French feelings—French prejudices. We once witnessed a droll illustration of this astonishment. A real Cockney having stalked up and down the room of an hotel, where were hung several prints—the subjects, Napoleon's victories; and having stared, somewhat sulkily, at every picture, turned himself round, and, with a look of pitying wonder, exclaimed, "Well, I declare, upon my word, they seem to think a good deal of this Bonaparte here!"

Follow the Cockney to Paris. See! he is in the garden of the Tuileries! What can he be doing near the statue of Diana? Ha! the sentry calls to him, and the Cockney, with thunder in his brow, looks savagely at the foreigner. Our indignant countryman is, however, ordered away, and, swelling with national greatness, he moves on. What could he be doing at the statue? Let us see. Oh, here it is! The Cockney—poor fellow! it is an amiable weakness, he cannot help it—the Cockney has written in pencil his address in full on the right leg of Diana: here it is, "*John Wiggins, Muffin-maker, Wild Street, Drury-lane, was here on the 20th of July*, 1839." A most important fact, thinks Cockney Wiggins, and one that ought to be disseminated amongst the visitors of the gardens of the Tuileries.

We have seen how the Cockney blesses himself on his Sunday proprieties when at home: abroad, however, it is another matter. "When at Rome, you know," he observes wittily, "we must do as Rome does. Eh?" The Cockney disdains not to illustrate the proverb. It is the Sabbath-night: we are at the theatre, Porte St. Martin. Who is that gentleman and party in the front box? Can it be? Yes, it is no other than the Englishman who, at "The Adam

and Eve," every summer Sunday, virtuously smokes his pipe, and, with a fine sense of self-respect, confines himself to eight glasses of brandy-and-water. There he is, happy as a duck in a shower, with his wife, his sons, and his daughters. Next day, near one of the Barriers, a horse is to be baited by dogs: there is also to be an interesting fight between an ass and a muzzled bear. There, at the show, is the Cockney; there he is: only, however, to express his vehement disgust at the brutality of the French. He returns to England; and having profanely enjoyed his Sundays abroad, thinks it his duty to sign every petition for the better observance of the Sabbath at home. John Bull is no hypocrite—not he!

The Cockney in his travels, like a mackerel in water, cannot turn without displaying a new beauty in a new light. He is not to be thoroughly known when rooted to London soil. See him bound for the Rhine. He is for the first day or two all anticipation of the coming glories of his voyage; yet, do not wonder if, from Coblentz to Mentz, he remain below, in the cabin, playing cribbage with a congenial fellow-tourist.

"And what place is that?" asked a Cockney who, coming upon deck, suddenly beheld the stupendous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

"That, sir, is supposed to be one of the largest fortresses in the world—Ehrenbreitstein."

"God bless me! very large, indeed, very. Enormous! I——" and he turned his head to his friend, "I wonder how many beds could be made up there."

The speculation revealed the calling of the travellers; they were cockney innkeepers—"The Blue Lion" out upon a jaunt with "The Bag-o'-Nails."

Even on our English shores, the Cockney is an animal of interest. There is infinite fun and humour in him when, escaped from the counter, and carefully put up in a continental Strand-made *blouse*, he sauntereth dreamily along, picking up star-fish on Ramsgate sands; or takes his post on Margate pier, with—prudent man!—a paper of shrimps under one arm, and in one hand, ready, like Van Tromp, to "sweep the Channel," the best of telescopes!

The Cockney is a good fellow at heart; and would be a much better, certainly a much more agreeable animal, had he not the crotchet in his head, that he was not only the cleverest, the wittiest, but, at the same time, the most decent, and the most moral, of all earth's many-favoured babes.

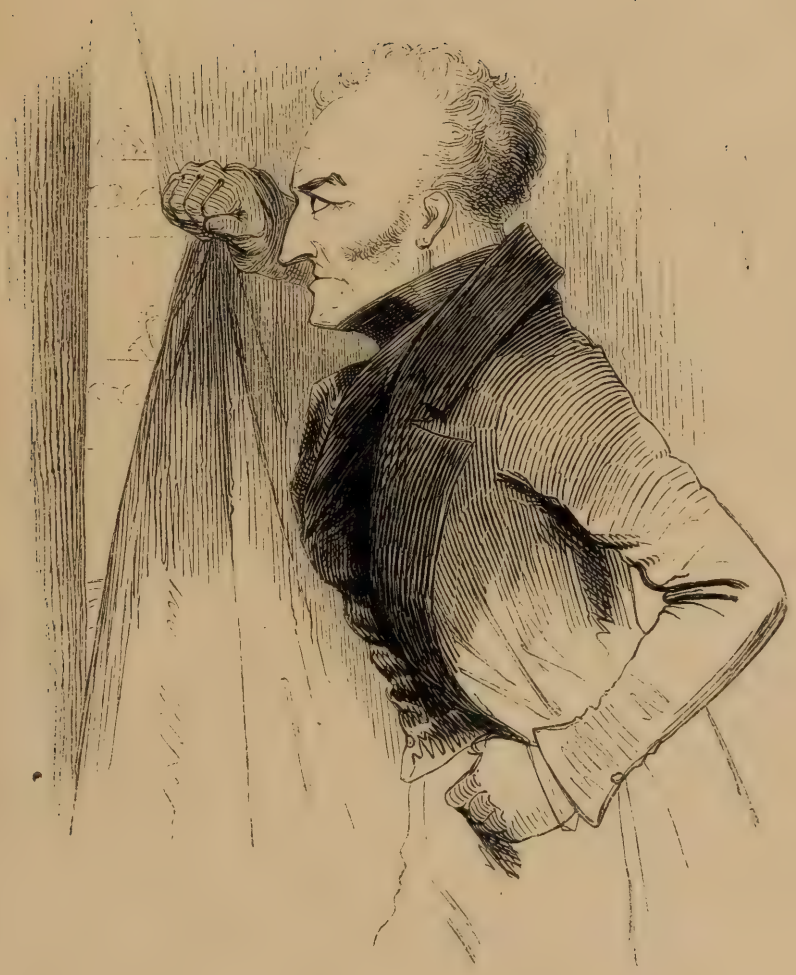
THE THEATRICAL MANAGER.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY PEAKE.

THE public are most respectfully informed that this head is seldom visible to them, unless indeed the profession of an actor is added to that of Manager. How little do various grades of the public dream (whether seated aristocratically and in perfect comfort in private boxes, respectably and equally comfortable in the public boxes, conveniently in the pit, or most commodiously in the gallery, where gentlemen may sit with their coats off, if they like it) of the toil, care, misery, and vicissitude, of the caterer for their pleasure. Like other masters of stages, it may be said "it is all in the day's work;" but the Theatrical Stage Director has to work by night as well as by day: when other professions are seated quietly in their homes for the evening, then commences the most anxious and active business of the Manager. His domestic comforts are sadly invaded; and when once engaged in the avocations of a theatre, the enjoyment of an hour's ease must not confidently be relied on. The head of a modern play-house! some carping enquirer might ask if head it has any? We will endeavour to prove that if a head is placed in that situation, it stands in the predicament of those unfortunate brides named in the German legend of "The Dead Guest," likely in a single night to be turned completely round. We will first enumerate the imperative qualities which the Manager of a Theatre ought to possess; and we detail them without exaggeration.

His temper must be as equally mixed as a bowl of punch; but that is only a simple comparison. We must go to actual contradistinctions, to enable him to have a chance to pursue his course.

He must be firm, yet supple; bold, yet cautious; liberal, yet sparing; he must possess penetration, yet see no further than is necessary. Whether he is asleep or not, he must always be wide awake. He should be a man of education, and be able to calculate tenpenny nails; he should know Shakspere and the "Trader's Price Book" by heart. He should be accomplished as a painter, a musician, and an author; and yet he must have achieved that point of knowledge of being able to tell how many tallow candles go to the pound,



THE THEATRICAL MANAGER.

How's the house to-night?

Courtesy Quiz 10s.

and how far that pound will go. His tact must be divided between judgment in the decision of dramas to be accepted, and Birmingham ornaments; the merits of actors, and cotton velvets; the favourable notice of the press, and the foil-merchant's account. He must have a pretty notion of tailoring, ladies' dress-making, and the armoury; in short he must be a factotum.

We will endeavour rapidly to sketch his duties; in fact, as if the Manager himself had kept a journal:—

"Arrived at the theatre at ten o'clock; not late, considering I was here until half-past one this morning. Look at rehearsal-call, stuck up in the passage: 'New ballet at ten: every body concerned—properties, scenes, firework-maker, Mr. Pingle, répétiteur.'

"Very wet day. All the ladies of the corps de ballet, including the coryphées, assembled with their hair in papers, looking like ghosts with bad colds, being kept up so late every night in the frost scene in the pantomime. Sneezing and low grumbling in all directions; each person attending literally to the words of the call; every body looking 'concerned.'

"Groupings commence to a single violin, and the loud thumping of the ballet-master's stick to keep time. Most of the sylphs and fairies rehearsing in their street-clogs, some with umbrellas. Go to my room adjoining the stage, the chimney of which smokes; but obliged to keep the door closed, because I hate to be overlooked. The table covered with letters, and the daily papers. Peep at superscriptions of the letters, to guess whether or not they may be disagreeable; endeavour to open that likely to be least offensive first. D—n the fiddling and the stamping—but they are unavoidable; and read Note, No. 1:—

My dear Sir—On my return home yesterday, I cannot conceal my surprise and mortification on finding that the part of *Lady Anne* has been sent to me. There must surely be some mistake, as it was expressly stipulated in my engagement that the *Queen* is my property. If any other lady in the theatre had been cast for the *Queen* but the one that has been so favoured, I might not have felt the insult so deeply; but, believe me, I never will play second to Miss ——, who has, throughout her theatrical career, endeavoured assiduously to blight my prospects, and mar my success with the public; to the favour of which public I ever look forward with anxious pride, knowing that on their kind support I am to rest my professional welfare. You are at liberty to make this letter public, if you please. I have, therefore, sent the part of *Lady Anne* back, and shall in justice expect to perform the *Queen*.

I am, my dear sir, yours, most sincerely,

* * * *

P. S.—The man omitted to leave the play-bills at my lodgings this morning: but it is the way I am generally used in this world.

" ' Oh, ah! she objects to play *Lady Anne*. Very well, I will make her go on for the *Duchess of York*, and that will bring the lady to her senses.' Read Note, No. 2 :—

DEAR ———. At your request I have read Mr. Drudge's farce. It has some capital situations, and is throughout full of fun; it is also very original. But I think that the author has committed an error, in imagining for one moment that I would play the part you have named that he intended for me. You are perfectly well aware that, as *I* stand with the public, *I* must be *the* feature. Now, there are several other prominent and good parts in the farce, which would materially deteriorate from my " peculiar effects." If Mr. Dredge will, however, take the farce back again, and cut these other characters down to ribands, I have no objection to look at it once more, and see what can be done. It is in my engagement to decline anything which I think will not contribute to my advantage; and you know I am inflexible on that point.

Is it true, that we all played to less than forty pounds, first and second price, last night? If so, heaven help you.

Yours always, faithfully,

* * * *

" Open Note, No. 3 (anonymous, enclosing a ticket) :—

SIR—If you will take the trouble to go, or send somebody on whose judgment you can depend, on Thursday next, to Mr. Pym's private theatre, in Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane, I think you would be much gratified with the performance of a young gentleman, who will act *Barbarossa* on that night. His friends impartially think his talents superior to any one at present on the stage, Macready or Kean excepted; he is cleverer than Warde or Phelps, and has got a much louder voice than the late Mr. Pope. There is only one drawback (and that might not be particular) to his becoming a first-rate actor, and this drawback is candidly pointed out to you, *as you may not see it*—he has a club-foot. Begins at half-past seven.

" ' You are quite right, my friend; I certainly shall not see it.'

" (*A knock at the door:*) ' Come in. What is it?' ' Can you see Mr. Fatton?' ' What Mr. Fatton?' ' The master of the supernumeraries.' ' Send him in. Now, Fatton, what is the matter? Make haste, for I am busy.' ' Sir, there 's *a strike* with the children in the theatre.' ' So there ought to be, Mr. Fatton, if you did your duty properly, and kept a birch rod.' ' Yes, sir; but all their fathers and mothers come on me and threaten to punch my head; now you know it is not my fault.' ' Well, what is this strike, as you call it?' ' The girls who are to fly in the new ballet won't have the wires affixed to them, unless they are raised to eighteenpence a night: their mothers won't let them endanger their lives under that sum! Now, sir, we should be in a great scrape at night, if this were to happen; worse than they were in at the other house, with the boys in the storm.' ' What was that, Fatton?' ' Did n't you hear that, sir? Oh; there were sixty boys, who stood on the

stage under a very large canvass, painted to represent the sea. Now these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the first three nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but, after that, the manager reduced the water-rate, that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wave to sixpence per night. The boys took their places under the canvass sea; and when the prompter gave the signal for the storm, the water was stagnant—instead of the ship striking it was the waves that *struck*. The sub-manager, in a fury, enquired the cause; when the principal billow said, "We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a night, for it wears out our corderoys so."' 'Gad, I think that must have been the *deep* deep sea! Well, promise the girls the eighteen-pence; but I will be even with them, I will keep them dangling in the sky-borders in a thorough draught all the night. Tell them so.'—(*Exit Fatton.*)

"Take up newspaper; look to article under the head of 'THE DRAMA.' 'Something agreeable, I dare say.'—(*Reads.*)

——— THEATRE.—If we condescend to call the attention of the public to the management, or rather mis-management of this theatre, it is only to express our utter contempt of the system at this period in operation. Does Mr. ——— imagine that such miserable trash as that which was presented within these classic walls last night, can possibly attract an audience possessed of common sense? No; 'reform it altogether.' Shade of Foote (here's another Foot)! Spirit of Sheridan! Ghost of Garrick! we almost imagine we listen to your lament and wailing for the for-ever-lost essences of our national Drama. The plot of the new piece brought forward was so confused and inextricable, that we will not attempt to detail it to our readers: the whole affair was insufferably dull, and was deservedly condemned.

"'Bravo!' (*Rings bell.*) 'Send the free-list clerk to me. I rather think that the critic who wrote this precious paragraph was absent from the performance. Pray, did the * * * * * * card come in last night?' 'No, sir.' 'Was Mr. —— here? You can tell by the signature on your book.' 'No, sir.' 'He is too good a judge to *pay*.' 'There was no one from that paper last night, sir.' 'I thought so; that will do.'

"This is a *bitter* notice: here is a *better* in the * * * * *. Ay, ay, this will balance the last; and then the immense difference of the circulation of the journal—double—two to one.'—(*Reads paragraph.*)

——— THEATRE.—Another triumphant instance of deserved success was last night achieved by the management of this theatre; in fact, we do not remember at any period being more gratified, we may almost say electrified, with admiration of the gorgeous effects, which have never been surpassed even in this notoriously splendid establishment. The appointments were of the most picturesque order, and reflect the highest credit on the tact, industry, and stage

knowledge of Mr. ———, who, it must be confessed, on these occasions is never at fault. The scenery, from the magic pencil of ————, was marvellously illusive: the performers exerted themselves energetically and successfully; and there was a long continued call for the author at the fall of the curtain, who, however, had the good taste not to appear. This drama will, undoubtedly, have a good run, and must attract large half-prices.

"'This is an improvement on the last critique; the public, to be sure, are none the wiser; but, shall I let out the secret?—The author of the piece was also the author of the paragraph; and I wrote them both myself!

"'What is this? A three-cornered, perfumed billet.' 'Yes sir; and a Frenchman is waiting for an answer to it.'

Hotel, Sabloniére, Lestere-squar.

Madlle. Augustine Entrechat, present she complement at Mr. ——, and has the honneur to inform that elle arrive in Londres las night, to fulfil son engagement. She could feel much gratifie if Mr. —— will send her 2,500 francs by de messinger, as she has to envoyer to the Douane for the pack cases containin her superb costume and garderobes. Madlle. Augustine Entrechat give notice to Mr. —— that she cannot consent to appeer at the spectacle until she receive 2,500 francs.

Monsieur, je vous salué,

Augustine Entrechat.

"'Plague take the extortion of the foreigners. Never mind, the blessed English *will* wait; must pay her, or she will not dance, and she is announced. Where 's the cheque-book? That 's the way the money goes—takes French leave!

Enter Stage Manager.

"'What is the matter now? you look quite alarmed; what mare's nest have you turned up. Sit down; whatever it is, take it coolly, man.' 'Mrs. ———— cannot sing to-night!'—'The devil she cannot, what ails her?' 'I do n't know; there 's an official note from her husband, and we shall have to change the performances.'

Dear Sir—When Mrs. —— came home last night, she was attacked with spasms, and has been excessively unwell. She tells me, it will be impossible for her to perform this evening; so I give you timely notice that you may substitute something else. If you should require a medical certificate, our professional attendant shall forward you one.

Yours ever, and very sorry for it,

* * * *

To ——, Esq., Stage Manager,
—— Theatre.

"'But I see through it all; she does not like her part in the new piece; and this is the second night of it too; and I have laid out 1,000*l.* in getting it up; and because the tenor has the best part, she

has put her monkey up. But I will not be so treated. She cocked up her nose at the music from the first rehearsal. "My compliments to Mr. ———, and I do require a medical certificate." What is to be done; don't all speak at once?'

"'Can Miss ———— be ready in the part by night?'—'No, nor by this night three weeks.' 'Perhaps Miss ———— might try it?'—'Bless your heart, no; she is over head and ears in love, and cannot get a word perfect. Never knows a line of anything; she hardly remembers to come to the treasury for her salary, on Saturday morning.' 'It is rare to find such remissness.— What do you think of Mrs. ———— getting through it, without the music?'—'I should as soon think of a water-butt getting through it.' 'Something must be done.'—'I am glad you have come to that conclusion.' 'Oh! here is the medical certificate, all ready cut and dried, I see; the old story [*reads*]:—

I hereby certify that Mrs. —— is labouring under severe hoarseness and oppression of the chest—

"'She thinks nothing of my chest! I don't wonder at her oppression of the chest. ——— supped with the family after last night's performance, and he told me, she ate half a duck, a salad, some stewed oysters, and a slice of twelfth cake, and drank bottled porter, besides the punch! [*reads*]

She is under extreme excitement; and I do not think it safe to advise that she should leave her house, to attend her professional duties, this evening.

(Signed) J. W. Twaddle.

I cannot alter the performances; the box-book is better taken than usual. Be so kind my dear ————, as just to step up to their house, and see if she is really ill, or only shamming. Tell her she must come out to-night: coax her, flatter her, anything; tell her she looks too pretty to be an invalid! Say I am in a state bordering on mental derangement, and that the whole fate of the season depends on the run of the new piece! Stay, tell her the Queen is coming expressly to hear her sing, and a royal command must be obeyed. Run all the way.'

"'Oh! for the good old times of Mr. Harris, senior, who regularly made his managerial arrangements between ten and two o'clock, when he appeared on the stage with his hands in his great-coat pockets, and methodically spoke as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going; has anybody anything to say to me?" All who knew his habit would settle their little matters prior to his announcement. And oh! for the good old times, when his most gracious Majesty

George III. (of two o'clock dining memory) was accustomed to have the play-bills on his early breakfast table; and, from being always attached to theatricals, had the kind tact to discover (even from the announcements) that a "ROYAL COMMAND" would be most beneficial to the treasury; and would exclaim, "Hey, well, what—what; the new comedy not ready, eh? how is that? want me, want me, want me; come in state next Thursday."

"'But here is ———— come back. Now, have you succeeded in persuading her to appear?' 'I had not—and yet I have.' 'How did you manage it, my good fellow?' 'Quite by accident. I went up to her bedside, and used every entreaty. She certainly did look rather unwell.' 'So would any body, after swallowing such a supper?' 'She told me, in a low voice, that if she was an angel from heaven, she could not sing to-night; that it was barbarous and unjust to require it; that it would endanger her very life; that her medical attendant had just quitted the room, and told her so; in short, and she spoke much louder, that she would not come out to save you and the whole theatre from destruction!' 'Then how did you persuade her?' 'You shall hear; just where the doctor had been sitting, I saw a small note on the floor, so I quietly picked it up, and to my infinite satisfaction found that it had been written by Mrs. ————'s husband, to the doctor; and he had I presume dropped it by accident; so I took the liberty to glance my eye over it. And here it is.'

DEAR TWADDLE—Write me a certificate that Mrs. —— is too unwell to act to-night. The Manager has forced her into one of the *muff parts* again, which will really injure her with the public. I assure you she is quite *feverish* enough for you safely to write the certificate; for what with something that has disagreed with her, and the confounded passion she has been in, she will do you no discredit. Do you want our orders for any night this week? if so, say. Regards to Mrs. T.

Yours ever,

To Mr. Twaddle, Apothecary. * * * *

P. S.—Hoarseness and sore throat is the go.

'Bravo, bravo! excellent.' 'So I thought I would just shew the lady that I had this interesting letter of her husband, which I also told her I should carry to you. She jumped up, like a parched pea, and made me pledge my honour that I would not lead her into such a dilemma, and that she would endeavour to get out, even at the risk of her precious life, and crawl into a coach, supported by pillows, and come down and perform; but that there must be a line in the play-bills of the night, announcing to the public her severe indisposition; and that she must leave out all the music, and not to have

to change her dress. In short, I promised every thing—and she will be here.' 'We must give her the line in the bills, for our own sake. Send to the printer. Hey! what is this dirty enclosure with a wet wafer?' 'Mr. Sathan brought it, sir.' 'Mr. Sathan; who is he?' 'He keeps a theatrical and masquerade warehouse.' 'What is it about?' 'He says it is due to him for the hire of a Turkish sabre.'

———, Esquire, Manager of ——— Theatre,

To *J. Sathan*, senior.

Fore the lone of a Turkey saber, 281 nights - - £14 1 0

'Here must be some mistake; £14 for the hire of a sabre! tell Mr. Sathan to come in. Now, Mr. Sathan?' 'Voud you be so opligin as to give me a horder or two for to-night, sir?' 'You do n't appear to be inclined to lose anything for want of asking, Mr. Sathan: pray, what is this bill?' 'It ish a little account for the hire of a raal Turkey saber.' 'But 281 nights?' 'It vash in June last, sir; near the end of de season.' 'Yes; and used in a piece that was played for three evenings only, when it was withdrawn.' 'De agreement vash a shillin' a night for de hire of de saber.' 'Yes; for the number of nights it was actually used.' 'I did n't know nothin' of that there, 'pon my honour!' 'Do you mean to say that it never was sent back to you?' 'It vash n't my pishiness to ax for it: I could not take sich a grate liberty.' 'And you charge for it all the time that the theatre has been closed, and a great part of the present season, although it has never been once used.' How do I know dat? Vy, you vent and kept it all de time. I could have let it out ever so often for fancy balls.' 'Fourteen pounds, one shilling; monstrous! What should you say was the value of this sabre, Mr. Sathan; to buy it out and out?' 'Oh, it 's a very curish saber; peautiful article!' 'Yes; but the value; supposing you had to purchase it?'—'I should say, apout two-pund-five.' 'And, for a thing worth two pounds five shillings, you have the conscience to ask fourteen pounds one shilling for the hire?"—"To be sure, and very raisonable: shuppose I had let it go on till dish time next year; see vat it voud have come up to; apout eighteen pund, odd, more. I think I hacts like a gentleman to you——' 'Very: I shall dispute this exhorbitant charge——' 'Oh, I knows I 'm right; dispute it if you likes, I 've ax'd Mr. Levi, my solicitor; he says as how he hopes you *will* dispute it, as it will give him a good job in his way of pishiness.' 'I won't pay so fraudulent a demand!'—'Oh, yesh, you vill, ven you comes to turn it over in your mind.' 'Good day, Mr. Sathan.'—'I am shure ven you conshiders——' 'That is the door, Mr. Sathan.'

—'Vel, vill you give me some horders to-night? I vants Mrs. Sathan and her father, and three or four of my boys to see the nonsense——' 'Get out, Mr. Sathan.'—'Vell, then, I shall set Levi at you, that 's all. I 'm shure I 've hacted like a gentleman to you: it 's you as is wrong: you vo n't give me a horder? vel, vel, you 'll be sorry for it.' (*Exit Sathan.*) 'Extortionate Israelite; no matter; for a brilliant close of the present season I have one *grand coup!* the new drama, for which I have paid the clever author one hundred and fifty pounds in advance: the subject is rather too radical; the sentiments too democratic; but if that play does not create an *excitement*, I will never pretend to form a judgment again. Three scenes are already painted; parts delivered; glorious subject (although it has been handled before by the poet laureat); 'WAT TYLER.' But my author has put it into a proper dramatic shape, every scene ending with an effect, and every act with a tableau. This tragedy will, at any rate, change 'our stern alarms to merry meetings——' 'A packet, sir, from the Chamberlain's office.'—'What does this mean?' (*Open and read.*)

St. James's.

SIR—I am commanded by the Lord Chamberlain to apprise you, that the Manuscript Drama, in five acts, which has been transmitted to his office under the title of "Wat Tyler," contains immoral precepts, and being otherwise unfit for public representation, his Lordship hereby refuses to grant his license for the performance thereof.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

To the Manager, —— Theatre. * * * * &c. &c. &c.

There go one hundred and fifty pounds! besides the new scenery. Where is the bed of roses, on which I imagined I should recline?'

"'But my dear fellow, are you not going home to your dinner?'—'Is n't this enough to take away all appetite for a dinner! besides to-morrow is Saturday; and I must inspect and sign every one of these for payment.' 'What is that mass of papers?'—'Merely the weekly outlay, to be settled at the treasury to-morrow; only the salaries of the company—the band, the chorus, dancers, painters, property-makers, wardrobes, dressers, housekeeper, cleaners, watchmen, firemen, carpenters, copyists, soldiers, supernumeraries, children, bill deliverers, lampmen, gas-lighters, printer, advertisements, candles, oil, hair-dressers, military band, licenses (Wat Tyler excepted), ironmongery, turnery, basket-work, colours, music paper, stationery, tinman, florist, drapery, hosiery, timber, laceman, ropes, canvass, brushes, authors, and law expenses, box-keepers, money-takers, check-takers, candle-stickers, police, call-boy, and coal-porter, besides a portion of nondescripts which cannot possibly be imagined anywhere else than behind the curtain of a theatre!'"



THE RETIRED TRADESMAN.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

Macbeth.

THE RETIRED TRADESMAN.

BY JOHN OGDEN.

If any traces of the Golden Age yet linger upon earth, where should we expect to find them but among the favoured few who, in the general scramble, have been fortunate enough to secure a reasonable quantity of that "precious metal" from which the blissful era derives its appellation? Whatever may have been the case in Arcadia, it is greatly to be feared that in this ungenial clime—at least "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant"—the possessors of gold have been the sole realisers of the Golden Age. Poets and their deluded followers have been weak enough to seek a figurative solution of the phrase in question; supposing it to refer to a period of time when mankind were all equal, and all contented: a state of things in conformity with the description that good old *Gonzalo* gives of the commonwealth he wished to plant in the Enchanted Isle:—

> "All things in common, nature should produce
> Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
> Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
> Would I not have: but nature should bring forth,
> Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
> To feed my innocent people."

This picture serves very well to make poor folks' mouths water; but unluckily puts nothing solid into them. Practical men, like the subject of our present sketch, are not to be misled by the mischievous Jack-a-lanterns that frisk about in idle play-books: they have looked steadily at the scene before them; taken things as they are; and laboured successfully to clutch the literal substance; while enthusiastic theorists (to speak of such triflers with corresponding inflation of style) have been diving into heliconian buckets, and bringing up nothing but handfuls of metaphoric moonshine.

In sober truth, a tradesman who has run a prosperous career in a healthy and active business; who has honourably acquired a competence ere the winter of his days approaches; who is moreover of a

placid disposition, enjoys good health, and possesses some taste or fancy which agreeably occupies his mental and bodily faculties; such a man (and with such is the land plentifully sprinkled) is surely to be regarded as ranking among the most favoured of mortals. He is the genuine Corydon or Thyrsis of the English golden age. Happy the youth who is blessed with the peculiar bias that naturally leads to such a result; for it seems that a tradesman must be born to his vocation as well as a poet. No drilling appears capable of giving an aptitude for business, in soils where it does not naturally exist. Tastes or propensities either too high or too low are equally fatal: the murky atmosphere of a tap-room would be a very unlikely place to look for a successful tradesman, although a vigorous plant of the kind may be occasionally found to flourish even there; but in the vale of Tempé, or on the sunny slopes of Parnassus, so monstrous an exotic is pretty sure to perish speedily.

In this country, which is happily devoid of every trace of caste, whatever astounding differences may exist among contemporaries, there is no degree of wealth, rank, or dignity that the successful merchant or great trader need deem beyond his own reach, or, at any rate, need despair of seeing reflect lustre on himself from its possession by his son. Instances of this truth might be copiously quoted from the army, navy, bar, pulpit, and both houses of parliament. It is not, however, of mercantile leviathans that we here propose to speak; but of the comparative sprat of a retailer—the minnow of a baker, butcher, cheesemonger, and so forth, who has thriven in his humbler suit to fortune: and these men are probably, on the whole, a happier class than their "big brothers," who, viewing the great scene of life from a higher eminence, are apt to acquire a taste for the perturbing pursuits of fashion or ambition. Charles II. ("who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one") was wont to remark that he considered the country yeomen to be the happiest class of people in his dominions, inasmuch as they were too low in rank to be troubled with the irksome duties of a justice of the peace, and too high to have the ridiculous dignity of constable thrust upon him. Now, what a yeoman is in the country, we conceive our prosperous retail tradesman to be among the dignitaries of the town population. He is not afflicted with a feverish wish to hear his voice in parliament, or even to seat himself among their worships at quarter sessions, as "justice of the peace and quorum." His political vision is bounded by the privilege of voting for an M. P. (a privilege, by-the-bye, that he would in general, from prudential reasons, as soon be without); and his eloquence is confined to three

annual sentences, carefully conned, and successfully delivered on his legs in the vestry. What was said of Charles, may be reversed in respect to the practical wit in question: "he never *does* a foolish thing, and never *says* a wise one." Not that we mean to accuse him of absurdity in speech; certainly not; but merely to imply that an unpretending mediocrity marks his words, as a never-failing prudence directs his actions.

The vagaries of ruralised traders have long been found a fruitful theme of satire and drollery in our lighter literature. One of the pleasantest things in the language is Addison's "Diary of a Retired Citizen," in "The Spectator." It is the original of innumerable banters of the same kind, in which persons of a particular class are made to represent the absurdity of their own pursuits, tastes, or opinions, merely by recording them. This worthy has taken up his abode at Islington; and for want of more pressing employment, recounts the important nothings of his daily routine with the most amusing and characteristic minutenesss. Sterling, in the excellent comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," is also made the vehicle of much agreeable quizzing on the freaks of tasteless opulence. He boasts of his "fine ruins," and of the hundred and fifty pounds it has lately cost him to have them "put into thorough repair." In Boswell's "Life of Johnson," there are some genuine anecdotes of retired tradesmen, all of an interesting character. One of the most striking is a story told by the Doctor, in illustration of the remark, that most men who have all their lives been used to business, find it extremely difficult to occupy their time in retirement. He states that an eminent tallow-chandler, who had given up his shop to his foreman, went to live privately at a place not far from town. Here he soon grew uneasy, and could find no better means of employing himself than by making frequent visits to his old place of business; and, at last, desired the new proprietor to let him know their *melting-days*, when he would come and assist! "Here" (says Johnson) "was a man to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used, was a relief from idleness." It is said of easy writing, that it is any thing but easy reading; and liberated citizens sometimes find, in like manner, that living at one's ease is by no means easy living. We think it is also in Boswell, that a still stronger instance of a similar description is related. A retired tradesman, who had long suffered all the torments of perfect idleness, "stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair," was at last seized with a very painful disorder. While in this state, a friend called to visit him, and began to pity his sufferings:—"Rather con-

gratulate me," replied the patient (worthy of the name); "This agony gives me something to employ my thoughts upon, and relieves me from the much greater misery of having nothing at all to do."

A vast majority, however, of retired tradesmen are either wiser or of more happy temperament than the patient or the tallow-chandler. If time does not gallop with many, he ambles very prettily with most of them. The figurative goads they ride with are as various and grotesque as the literal spurs of all ages, in an antiquarian's museum. Some knowing ones only retire from business "as it were:" they buy or build little houses, generally in the suburbs of London, let them out to weekly tenants, and amuse themselves with collecting (?) the rents. This is said to be an infallible specific for procuring constant employment. Others fall into still more strange, but equally effectual modes of killing the enemy. An amateur has been mentioned to us who passed as much time in traversing the Greenwich Road, as would have sufficed to carry him round the globe. His recipe for happiness was, to mount a coach at "The Elephant and Castle," ride to Greenwich, and return immediately by the next conveyance; the medicine to be taken regularly throughout the day, and for at least six days in the week. One would think that such discipline as this, must soon convert the whole Greenwich Road into a drug too nauseous to be willingly swallowed, in spite of that sweet and growing resemblance to the crowded streets of the metropolis, which is presented by the whole romantic tract of country in question; —like a budding beauty who every day appears to emulate more and more the maturer charms of her still peerless mama. It must, however, be confessed that when one is out a-pleasuring, doing any thing is better than doubting what one shall do; and this consideration may go far to justify the practice of the persevering wooer of the Greenwich Road.

To "improve" the present subject properly, however, we must cease speaking in general terms: it will be expedient to take a single tradesman, as Sterne takes his single captive; not to shut him up in a dungeon, but as he is enjoying his "forty winks" in the garden, after a moderate two o'clock dinner;—*one* was his hour when in business, but he has now made this slight advance towards fashionable practice, in compliment to his wife and daughters. The individual specimen we have selected for illustration is Mr. Samuel D—bbs, of Gl—st—r Cottage, on the Brentford Road; he is a retired cheesemonger, and for many years carried on a very pretty business in —— Street, not a hundred miles from C——h and P——n Squares.

In restraining ourselves to this mixture of mystery and explicitness with reference to the name and whereabout of Mr. D—bbs, we must in candour disclaim all pretensions to originality: indeed, it will be obvious to the gentlest reader, that herein we do but imitate the laudable reserve of "Modestus," "Sensitivus," and others, who, in our periodical literature, are good enough to gratify the public with a few of the interesting incidents that have occurred in their days of travel. So fearful are these delicate personages of betraying their identity, or of causing too great an excitement in the quiet country parts they talk about, that their narratives occasionally commence somewhat in the following style:—"We were travelling in ———shire, during the autumn of 18—, and admiring the diversity of hill and dale which is so well known to characterise the landscape of that fascinating county, when at the close of a delightful day we found ourselves approximating to the picturesque village of P——. Who has not heard of 'Pretty, primitive, peerless P——,' as it is called in the Guide Books? Arriving at "The C—ck and Bottle," we gladly surrendered our nag to T—m, the ostler, and being tired and thirsty, retired for refreshment to the interior of the unpretending auberge."—Here we must leave the reader in an agony of suspense as to whether T—m, signifies Tim or Tom, and return to our unheroic hero (if we may be allowed the expression), Mr. Samuel Dobbs: for after all, he has no occasion to be ashamed of his name, and we therefore venture to proclaim it at full length, humbly hoping that a British public will, with its usual indulgence, put a liberal construction upon our motives.

Sam Dobbs, although now happily dignified with an "Esq." appended to his name in charitable subscription lists, came up to London with nothing in his pocket but a lucky halfpenny. His father was a farm-labourer in Buckinghamshire, whose master having some dealings with old Skrimshire, of ——— street aforesaid, recommended poor Sam to that venerable relic of the antique world, as a towardly youth, with abilities just suited to the post of errand and shop-boy, then vacant in his establishment. Sam was at that time a strapping, hungry, blushing lad of thirteen: and although the air of London, ere the first year of his probation had passed, proved somewhat prejudicial to his country habit of extemporaneous blushing, it luckily turned out to be not at all destructive of his country appetite, which remains tolerably entire even to the present day. On the whole, however, he gave perfect satisfaction to his master; and having, by great assiduity, earned his first degree of apprenticeship, he finally proceeded (as they say at the Universities) M. A., or foreman, in

the twenty-third year of his earthly pilgrimage. Gradually developing a very amiable turn for chatting with the servant girls, and an art of counterfeiting prodigious respect for the pursy housekeepers from the neighbouring squares, the business was found to prosper under his auspices. Like most persons, too, who have a "natural alacrity for *rising*" in the world, Sam exhibited a natural alacrity for rising in the morning; and this invaluable habit, together with the minor one of always going to church at least once upon Sundays, finally acquired for him the full affection and confidence of Skrimshire. He was, in truth, that jewel in an apron—black, white, or brown—"a sober, steady, honest, and industrious young man." Such is the raw material of which fortune's favourites are oft composed; although there is doubtless a great deal of such raw material that is never honoured with the impression of her humorous ladyship's visage, to give it currency in the world.

Dobbs had now arrived at that prosperous "tide in the affairs of men," which is said to offer itself once in a life to every one; and he was not the gaby to lie slumbering at the bottom of the boat, while any good was to be done by briskly handling his oars. Skrimshire was an old bachelor, whose chief plagues and comforts consisted of a superannuated housekeeper and an orphan *niece;* the former of whom, under the harsh handling of time, had grown very like the portraits of Mother Shipton, while the latter displayed a peculiarly striking likeness to her uncle, although decidedly a handsome resemblance. As the infirmities of age gradually came upon Skrimshire, the business as gradually devolved upon Dobbs. In due time, he and Martha, the pretty orphan, began to think it shameful to impose any longer on the poor old gentleman (who had more than enough to think about) the care of a young and sprightly girl: they, therefore, good-naturedly agreed that that troublesome office should forthwith be transferred to the devoted Dobbs, in quality of husband. Skrimshire, after some pondering and difficulty, happened to catch the aspect of this act of affectionate solicitude in the right light, and soon retired from all practical interference in the business. The cunning senior, however, though not overburthened with book-learning, had too much useful knowledge—the knowledge of his own defects—to betake himself to a life of meditation in the country: he therefore continued to put on his apron, puddle about the shop, and smoke a pipe with his old cronies, at "The Horse and Groom," in the evening, till called upon somewhat suddenly, to pay the only just debt he had not taken pleasure in discharging;—till he died, in short, leaving a profitable shop, and a handsome bonus for the trouble of taking

charge of it, to his faithful foreman and orphan niece: that worthy pair having by this time been blessed with a male and female image of their respective graces; Mrs. D. being, moreover, in a situation shortly to ascertain if in children, as in less important matters, there is luck in odd numbers.

Railroads were not invented at the period in question; but the prosperity of the Dobbses was soon accelerated to a railroad pace. Many of the neighbours, who dealt at a distance rather than encourage a crabbed, and most-likely-wicked old bachelor, now deemed it almost a duty as well as a pleasure, to contribute their custom towards procuring bread (Dobbs himself subscribed the butter) for the sturdy and interesting little D.'s. Profits increased in a greater ratio than expenses; and upon the whole, Dobbs had no reason to complain of the times, whatever may have been his actual practice. Children, to be sure, would now and then have the measles; and inconsiderate customers would sometimes persevere too long in singing "Call again to-morrow," the burthen of a comic song that happened to be very much in vogue at the period. Occasionally, too, they anticipated the more modern prosaic drollery, "Don't you wish you may get it?" But these were comparative trifles, and little affected the general balance which, every Christmas, Dobbs found steadily increasing in his favour.

In justice to Dobbs, it must be admitted, that although not exactly a model of generosity, he was not deficient in natural feeling. He provided for his helpless parents, gave his own left-off clothes (with now and then a sovereign in the breeches pocket) to a poor brother, subscribed his annual guinea to a dispensary, and on three several occasions was known to contribute (legends differ as to the amount) to the relief of sufferers from fire in his own immediate neighbourhood. As overseer of the poor, his dynasty marks quite an era in the living annals of the workhouse; nothing being more common than to hear old men and women, who may think themselves wronged in some tea or tobacco question, say, with a significant shake of the head, "Ah! it was not so in 'Squire Dobbs's time;" or, "If 'Squire Dobbs was in office, the poor would get their rights!" It does not follow from this circumstance, however, that "'Squire Dobbs" got always thus lauded while in the actual exercise of his official duties; it being usual enough among all classes to recollect the virtues only of those who have left us, and see nothing but the imperfections of those who remain.

Exactly seven-and-twenty years after Skrimshire's death, and forty-one from his own arrival in London, Dobbs determined (find-

ing himself rich enough to execute the plan of retirement he long had contemplated) finally to surrender his butter-knife and cheese-cutter into the hands of his eldest son. We do not feel at liberty to state the exact sum he had achieved;—say, however, in round numbers, fifteen thousand pounds: and if any vain-glorious philosopher has the temerity to think he could manage to exist upon one farthing less than the interest of so very moderate a provision, the only punishment we wish him is the opportunity of trying. Dobbs retired, as we have stated, to a pretty little place some four or five miles from Hyde-park Corner; here he cultivates flowers, cabbages, and philosophy, and all with a very reasonable degree of success: he was country-born, be it remembered, and his early predilections shoot up kindly in the "latter spring" of his closing days. His resident family consists of a wife and two buxom daughters—[do n't agitate yourself, Mr. Idleman, the young ladies are both bespoke];—and what with his garden, kitchen and floral; what with presiding over an infant school that he has been mainly instrumental in establishing in his neighbourhood; watching that nobody cheats his son in town, and that nobody runs away with his daughters in the country; together with the assistance now and then of a book (which he may be rather said to endure than to like)—Dobbs manages to eke out a very tolerable existence; far superior, it is to be feared, to the average lot of mortal man. Indeed, strange to say, he seems to be himself somewhat of that opinion; for the last time we dined with him in a family way, he was pleased, after the third glass of wine, to edify us with the moral strain of one or two of his desultory remarks. "Providence" (said the worthy Dobbs) "has been exceedingly kind to me; much more so than to millions equally deserving. I endeavour to show my gratitude by doing what little good I can, and wish it were in my power to effect more.—But we are getting too serious. I must show you the summer-house; you hav 'n 't seen it since we gave it a new coating of green paint.—By the bye, what did you think of that Stilton we had at dinner? George sent it down last night; and I pronounce it capital. That boy will come to something yet, mark my words."—"It will be strange if he do n't," thought we (for we would not say anything to check the excusable exultation of a parent): but had he started on life's voyage with no greater advantages than his sire, it may be doubted if he would, like him, come so snugly into port as—a RETIRED TRADESMAN.



THE ENGLISH PAUPER.

Little is there in this world that's ours.

WORDSWORTH

THE ENGLISH PAUPER.

BY THORNTON LEIGH HUNT.

"THE overseers of Surly-cum-Little!" cried the well-dressed magistrate's clerk.

"The overseers of Surly-cum-Little!" shouted a constable of the court, as the clerk stood up on his stool, and turned to have a chat with the magistrate on the bench behind, about the suppression of the anticipated Chartist meeting, and the dinner-party at which they had met the day before.

"Mr. Easy is not here, sir," said the chief constable.

The clerk jumped down from his stool. Mr. Bollington, the magistrate, a comfortable, respectable, more-than-gig-keeping man, with a shirt as white as his hair, and a face as ruddy as his watch-riband, drew himself up with an air of self-possession suited to the dignity of the bench, and wonderfully consolatory to the irksome gnawing in the region of the nether waistcoat, the memento of yesterday's feast.

The clerk turned to the stall railed off for plaintiffs: there stood a group of a class familiar to his eye. Near to the bench was a creature whose shrunken, stunted size belonged rather to a lad than a man. His face was raised as his head lay back on his hunched shoulders, through fatigue, or indolence, or both. His colourless eyes stared abroad, with a glassy vacancy; his face was sickly, dull, stolid; patient as a jackass. Whether he had on a coat or a waistcoat it would have puzzled the most erudite of tailors to pronounce, for the thing seemed to be a hybrid between the two. The colour and texture of his clothes, his flesh, his hair, seemed all alike; their tint much resembled that of the court ground—a dingy, neutral, damp-dusty, mouldy hue, such as painters, to the astonishment of the uninitiated, admire for backgrounds. In a November fog, or in front of a decayed wall, the man would have been invisible; where he stood, it made one feel uneasy in the eyes to look at him, he was so dim, so faint, so squalid, so like the abstract idea of disease.

By the side of this "untoward event" stood a being whose gender was at once predicated by her straw bonnet; for straw has a singular power of resisting the corrosions of dirt. Over her shoulders she had, or seemed to have, a shawl; a thing drooping beneath age, the weight of accumulated dirt, and the drizzle through which its wearer had reached the court. Smothered under this, lay a wakeful infant, its eyes closed with the weakness of hunger, awaiting the fiat of time and the magistrates, whether it should die next week, or rub on for a bit with the parish doctor. The mother's face was pale; her thin, ragged eyebrows met in a frown; her long, straight nose was thin, pinched, and curled at the nostril, with long pain and long humiliation, assisted by fierce scorn; her thin lips were pressed together, and the corners of her mouth were drawn back in a malicious laugh. She mechanically jogged her unconscious infant, swaying from side to side, more from habit than care; yet she had well nigh gone mad when her last died. Her last! why even squalidity and wrinkles could not conceal the girlishness of her face!

"Banks," said the clerk, "you must come on Friday."

The pauper stared as if he did not hear. The woman spoke for him with a sharp, broken voice, like the edge of a rusty razor:

"And what are we to do for bread and bed till the day after to-morrow? Can you tell us that, Mister?

"Silence!" cried a constable to the woman and the by-standers, who began to laugh.

"Silence! Ay, silence them that makes a noise about nothing," cried the woman, brandishing an arm and fist like an umbrella-stick with a hand on the top: "Silence hunger, and I'll thank ye. Why should we wait for Easy? what's his business, but to look after us? Give us bread and bed —"

Another case was called, and the constables began to turn out the acquiescent pauper and his brawling wife (who had "damnable iteration" in her, as to the "bread and bed"), when a shortish, lax-coated, obsequious, affable man—fit mediator between the great unpaid and the little unpaying—bustled into the court.

"Oh, here is Mr. Easy, sir," said the chief constable; "will you take his case directly, for he is in a hurry?" The paupers were pushed back into the box, and the case proceeded.

"Good morning, Mr. Bollington, sir," said the official, with overflowing politeness; for the new law was just introduced, and he was "under discussion." Mr. Easy was a man who had contracted a sort of faded, second-hand look, from his residence in the workhouse; but good living, easy circumstances, and sufficient occupation, had

preserved to him considerable stamina. He smiled on the magistrates with an official deference; on the paupers with equal good-nature and indifference. "Good morning, Mr. Bollington, sir," he said, saving the plaintiff the trouble of stating his own case: "This man, Jedediah Banks—Mr. Bollington, sir—has lived on us, on and off, ever since he was born, sir; but we found that he ought to belong to Gullumbury. So we sent him over (without a removal order, to save expense, Mr. Bollington"—the magistrate nodded); "but the overseers declined him. They sent him back, sir! They dispute the settlement, Mr. Bollington, sir! So we are to have him again," continued the injured official, "and his two childer, besides the two we were at the expense of burying, and his wife —"

"His wife! What! is he married?"

"Yes, Mr. Bollington, sir."

"How did you get married, pauper?"

No answer; the woman turned away with a sneer.

"Were they married when you took them, Mr. Easy?"

"No, Mr. Bollington, sir; they were married in the house, sir." This was uttered with an air of candour.

"In the workhouse! You separate, do n't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bollington, sir," said Mr. Easy, penitentially; "but we found it conformable to marry them two, sir; but one can't always be so careful, Mr. Bollington, sir."

The magistrate qualified his smile with an "austere regard of control." A waggish attorney leaned over to the middle of the table, and set his fellows and the clerk laughing. The constable looked sly at the wit, but qualified *his* smile with a meek regard of deference, showing that he knew his station. The pauper wife sneered again—an audible, trembling sneer.

"But you say they have had four children?"

"Yes, Mr. Bollington, sir; four children, sir. They have sometimes been out of the house—odd jobs, and such like, Mr. Bollington, sir; and I suppose —"

An interchange of significant glances again took place. The woman tossed her head defyingly, like a stag at bay.

It was true; they had married in the workhouse. No courtship preceded the ceremony; no "coy, reluctant, amorous delay" enhanced the loveliness of Eve's workhouse daughter. Our pauper's father was a runaway apprentice, who was hanged for *smashing*; his mother died at his birth. With the instinct of helplessness, he always had a hankering to be on the women's side. It excited therefore no surprise when he was sometimes found skulking about

on the wrong side of the house. Sally Willis used to drudge about the building; and though Jedediah's advances were mute, abrupt, stupid, they met no repulse. Their secret was discovered, and the two were married, "to save scandal, like," and meet the regulation morality.

It was arranged between the magistrate, or rather the clerk, and Mr. Easy, that the paupers should be allowed to remain in the house till they could be bandied, according to form, from parish to parish. Pushed out of the box, the couple trod their tedious way, going along the carriage pavement, to the workhouse, at a pauper pace.

They bent their steps towards a large porticoed building, with a strip of lawn and garden before it, standing on a bit of open, elevated ground, in a poor part of the town; a sort of bald brick mansion—a pauper palace. The iron-railed, privet-hedged, lawned garden of the front, was mocked by the dead-walled, flint-paved yards behind; the broad gravel sweep, by a foot's width of tiles; the convenient board-room, with its arm-chairs, green-cloth table, carpets and mats, and the well-carpeted, comfortably-papered apartments of the master, by stone-floored, plastered rooms, with black-painted doors; the curtained, downy-couched bedrooms, by iron bedsteads with straw mattrasses, and sheets unbleached, not to "show" the dirt—beds with strange bedfellows, and incorrigible (because inevitable?) dirt.

A scattered crowd drew near the building, from the streets of the surrounding town: children, pale, ragged, cowed, yet reckless withal, and yet again precociously care-worn, entered the gates singly, or in groups. An occasional bonnet and shawl concealed in dilapidated dinginess some one of the "softer sex," grown masculine and brutal with low debauchery, or almost destroyed by misery, tottering home (home!) to the daily meal, after some cheap job of charing or washing. Now and then a sturdy step, a bold, independent swagger, showed that the pauper, of whichever sex, was a voluntary pensioner; one who had the weather-gage of the board, and knew how to make the most of it; one who was not to be abashed by the eye of master or magistrate, and whom the "house" could not tame: a blusterer on board-days; a bullcalf, who could not work for a "whoreson cold;" or a virago, who outraged the ears and decencies of the magisterial *ex officios* with her interminable and plainspoken category of grievances, ailments, and wants.

Our two paupers entered the house, and, by direction of the master, betook themselves, without a word at parting, to the "Men's Side" and the "Women's Side."

The wife repaired at once to a bedroom, where she found her

elder child, seated by a fire at which two crones, as grey, in hair, in eyes, in flesh, in clothes, as if they were made of powdered slate, sate solacing themselves with two inches each of blackened pipe, which in itself tasted and smelt stronger than the rank weed burning in it. On a low stool by them sate a female idiot, gazing mutely at the fire; and on a bed behind them, sitting up in her place, was a ghastly, colourless vision of age which had outlived its time. The pauper's wife sate down at once in her appointed home; and smacking her elder child's face because it began to cry, which drew upon her the indignant oaths of the two smokers, she assumed at once the wonted habits of home—(home again!)

Banks entered a large plastered room, with a door at one end and a fire at the other, and a long deal table, with two corresponding benches, down each side. Round the fire was collected a knot of "home-keeping youths," too old, too sick, or too useless, to have got work out of doors; with one or two who were employed in the house.

Close by the side of the hearth, in an arm-chair which the master occasionally used during meals, sat an elderly man in a rusty coat, which, like himself, had seen better days. For the wearer had once been a flourishing ironmonger, had "kept his carriage," had kept a mistress, had gambled, drunk, ruined himself, and disgusted his friends; and a brother, whose vices had been of a more wary kind, still rode in his carriage, and was scarcely blamed for leaving the *mauvais sujet* to the parish. The shallow-pated old debauchee had saved a feather-bed, on which he was privileged to rest his aching old bones at night, and which he would bequeath as a legacy to the house, to be enjoyed long after the devisor's name was forgotten. A few old clothes remained to him, and enabled him to put off the day when he must submit to the regulation slops. A few old recollections remained too, of gaieties, of dissipations, of reckless profusions, still serving to amuse his boneless old gums in the telling, and his fellows' stagnant ears in the listening.

"But, Lord!" as he generally ejaculated, after some tale more candid than edifying, "to see what we may come to! Here am I sitting," he added, "no better than Lundface, the glazier, here." A few wheezy, scarcely audible cackles served to dissipate so much of melancholy as the circle remained capable of feeling, re-echoed by a stunning laugh from the person who had served the moralizer for the mortifying climax.

Lundface, the glazier, was a stout, elderly man, somewhat lame. He was seated next the gentleman in black, on the end of the bench

at the table, against which he leaned his back. His clothes, the regulation anomalies, were much the colour of the dingy deal on which he reposed; and, together with his glowing red face, and grizzled black hair, he looked not unlike a huge deal log, smouldering at one end. His features were large and coarse, grained like the roughest orange; his pig-coloured eyes were inflamed with excesses. "Malus puer, robustus," quoth the philosopher:—"The bad boy is strong." Lundface, the glazier, was as bad and as strong a boy of fifty as any in the town. Lundface, the glazier, had once actually carried putty and panes on a frame, and had continued to do so occasionally, whenever he was out of cash and out of prison; for he had visited all manner of police offices, lock-ups, houses of correction, bridewells, penitentiaries, jails, hulks; and it was only by mistake that he had at last settled in the workhouse of Surly-cum-Little, instead of New South Wales. Almost the entire list of classified offences had benefited by his exertions; if not always as principal, as accessory: but his chief occupations had been boxing-matches and petty frauds; and none had been so honoured with his attentions, in respect of the latter, as the parish authorities. His last trick was a crowning effort; indeed it had an air of finality about it altogether ominous:—He appeared before the assistant overseer with a face of unusual demureness, and announced the death of his son, begging a coffin, and a trifle to meet contingencies. He was told to call for the coffin at night; and meantime inquiries were made, and the body was found duly laid out. He called with a man at night, and took the coffin away. The burial took place: but on the same evening a great noise was heard in the house; and, through a gap in the shutters, he and two daughters and the dead man were seen to set themselves to a drinking bout. The police were sent for, and they broke into the house; but not before the inmates had all escaped by a back way. Lundface, the glazier, was found next morning in a ditch at the back of his own house, with his leg broken. It was then found, that a neighbour had had a reprobate son, who had returned, after years of absence, in a dying state. Lundface offered to bury him *gratis*, for the loan of the body. He made his own son conceal himself; and drew from two burial societies, besides obtaining a coffin from his own parish, and one adjoining, where his son had gained a settlement. Owing to the acuteness of a bustling attorney, the delinquent got off with a few months' imprisonment for a bye-charge, the chief evidence falling through. The chief part of his time he spent in the sick-ward; his broken leg, through the diseased state of his blood, never healing. At the end of the term, he returned to his native

place (which his family had altogether abandoned), a sturdy cripple; and after disturbing the quiet of the town hospital for a few weeks, when confined with a renewed sore in his broken limb, he was transferred to the workhouse, to live at the expense of his old prosecutor, the parish.

Next to Lundface, the glazier, on a backed bench placed in front of the fire, sate a mild-looking, old-womanish man, with a red nose, the relic of frequent *fuddlings* with porter. He was the tailor of the establishment; a respectable, but weak, improvident man, whose life had been a series of failures. His industry, though of a slow and botching order, procured him the privilege of a separate room, for his bed and work-board. Next him sat a silent boy in a pinafore, about ten years of age, his head bigger than any in the room, and wrapped in dirty rags. His features were white and swollen, and distorted with pain. Under those rags, and under his clothes, were sights more horrible than the heel of Philoctetes. He had the king's evil. The master had found the poor boy in the house at his entrance upon office, five years ago, and that was all that was known about him. He was allowed to stay with the tailor, who tended him with maternal care; and the boy followed his only friend from bed to board, and from board to bed, like a sick dog. The doctor saw the tailor take his rags off once a week, and let the boy hear him say that he would probably get worse till he died.

The next man was a worn-out coachman, who had afterwards been a watchman as long as he could keep awake, and then he came to the parish: near him was a sailor; and beyond, a group—no longer motley, but all in regulation dingies—of decrepid labourers, mechanics, servants, beggars, ballad-mongers, reclaimed rascals (too old to relapse), and other the children of poverty and ignorance. Born in different stations, tried in different adversities, they had all come to the same dreary, hopeless lot, the dregs of existence; to pursue the same "noiseless tenour of their way"—noise being against the regulations. One man, however, was "snatching a fearful joy," smoking up the chimney and behind his hat, to evade the nose and eye of the expected master. No one noticed Banks as he entered; and where he sate himself down behind the circle, there he stayed till his "potato hash," as the dietary called it, was set before him. There he ate; in that house he slept; and in that house, if the parish of Gullumbury succeed, he will die. *He* is a pauper *par excellence;* a picked man of his class: he never knew any other condition; he had no knowledge, no means, no wish to avoid his fate. Born in a workhouse, he knew no other home. He never knew a parent; he had known no *love*; he was scarcely conscious that he had children—for

that was a matter all between his wife and the matron. He was first swaddled in the regulation baby-linen; he was brought up by hand, on regulation gruel and anti-regulation gin, administered by a superannuated, drunken, smoking old nurse; he had received a regulation education, which he had forgotten; he married, for regulation morality's sake; he ate regulation food, and had, by habit, acquired a dietary appetite and a dietary stomach; he slept in regulation sheets; he went to chapel in his turn, for regulation piety; he left his wife to be provided for by the regulations; he helped to make the regulation coffins, in one of which he was to be carried from the dead-house, at a trot, to the regulation grave, to have a brief regulation service muttered over his unlamented corpse. He was an involuntary stoic; a man without a motive. His affairs—his affairs! what affairs had *he*?—himself, we should say—himself he left to be disposed of by the parish authorities; he had no voice in the matter. His vicissitudes were, to get some work, when the workhouse-master told him he was lucky, and turned him out of the house, which he did not like; to be out of work, when the master told him he was unlucky, not to say vicious, but he was no longer hurried and teased; to be sent from one parish to another, which he did not care for; and to appear before the score of comfortable gentlemen who had taken the place of the as comfortable overseers at the board. These were the remote, Olympian arbiters of his destiny, God's vicegerents upon earth—or, perhaps, even his mythology; seldom seen, never understood, always powerful. They could grant, if they would hear, every prayer a pauper could put. If the pauper had an imagination, the board was the thing to move it: visions of power, of magnificence, of luxury, of authority, of high and privileged peccadilloes, crowned the heads of its Jupiter, the chairman, too vast for the pauper's wildest flights. He sought not to solve the mystery of the relation between himself and the bright vision of each succeeding Monday, to which he was sometimes admitted. He saw that some bullied the rulers of pauper fate, as the heroes of old used to bully the celestials; but, for his part, he never troubled himself with metaphysical inquiries into the dispensations of the hierarchy: he suspected that only that amphibious, crude, unsettled class, out-door paupers, ever indulged in such audacity. Or, if ever in-door paupers did so, it was only such as had not been matured, as he had been, by long submission to the fiat of a board.

His life was undisturbed by ambitions and inquietudes so extravagant: he was christened, for the regulations required it; married, for the regulations required it; and will be buried when the regulations require it. His annals go no further.



THE CABINET MINISTER.

Why, sir, in such a government as ours, no man is appointed to office because he is the fittest for it.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

THE CABINET MINISTER.

BY A TORY-WHIG-RADICAL.

The Cabinet Minister is the paragon of animals. He wants no attribute of a divinity but wings, and the power of keeping himself out of Westminster Abbey for ever. His is the quintessence of dust while alive. His mind is the exquisite essence compounded "from the finest and best of all other men's powers." All his colleagues are unparelleled prodigies, but he was unprecedentedly prodigious in his cradle. His family is a family of giants, and he is the head of it. He is to be taken for all in all, and we are never to see his like again. He is not only the greatest man of his age, but he is a far greater man than any of the great who have either gone before him or are contemporaneous with him in the cabinet. Thousands of honest people are ready, every morning of their lives, to go and make affidavit of the fact before the Lord Mayor. He is nominally the servant of the sovereign, but in reality the master of the sovereign's subjects. Of all created things born with heads, he has the most indisputable claim to admission into this collection of *crania*. He is *the* "Head of the People."

The Cabinet Minister is descended (not in a direct line, for all his ways are crooked) from the smallest, meanest, vilest, and most pitiful of all the creeping things that went up with Noah into the ark. Not only has he sprung from the most wretched of the race of reptiles, but he is a disgrace to his family besides. A flea of character would blush to be his bedfellow. The common rogue and vagabond would lose caste, in the eyes of Europe, if he were to change places with him, and quit the House of Correction for the House of Commons. He wants no attribute of the diabolical being, except the cloven foot and a tail—the latter, indeed, he is sometimes said to have. His nature is an essence compounded from all that is most noisome and noxious in other natures. His colleagues and connexions are first-rate rascals in their way, but he towers far above them in baseness and infamy. All that they do worst, he does in a worse way. Other men "do wrong by design;" but it is his peculiar privilege, by a felicity of wickedness that has no parallel

like forethought embraces the expediency of aggrandising the individual, that the community may be honoured and exalted in him. His "*Ego et Rex meus*" means, being translated, "I go before the monarch as a shield and safeguard." His life is one of sacrifices: he sacrifices all his personal tastes, his natural love of retirement, his intense longing for a private station, his parching thirst for a lodge in some vast wilderness, and submits to be a minister—a Cabinet Minister—for his gracious sovereign's sake, and for his dear country's good—for these and these alone; and this can be proved, as we hinted before, upon affidavits, whenever the opposition may choose to call for them.

It is, nevertheless, strange—but undoubtedly true—that of the millions of "good intentions" with which certain low countries are said to be macadamised, not one good intention ever originated in the breast of the Cabinet Minister—for this simple reason, that he never happened to form one. This justice is strictly his due, that if his policy has been undeviatingly mischievous, his purpose strictly corresponds with it. He has worked nothing but evil, but his justification is that he has only worked what he intended. He has utterly ruined his country—but then he meant it. He is at least entitled to the credit of making his end answer faithfully to his design. There is no inconsistency in him; he has been uniformly a destroyer. Nor is he famous, as some may have been, for ruining his country "gratis;" destruction at his hands has been very expensive, and he has charged for ruin (warranting it, however, irretrievable) at an enormously high rate. Being of opinion with Mr. Wild, that mischief is too precious a thing to be wasted, he is, of course, of opinion that it is too precious a thing to be had cheap. It should, in his judgment, be reserved only for a great nation, since a great nation alone can afford to pay for it. It ought never to be squandered upon individuals—lavished upon private connexions and personal friends. Bestow upon such, what honours and emoluments they may ask for. Mischief is for the state—it is the immemorial right of the community. Nations have been used to it, and they expect it.

The principle here laid down opens to us another turn in the character of the Cabinet Minister. If we suppose him to be impressed with the conviction alluded to, the discrepancy that exists between his conduct in the public and private relations of life is easily accounted for. Abroad, he is—what he takes care to proclaim himself with considerable frequency during the debate—"a minister of the crown;" at home, he is but the humble servant of humble

suitors. Though a very dragon in the house of legislation, he may be a very dove in his own house. And he is, too. Our Cabinet Minister, if a despot in his public capacity, is the gentlest of the gentle tribe in his unofficial condition. Perhaps he finds it convenient to compound for necessary hard measures and hard words out of doors, with gratuitous suavity, blandness, and urbane feeling within. The iron heel that has trodden upon a kingdom then finds itself comfortable in an easy slipper. His austere and rigid bearing relaxes into a gracious bow. The minister is plain "man" again. The great personage who was immoveable but now,—deafer than stone, colder than Gunterian ice,—is all smiles and compliance. He is the profound philanthropist. He seems to have no wish but to oblige everybody. He is kind, affable, and dignified. He is a generous master, a pleasant and faithful friend. There is no remnant of the state-robe clinging to him. He is, every inch, a gentleman. The world, however, when it complains of the malpractices of a great statesman, and is told, in extenuation of his sins, that he is punctual with all his tradesmen, and tenderly attached to his wife and children, is apt to become convert to the moral philosophy of the inimitable *Peter Plymley;* and to wish, "if public and private virtue must always be incompatible, that he had broken the connubial vow, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country."

The amiable private-life characteristics of the Cabinet Minister above acknowledged are undeniable; but then it is not less indisputable that he never had one generous or even gentlemanly trait to conceal or apologise for the depravity of his character. It would be a flight of romance—a symptom of being far gone in noodledum—to deem him

"Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall."

He is treacherous at Hackney, too; the same everywhere. His moral standard answers to his political. If he had but a touch of the virtue of candour, added to one atom of self-knowledge, he would say with Mathews's *Kentuckian*, "You'll find nothing of the gentleman about me." He scorns to make his public life blush for virtues exhibited in private, but is "stem and stern alike, and no false colours." Accordingly, he is represented, while wanting the grand virtue of saving his country, as indulging in the several vices which that one virtue would outweigh; to be plain, it *is* rumoured (and we know what "it *is* rumoured" means) that he has violated the connubial pledge, that he owes for last year's veal, whips his

girls as well as boys, and has remorselessly ruined his native land, instead of saving it.

It follows as a matter of course, that, under the guidance of such a minister, "ships, colonies, and commerce," should go to rack—that foreign nations should deride the land they once feared—that the army and navy should degenerate into mere militia-men and Margate-hoys—that the church should be undermined, the state undone—and that "finance" should be the plain English for the last word "*finis*." It also follows, as a necessary consequence, that, under such a government, the real glories of the country should be advanced to the highest pitch—that what far-seeing writers call the "political horizon," should exhibit no spot of cloud, whether bigger or less than a man's hand—that neighbouring countries should look with envy and admiration upon the happy land that preserves the rest of the world in profound peace, and enjoys unexampled prosperity itself—that everything should be going on from good to better, both at home and abroad—and thus, that the Millenium is no joke after all!

These things follow as matters of course; for what follows not from a character so contradictory as that we have thus impartially portrayed? A character, which, with no immodesty, we may say is now outlined for the first time; all previous attempts (and they are as many as the minutes in each session of parliament) having egregiously failed—for this reason, that they were founded only on a side view of the Cabinet Minister; the portrait was taken from the treasury benches, or from the opposition benches, or from the cross-benches, instead of being taken from all these at once, and painted, as the great original naturally appears to the eye of impartiality, in all these different points of view united. A mere bird's-eye view wo'nt do—unless it happens to be the Irish bird that is in two places at once. To survey the subject on both sides, it is necessary to take up a position in at least two counties, and stand like the giant, whom we saw in our youth, "with one foot in Shropshire and the other in Lancashire." This done, all that was obscure becomes clear, all that was unfinished becomes complete, and we obtain the several parts of character that are necessary to make up the whole. We thus discover that the object of our curiosity is not only a sage, but an idiot—not merely a traitor, but a patriot; that he is a saint, an infidel, a deliverer, a betrayer, an enthusiast, a trifler, a moralist, a sensualist, a genius, a blockhead; that he is an abandoned profligate, and a paragon of virtue; a systematic oppressor, and a redresser of wrongs; a forger of chains, and a friend to liberty; the creature of the court, and the champion of the whole world's cause; the most incom-

petent of all the noodles, and the most venerated of the tribe of Nestors; that he is at once magnanimous and mean; profound and shallow; hypocritical and honest; noble and contemptible; all that he should be, all that he should not be.

Such, until the present time (of which Present Time, by the way, being regular readers of the public journals, we have no accurate idea, and can say nothing)—such has the Cabinet Minister too generally been. But occasionally it has been his fate to be seen in less extravagant lights, and less contradictory positions; he has been neither ridiculously praised, nor rancorously abused; but then he has been a nobody, and his name has died with him. The reporters in the gallery described him when he rose to speak, as "an honourable member whose name we could not learn." If he carried on the affairs of government in profound quiet, he had no chance of being heard of for want of noise. The spirit of contradiction is apparent here also. So is it, in the case of the Cabinet Minister who, though an elevated and remarkable person before he attained official station, shrinks into common-place, and finds the ordinary level when the distinction that seemed so fitting has been secured. So is it likewise in his case, who, winning power by a lucky distribution of the cards, rather than by any skill whatever at the game, feels at once all the value of what he has won, and becomes a first-rate player; confounding, by his masterly tactics, his stores of intuitive knowledge, and superiority to the intoxicating charms that beset him, all who had cursed his good fortune as the sole quality that stood between them and possession.

The Cabinet Minister, surrounded by the beauty and lustre conferred by the confidence of the sovereign, is sometimes as the wasp enclosed in amber; and, sometimes, while lending to a sovereign's will the sanction of a high authority, and investing what is worthless with the luminous qualities of a great intellect, as the amber that encloses the grub.

There will always be *Dogberries* of all degrees, appointed to office simply because they are the "most desartless" men to be constables of the watch; and there will also be officers of state, who, however truly and impartially they may execute their high functions, must still be railed at as *Lear* rails at the elements, when he denounces them as "servile ministers." But this is certain; that no man, be his party what it may, can hope to become a "Cabinet Minister" without creating, in a great many innocent and patriotic bosoms, a vast quantity of enmity, suspicion, and alarm. The fact is melancholy enough; we need not make matters worse by moralising upon

them. But it is curious, as well as melancholy. That a Lord Babble, simply because he speaks from a bench opposite to that he occupied yesterday, should turn his feeble stammerings into thunder claps and frighten the world! That "Snooks"—simply because he has become the "Right Honourable Mr.," and kissed hands on his appointment—should flutter the Volces afar off; disturb the dreams of crowned heads; fill foreign courts with dire apprehensions; and doom trembling millions at home to horrors not unnaturally attendant upon the shock of an earthquake.

This, finally, may be remarked—that if Cabinet Ministers appear, in too many instances, to have been appointed for the express purpose of shewing us "with how little wisdom the world is governed," few among the governed know how immense is the amount of talent—of sagacity, vigilance, zeal, forethought, invention, and rare power in infinite shapes—hourly and momently exercised within the Downing Streets of mighty empires, for the purpose of sustaining Cabinet Ministers in the stations where wisdom is so often done without. Happy would it be for nations, if but a thousandth part of the enthusiasm that is exhibited in a party cause, were now and then—for eccentricity's sake—manifested in the cause of a people. It would suffice to redeem whole empires, and regenerate the world. Ministers ere now have owed their elevation to a red-heeled boot; been wafted to power by the force of a feather waving courtierly; been beckoned to a "more removed ground" by a frail lady's fan; elbowed their way in gallant impudence to glory, or crawled to eminence (the favourite plan) by any path, or through any loophole; but when there, how prodigious the aggregate of the power set in action to support them—in diplomacy, intrigue, plot, counter-plot, cajolery, intimidation, temptation, equivocation, snare, falsehood, flattery, and manœuvre, unknown on earth until the advent of the first Cabinet Minister! How vast the genius secretly employed, and how insignificant the open and avowed result! Spirit of the Back Stairs, if thou wouldst but come to the Front Stairs, thou, who sleepest not at all, shouldst slumbler half thy time—or all day long, with one eye open. A comparatively idle life—a semi-sinecure should be thine, and yet the nations should be saved! What a deal of trouble and talent honesty renders needless. It is easy for a Cabinet Minister to serve his country and himself, but what pains it costs him to serve himself *only!*



THE HANGMAN.

A malicious superficiality.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE

THE HANGMAN.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

In Sir John Suckling's incoherent play of "The Goblins," a certain courtier is thus apostrophised:

> "A foolish utensil of state,
> Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day,
> 'S brought forth to make a show, and that is all,
> For of no use you are."

The sentence fits the Hangman better than the courtier; is even a juster description of the man of hemp than of the man of brocade: for with ourselves, the legendary grimness of the licensed man-killer suffers from the foolishness—the utter inutility of his calling; he is, indeed, a wicked superfluity; and yet the official iniquity appears less, from a besetting conviction of its absurdity. Our disgust is, in a strange degree, allayed by our contempt. The Hangman is a man of terrors; notwithstanding, there are moods in which we cannot refuse to him the cap and bells. The folly of the employer is reflected on the employed. The statesman, though he despatch with sad and solemn brow the sacrilegious death-warrant, by the very farce enacted by virtue of the instrument, makes the Hangman little else than clown to the rope.

"But, murder, sir—murder," says a placid gentleman, oozing at the lips with Christian precept; "surely, sir—God bless me!—surely you would hang for murder?"

Blood has been shed: yes, in some fiend-like brawl, a miserable wretch, denaturalised by rage—goaded by revenge—or, more appalling still, pricked on by gain—sheds blood. He murders his fellow-man, and on the instant, from crown to sole, is he become a monster: humanity shrinks from contact with him: we turn from the murderer's eye as from a basilisk: to breathe with him the same atmosphere is, we feel, to breathe contagion. He stands, to our imagination, horribly dilated—as though possessed by the everlasting demon. He is set apart—fenced from us by horrors: his brow is festering with the brand of Cain; his look reveals the flames within. With the face and form and speech of man, he is become as one of the doomed.

It is thus we see the murderer: it is thus we look upon and consider the wretch contaminated with human blood: it is thus, appalled by his blasphemy, our imagination surrounds him with a multitude of terrors! Yes, he has taken human life; he has sacrilegiously destroyed God's own image; he has, at a blow, struck his fellow into eternity; he has defyingly usurped the power of God; and we curse, and loathe to very sickness, the evil-doer. By such intense, unconquerable disgust of the homicide we prove—what? Our sense of the sacredness of human life; our conviction of the holiness vouchsafed to the spirit of man by his Maker; of its present high immunities, and of its mighty end. The lowest beggar—the veriest wretch that, houseless, naked, brutalised by ignorance and suffering, shocks our finer sensibilities, making us shrink from man from a reptile—even he is rendered sacred by the divinity within him; even that foul, that loathsome tenement of clay becomes a living temple unto God, for it is consecrated and made holy by immortal hopes.

What says the statesman, speaking through his chosen servant the Hangman? What example does he shew—what lesson does he preach from his high place, the gallows? By what profound, what wise, what heart-assuring process, does he make manifest to the reckless and the low, the sacredness of the living man? How, by his proxy, the yeoman of the rope, does he prove his veneration for the prime work of God—his sense of horror at the quenching of human life? The Hangman shall tell us.

It is four in the morning. The sky is black as pitch, and the drizzling November rain seems to sink into our very flesh. All is coldness, dreariness, desolation. We emerge from a by-lane into one of the broad highways of London. What sudden animation! The road streams with passengers: boys and men, and women—some with infants at their breasts—pass lightly on, laughing, talking, as to a merry-making, a holiday. Surely, some national festival is afoot. Nothing less could have stirred the people at such a season thus early from their beds: nothing less could impart to them such vivacity of motion, such laughter, such careless merriment. For see—how that knot of youths, in the buoyancy of animal spirits, foot it, and dance as they go, upon the pavement; and now, one suddenly stops, and, tickled by the exquisite jest of a companion, leans nearly doubled with laughter against the lamp-post; and now, the sharp, shrill voice of a woman rings with enjoyment. Yes; it must be the advent of a general fête. However, let us mix with the increasing, mirthful crowd; let us go with the stream.

A quarter of an hour, and we arrive at evidently the sought-for place; for a crowd is already gathered,—a crowd constantly increased from half-a-dozen avenues. How the people pour in! What anxiety they manifest to see a sight! See—the gates open, and, rumbling heavily, a massive platform is drawn into the street. Yes; this must be the spot; and this the stage whereupon the national game is played: or whence, probably, prizes, civic crowns and garlands, are distributed to a virtuous people; so wise, so humanising, so philosophic, are the statesmen that govern them; so profoundly learned in the motives, the affections, and the weaknesses of mankind; and so intent on directing, elevating, and correcting them. "Yes," says the Brahmin, the Chinese, or Japanese; for the reader must understand it is some such barbarian who has followed the crowd down Holborn, and now smiles complacently about him before the debtors' door, Newgate; "now shall I see a national festival! now shall I behold a practical lesson of humanity, benevolence, wisdom, and truth! On that platform the English statesman will take his place, and in the fulness of his knowledge, in the abundance of his philanthropy, in what he is proud to call the meekness and loving-kindness of his Christianity, he will reward some happy two or three, amidst the rejoicings of this numerous multitude; he will hang medals about the necks of a few, which medals will awaken in the breasts of the many an ardour and longing to follow the ways of the rewarded; that they themselves, in due season, may be alike distinguished. What a festal scene!" thinks the stranger; "what a mirthful, happy, populace! to leave their beds so early, and in this horrible climate, to wait four hours (for he has this instant, with some difficulty, been made to understand that the show does not take place until eight o'clock), to see the distribution of national rewards. What a light-hearted race!" again thinks the barbarian; and he smiles to see a British youth, in the exuberance of his hilarity, knock the hat of a companion over his eyes and nose, whilst another joyous, waggish-looking sprite, with hands as quick and light as fins, visits every pocket of the discomfited. And still the jest and the quip is heard, although the hammers applied to the national platform ring jarringly upon the ear.

The stranger is suddenly addressed by a vendor of refections, and tempted to a game of chance for little toothsome pasties of pork and mutton; and the barbarian, graciously refusing, ponders upon the gulosity of the English, who cannot, he concludes, even congregate to do honour to a national festival, and be for the time forgetful of their bellies. The stranger, however, has travelled, and

learned to make allowances for the various habits of his kind; hence, he smiles, and philosophically watches the abstruse game of "heads-and-tails" unceremoniously played beside the platform of the nation.

Hark! what peals of laughter—what stamping—what clapping of hands! The festive noise proceeds from the opposite hostelry, crammed with the richer merry-makers, some of whom have given much silver,—nay, some pieces of gold, to the master of the dwelling, that they may sit at the window and see the distribution of the national prizes; may the more surely observe—and be edified thereby—the expression of countenances, and general demeanour, with which the men rewarded, receive the wise and philosophic bounty of the state. There is a lull for a minute; and then the stranger listens to a song, poured forth from a chest of brass; a song as from the throat of a Cyclops. The barbarian can only make out the burthen, and that runs—

"And now I am cut off in the height of my prime!"

Yes, such are the words; for thirty voices join in chorus,—

"And now I am cut off in the height of my prime,"

drowns the noise of the hammers still knocking at the national platform; and all is jollity and loud-mouthed mirth.

The barbarian, curious in English customs, cannot restrain his desire to mingle with that choral throng. He makes his way into the room; and, with all his allowance for national peculiarities, he is somewhat offended at the scene opening upon him. The room is densely clouded with smoke; but, after a time, he is enabled to make out the forms and faces of the merry-makers. Men and women, there may be in all, some fifty. The greater number are roaring in chorus; but some are stupidly silent; some fast asleep; some half-chuckling and making mouths, in the impotence of drunkenness. How strange—how wrong—thinks the barbarian, that the mighty, the victorious, the moral, the wonderful English, should derogate from a national festival by licence such as this! How unfortunate, that they cannot restrain their enthusiasm; and, being assembled to witness what I have frequently heard called in this happy and enlightened country, a great moral lesson, they cannot so far temper their natural ardour as to refrain from brandy, rum, gin, beer, and tobacco! It is thus the stranger philosophises; and still the minstrel sings—

"And now I am cut off in the height of my prime;"

would still continue the lay, but that the cry of "Sheriffs!" from the mob without, silences the singer, and all rush to the window.

It is very provoking, and would stir the blood of any other but a philosopher, to pay a round sum for the enjoyment of a national sight; and then, by the enthusiasm, the generous violence of the crowd, to be wholly shut out from a view of the revel. But so it is with our Brahmin in the Old Bailey; men and women are thick as bees at the windows; others are mounted upon tables; and our philosopher, despite his polite endeavours to obtain even a peep of the solemnity, is told to "stand where he is, and be d—d." Our Brahmin placidly complies with a part of the injunction, for he cannot leave the house. However, debarred from the window, he is enabled—and it is something he thinks—to learn the moral impressions made upon the spectators by the ceremony without; yes, he can gather from their natural, their unsophisticated expressions, the influence of the show upon the hearts of the beholders. He has solaced himself with this conviction, when he hears cries in the street—

"Hats off—down there!—you in the white hat and crape—you in butcher's mourning—bonnet him!—silence!"

Yes, says the Brahmin, the ceremony is about to begin; the national games are about to commence. He then, still as completely shut out from the sight as if on the banks of the Ganges,—he then ventures to enquire of a luckier neighbour, how many are that morning to be rewarded? He asks, and readily obtains an answer:—

"Vy, old cock, there's strings for six."

I was right, concludes the Brahmin;—strings—with medals, no doubt.

"Here's the white wands!" cry a dozen voices at the window, and the stranger is greatly interested by the impatient manner, the animated voices of the more fortunate beholders.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" exclaims a woman, "there's the parson."

Admirable people! thinks the Brahmin; who so wisely, constantly associate the beauties of your most beautiful and most charitable creed with all your public rewards,—with even your public holidays.

"One—two—there's Jack!"—

"God bless him!"—

"How lovely he looks!"—

"Drest as if for a wedding!"—sobs a woman.

"And there's Tom!—He sees me—he sees me—God be with you, Tom!"

"And God will bless 'em all!" cries another female, bursting into tears.

The Brahmin, touched by the earnest ejaculations of the spectators at the window, affected by the pleasing passion of the women, wept; but they were the tears of pleasantness, the offerings of a sympathising spirit. "God will bless them all," murmured the Brahmin.

"Vy, there's only four," cries a spectator, with a whining tone of disappointment.

"There must be six," cries another, "six was the number."

"No; d—d if there's only four!" exclaims a third.

Possibly the other two, thinks the Brahmin, have not, on examination, been found of sufficient worth to be alike rewarded with the rest. It must be a joyous sight, thinks the stranger; with all his philosophy much excited by the passionate exclamations of the people before him; some of whom call down, albeit in homely phrase, a shower of benedictions on the heads of the rewarded; whilst others seem to glow with admiration at their noble bearing on on so interesting an occasion. Two or three, however, look back into the room, their faces sullen with suppressed passion. These, thought the Brahmin, are the malevolent and envious.

"He's shaking their hands! The Lord bless 'em!"—

"How Tom stands! Like a rock! What pluck!"—

"Darling fellow!"—

"Doesn't shake a finger!"—

"He's gone below," cries a woman, her voice suddenly husky; and fixing her nails like a beast of prey, in the arm of her companion. "He's gone"—

"God bless 'em! God bless 'em! God—God"——

A jarring sound—a fall—a loud groan, sounding of hate and horror from a thousand hearts—now the shriek and screams of women—and now—the silence of the tomb!

This national ceremony, thinks the Brahmin, must have in it something very solemn. It is right—it is very right. The solemnity of the reward increases the reward; makes it still to live in the brain, and beat in the heart of the beholder.

"Mike!"—cries a spectator, his face black with rage, rushing from the window, and, incapable of giving utterance to his passion, striking the table with his clenched knuckles,—"Mike! A pint of brandy, and 'bacco for ten!" saying this, the man flings himself into a chair, and passing his fingers through his hair, laughs like a demon.

Our Brahmin, astonished at the countenances turned from the window, marvelling at the tears of some—the indifference, the indignation painted in others,—after a pause, ventures to creep to the

casement. He looks at the work of the Hangman; and stupified, sick with terror, he tumbles in a heap upon the floor. The landlord, very considerately, has the stranger removed up-stairs: he is put to bed; falls into a dose; sleeps for an hour, might have slept longer, but that he is awakened by the chorus below, led by the man who gave Mike the order for brandy and tobacco; the chorus bellowing—

"And now I am cut off in the height of my prime!" *

Such are the rewards of the Hangman; such the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen; such his recompence when, on the public scaffold he throttles a man before thousands of lookers-on, to shew to them the sacredness of human life; to make known to the world the crime, the horror, the ineffaceable guilt of destroying our fellow-man. The Hangman kills to prove the iniquity of killing.

"But, Scripture, sir," says the Hangman, "Scripture, sir, says he—what are the words?—oh—'He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death.'"

Tarry a little, good yeoman of the halter.—

"And Cain said unto the Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear.

"Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

"And the Lord said unto him, therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him, seven-fold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain lest any finding him should kill him."

Still the Hangman would hang upon the warranty of Scripture; supported in his faith by those christian philosophers, who, to make secure a darling prejudice, are ever more prone to take their arguments from Leviticus than from Saint Matthew. They can unsuspectingly be Jews for the nonce, when they would take "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" and in proportion to their readiness to exact severe retribution on the good Mosaic principle, is their wonder and their marvel, when, forced to go one mile out of their way, they are expected to go willingly "twain." The Hangman and his supporters make the Scriptures strange skipping-ground.

Let us, however, consider the Hangman at his employment. He has proceeded in his task; yes, he has prepared the wretch for death, and gone below to draw the bolt. What are the Hangman's services to the people? What is preached to them by the miserable

* No fiction.

thing, pinioned, and haltered, and in an another instant to be—what? Who shall say? The statesman, the Hangman's employer, in the mercifulness of his creed pays for Christian comfort to be administered to the felon, by a Christian priest. All praise to the statesman that it is so! Well? How labours the clergyman? What are the goodly fruits of his eloquent exhortations? If the felon have made himself sufficiently notorious to be an object of great public curiosity, we are from time to time assured in a tone of congratulation, that the unfortunate man becomes every day more impressed with the truths of divine mercies and divine revelation. Thus gloriously instructed, the murderer is led forth to death. The gallows, it has been preached to him, is made the threshold of heaven; in a thought, and he will be with the angels; for the statesman

> "—— would not kill his unprepared spirit;
> No, heaven forefend! he would not kill his soul!"

Hence, standing between the beam and the pit, the felon stands, not as a wretch to be loathed, execrated; but as one of the chosen:

> "Wings at his shoulders seem to play!"

The drop falls: the sacredness of human life is illustrated upon the crowd by the death-struggles of the hanged: the hour passes: night comes: and flung into a prison-hole, quick-lime eats up the bones of the assassin. And this is the Hangman's great moral example: this the punishment!

Death would, indeed, be punishment, could it only be administered by the executioner; but as God has made it the draught for all men; the inevitable cup to be drained to the dregs by all who live; since there is not one man privileged to pass it; is not that a strange punishment for the deepest wickedness of guilt, if the same evil must at the last foreclose the life of the nobly good?

"But," says the Hangman, "your virtuous man dies with friends weeping about him; his death may, indeed, be most gracious; whilst the men who come into my hands"——

Both are flung into the same eternity; and—hark!—what sound is that approaching the steps of the gallows. Hark! yes—the felon is pinioned; the procession is formed; and the hopeful and inspiring voice of the prison chaplain says:—

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE, SAITH THE LORD; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE: AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE."



THE EXCISEMAN.

Wretches, hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Doctor Johnson.

THE EXCISEMAN.

BY GODFREY GRAFTON, GENT.

It has been shrewdly observed by the ill-fated Colton—that melancholy victim to the darkest infatuation!—that there is one passage of the sacred Scriptures, upon which the potentates on earth, of every age, creed, and nation, have concurred and acted. It runs thus:—"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."

Now these taxes, chronicled by history as being nearly coeval with the existence of social communities, in a state of society highly complicated and refined, have given birth to the Exciseman,—a personage undoubtedly very little known, and very much misunderstood.

[Here the conviction very forcibly strikes us, that the aim of this work is at a higher and more laudable object than that of affording a merely faithful portraiture of the various "castes," whose peculiar excellences or defects invite the pencil to delineate, and the pen to record and describe them. Be it ours, then, to act upon this impression; and by purifying "the visual ray" through which the Exciseman is beheld, to place him in a proper light before the public; laying bare the morbid spots in his constitution, and shewing not only what he has been, is, and ought to be, but also the important relation which he bears to the commonweal.]

The occupations of the assessor and collector of taxes have hitherto borne a share of public opprobrium, rather general than just; but upon the excise (from the widely-extending and sweeping nature of its grasp) the *onus* of contumely has most severely fallen. And it must be confessed that such offices are of a thankless description; and that, in surveying brewhouses, inspecting chandlers' coppers, or determining by the gauge the contents of a soap or malt frame, there is little to enlist, in favour of the Exciseman, the public respect and esteem; or that, by elevating and enlarging his ideas and understanding, might qualify him to be an acceptable as well as useful member of society.

To a mind of an independent or sensitive nature, there is, indubitably, an almost insuperable repugnance to the idea of servitude in the excise. Who has forgotten the nervous manner in which that inspired bard of nature and passion, the unhappy Burns, expressed the disgust he experienced upon becoming what, in his contempt, he has somewhere called "a rascally gauger?" Nevertheless, it is due to candour to state, that by the attentive reader, who—rejecting as specious, the splendid figures with which the poet delighted to embellish his style—looks deeper than the surface, it will be perceived, that although his distaste for the profession, to which his masculine genius, by imperious necessity, was "forced to stoop for bread," might be considerable—considerable also was his affectation of that dislike.

A century ago, when education was much more sparingly scattered than at present, the Exciseman bore a widely different relation to society than he now does. Of some consequence from the king's commission, and perhaps rendered agreeable by the extent (comparatively speaking) of his information, or a reputation for the humorous, he was then the companion of the village clergyman and apothecary, and not unfrequently honoured by the squire himself—to whose family, perhaps, he might be tutor in writing and figures. But that day—his golden age—has long since passed away, most probably for ever: and the respective curates of spiritual and corporeal health, refusing to recognise him as an associate, superciliously pass him by; while even the landlord of the village alehouse, who of yore delighted to hold the Exciseman's stirrup, and bowed obsequiously as he rode away, no longer pays those tributes of respect.

Since that period, the exigences of the state have brought taxation to a height unprecedented in the history of nations, and such as none but a country possessing within herself the most stupendous physical and moral resources could possibly have sustained. And it was at that time, when a minister of the crown, from his place in parliament, tauntingly defied his political antagonist to name a single article whereon to impose a new duty, that the Exciseman was looked upon with the greatest jealousy, and had, amid the arduous duties of a laborious life, to struggle energetically with the angry buffetings of popular antipathy. But the rapid diffusion of useful knowledge—that bright and beautiful feature of the present day!—by reducing the monstrous load of taxes, after years of patient endurance, and removing the veil of prejudice through which the public had so long been accustomed to view the revenue officer, has at length manifested his utility; and the friendly hand

of justice points, even yet, to the ameliorated condition which awaits him.

The extraordinary compliment once paid to venality, by that sagacious statesman, Walpole, and which, since his day, has passed current as a truism, will be found very considerably supported by the mode of distributing the nominations to the excise. And though it may be degrading indeed to our national integrity, still it is not the less true, if we assert that hundreds are the instances wherein the reward of a timely vote at an election has been an appointment for a brother, son, or friend, to the excise—the loathsome wages of corruption!

It is by such an indiscriminate abuse of patronage that the revenue has been encumbered and disgraced by men totally unqualified, either by education or respectability, for its responsible duties—men whose principles and characters are frequently worthy of the venality that, by giving office, befriended them; and who have entailed upon the profession they disgrace, much of the obloquy under which it labours. But, to the individual, little does it matter whether after such fashion, or the pursuit of a more legitimate and honourable course, an "order for the excise" has been obtained. As it was the object of his ambition, he goes joyfully through his probation; but when once he has actually become a part of the establishment, if he wishes to carry himself creditably, he will need have every energy active, every faculty awake.

Many are the phases of an Exciseman's progression, ere, sun-like, he blazes out as a collector, in all the refulgence of envied authority; with supervisors, like planets, and their satellite officers, busily performing their circuits about him. But, passing over his noviciate with the remark, that in inverse proportion to the disagreeable nature of his station is the smallness of his pay, we arrive at the rank perhaps the least disagreeable among the many grades of his profession, viz.—

THE RIDE-OFFICER.

The stations which this man occupies being thickly dispersed over Great Britain and the sister isle, it is chiefly with him that we have been accustomed to associate our notions of the Exciseman; and from his character and conduct to draw conclusions. Living probably in some sequestered village, and supporting by his small salary a wife, and (often) large family, in a creditable manner, this man's life, if undisturbed by contingencies we may hereafter describe,

or the "vaulting ambition" of preferment, would glide happily and contentedly to its close: and there can be no doubt that, even in its present condition, it contains some of the best and happiest men in the service.

Let us now take a look at his residence, as in some measure indicating his worldly condition; and afterwards at the man. It is possibly situated near the church, and is clearly of a class superior to the common cottages of the village: it also wears an air of cheerful comfort, and the little flower-garden in front, by its neatness, betrays the hand of a careful gardener,—for your respectable Exciseman hath a taste for such a delightful amusement, and is happy withal in the selection and arrangement of his plants. As it is a fine morning, the door is open, and three of his children are playing in the sunshine. Passing the threshold, on entering the unaspiring dwelling, we find that the room he chiefly inhabits is the kitchen, his little parlour being reserved (with particular modesty) for "highday and holiday" uses, or the occasional visits of the better portion of his acquaintance. Over his fire-place may be seen an abundance of articles, both of brass and other metal, glittering in all the lustre procurable by lacquer and brickdust; the cutlass, too, is there, which, when he lived upon the coast, he sometimes carried at night whilst on the preventive service—singular memorial of the weakness of the law! Opposite is a humble bookcase, and among various ragged looking works are perceived "Huie's Abridgment of Excise Statutes," "Symon's Young Gauger's Assistant," and "The Spirit of the General Orders." As it is yet early, the breakfast things are not removed, and his buxom-looking wife has just finished washing two stout boys, prior to their departure for the village school.

The Exciseman himself—who has been holding a conversation with his partner, upon the cruelty lately displayed to a brother officer by a severe and unfeeling collector—is a hale looking man of middle stature, some eight-and-thirty years old, and clad in a blue coat, with gilt buttons, of a shape almost peculiar to his class, being a kind of dress-coat, with skirts remarkably square and large, in order to accommodate the capacious pockets which contain his survey-books, the tops of the latter being distinctly to be perceived peeping out therefrom; a dark-coloured waistcoat, with a pen and ink-bottle projecting from its left hand pocket, with drab breeches and gaiters, complete his costume. He moves to a bureau, which he opens; and, sitting down, is quickly engaged with an instrument called "a sliding rule," ascertaining whether the "charges" he made the previous night are correct; this done, after putting in his pocket his "screw

guaging stick," and "box and tape," for measuring malt floors, he takes "the journal," a book wherein he must account for every moment of his time when on survey; and writing therein the names of the places he intends to visit, which is termed "entering out," he gets up to perform his round. And what if the distance he has to accomplish be oftentimes very considerable? the scenery is probably interesting; and be it known that, in conformity with the excise regulations, he keeps a tight little horse to carry him.

His business done, the Exciseman returns, and spends the remainder of the day as may best accord with his fancy or convenience. Perhaps he has made an engagement with some little neighbouring farmer to enjoy a pipe together; or goes down to the village inn, and, by reading the newspaper, acquaints himself with what is passing in "the far-off world;" or, taking up his rod, may sally forth to amuse himself by fishing.

What we have said of the Ride-Officer, will, for the most part, apply, *mutato nomine*, to the Division-Officer, with the explanation, that the latter always resides in a town, and that he generally has more burdensome duties to perform than those of the former; it may also be added that, not unfrequently, he is a dissenter, perhaps holding a precentorship, or similar situation, in some obscure congregation of sectarians.

As a contrast to the foregoing honest and respectable officer, may be called full into the light of investigation, one who, from the profligacy of his principles and utter worthlessness, may be called

THE ABANDONED EXCISEMAN.

His bloated visage and filthy person, redolent of tobacco fumes and beer, betray the drunkard and the sloven. View but his wretched family, whose patient endurance and fortitude are deserving of a better fate, and read in their squalid looks the shameful neglect of the husband and the father; the man who is everywhere happier, kinder, and better humoured, than at home. He is often a fiery politician, albeit the interference in such matters is not only disallowed, but denounced by the legislature, upon pain of a heavy punishment; and he spends the time and money, which should be more nobly devoted to his duties and the welfare of his family, among a contemptible herd of pothouse democrats. This man is not merely despicable in character, but he is dangerous also; for, neglecting his own duty, he is so far a knave as carefully to nurse the remembrance of any peccadillo on the part of a superior, in order

that, when needed, it may be held *in terrorem* over him. But even here his mischief does not cease, for neither his fellow-officers nor the traders under his survey are safe from the machinations of his fiendish malice, as hundreds of cases will abundantly testify.

There is yet another to describe, and that—

THE VIGILANT EXCISEMAN:

A being living upon suspicions (that is to say, the fruits of suspicion), with a knowledge entirely built up of revenue statutes, and the cunning skilfulness he has acquired by carefully investigating the "arcana" of fraud. He possesses a truly happy knack of concealing himself in a glass or soap-house, or behind the "worm-tub," or in some such convenient place in a distillery, with the hope of witnessing some illicit proceeding; or of falling in at a malt-house, during churchtime on the Sabbath, expecting to detect some unlucky wretch, who, misplacing his trust in the gauger's godliness, might be slyly watering his malt, with the view of hastening the process of vegetation.

By one of this class, in a fraudulent country, a snow* is esteemed as a positive blessing; and, hurrying from place to place, carefully then does he note the condition of the roofs of the farm buildings, especially the premises of those whom he suspects of clandestine proceedings; and if he perceive the snow thawed upon one part of the tiles, while it remains unmelted upon the remainder, his heart within him "rejoices with exceeding great joy." So, thinks he, my suspicions were just, and yonder is a snug kiln of malt quietly drying —we shall see for whom! Straightway he proceedeth to his supervisor, speculating all the way upon the probability of an Exchequer prosecution, and comforting himself with the assurance that the supposed delinquent can well afford to pay a heavy fine for his imprudence: bright visions of bank notes and sovereigns agreeably fill his imagination. After making oath before a magistrate that he hath strong reasons for suspicion, being armed with a warrant, he loseth no time, but, returning with his supervisor, maketh search, and findeth—what? Perhaps that the farmer is merely drying damaged wheat or oats upon his kiln—but, much more frequently, the darling object of all his solicitude. And when his schemes are successful, how joyful is the Exciseman; inasmuch as thereby he

* Singular as this may appear, it has, to the writer's knowledge, been the cause of many detections.

acquires a reputation with his superiors for vigilance, but above all things, money, his share of the price of conviction!

Looking at the nature of offences against the excise laws, the heavy forfeitures and penalties they entail, the odium they cast upon the characters of men who may have previously stood high in the public estimation, and the fact that sooner or later detection will supervene upon dishonesty; let every one be assured that the "*mens conscia recti*" will in the end be found most profitable as well as reputable; and also believe the voice which is lifted up to declare, as the result of observation, that in such matters no man can trust his servant, no man confide in his friend.

Touching the Exciseman's education and talents, we have to remark that they mostly are of a mediocre if not indifferent class. With the learning of the schools he can scarcely be expected to be imbued, so that he will be found just as familiar with the "*Principia*" of the immortal Newton, or the "*Novum Organum*" of that profound philosopher Bacon, as a New Zealander with the original language of the Talmud, or an Esquimaux with an antique manuscript from the catacombs.

The social condition of Excisemen we record reluctantly, lamenting that it bears an aspect so repulsive. By a charitable feeling, which is surely natural, perhaps honourable, we are ready to believe, that men engaged in the same occupation (and that looked upon somewhat disdainfully by the many), where it is impossible that any ill-feelings can be engendered by a rivalry in trade, would be bound together by affections of friendship and goodwill; yet, that such is not the case, and that the perpetual bickerings and paltry jealousies, characteristic of envious and ignoble minds, to a considerable extent prevail, is unfortunately too obvious to escape either observation or censure. It is in cases of sickness and sorrow that we suppose kindness from superiors will be generally experienced. But among the excise, little indeed is the sympathy shewn to inferiors, when in affliction, by those whom interest or good fortune may have elevated above them. From these, the darkest features of his character, there is one to which we turn with some pleasure; it is, that, feeling the disadvantage he has laboured under, he gives his children the best education his limited income will afford, fondly endeavouring to qualify them for a condition better than his own, should such a happy fortuity ever occur.

We have alluded to the contingencies which affect the Exciseman, disturbing the otherwise "even tenor of his way;" they are principally as follows:—Firstly, the harassing system of removes,

which render his life an existence compulsorily and perpetually erratic. Just as he has comfortably equipped his humble home, and begun to find that he is understood, and accordingly esteemed, in the neighbourhood, as his four years of residence in that station are expired, the distrustful nature of the excise regulations hurry him away—his "household gods" and family—not unfrequently, to a great distance; so that, really, through life he finds no permanent place whereon to rest his weary foot. Can the good that results to the revenue from this hateful system, for a moment be put into competition with the expense to the country, and the inconvenience, nay, in many instances, positive misery it creates? The answer of a reflecting person must be in the negative. Secondly, a severe supervisor or harsh collector. Thirdly, the unexpected visit of a surveying general examiner. The universal dread in which these men are held by excise officers and traders throughout the United Kingdom, constitute the best testimony of the oppressive manner in which some of them have abused the power delegated to them by the Honourable Board of Excise; gentlemen, be it known, who, when there is no such intermeddler as one of these to poison the spring of truth, by artfully interweaving

"A thread of candour with a web of wiles,"

are clothed with honour even as a garment, and whose spirit is the spirit of mercy.

Such, then, is the life and state of the Exciseman—he who, amid the "Babel hum" of business, and the distracting anxieties of the world, steals unobtrusively his noiseless round, in the obscurity of his calling unnoticed, if not unknown. And when a word of disparagement to his profession is thoughtlessly about to be spoken, let it be quickly called to mind that, between the subject and the state, he holds an office of heavy responsibility, that he wrong not the one nor overcharge the other: and that by the duties which he assesses, the crown, in the exercise of its integrity and power, is supported; the wheels of government kept in motion; and the judges—those dread oracles of the law—are paid to minister, with even hand, the decrees of justice to the nation.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom, that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it.

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE 's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep, or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and the titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plates, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand,—lost in wonder and astonished admiration; you take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryades to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, "It 's only the Farmer's Daughter!" What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days? Yes. I tell you they have such daughters —those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt-creams: in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtsey and a smile, of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the Farmer's Daughter! A lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and "clove-gillivers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as your own imagination of *Desdemona*,

or *Gertrude of Wyoming.* You are lost! It's all over with you. I would n't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.

Ay, many a one has found, to his sorrow, what trusting himself amongst barrel-churns, and rows of bee-hives has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor independence have been whirled round and round, and resolved themselves into melting butter; he has been stung by the queen-bee, in the eye, and has felt all over pangs and twinges, as if the whole swarm had got into his bosom. Then has come a desperate liking to that part of the country; the taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honeysuckle porch, and willow arbour by the brook; the sauntering down the foot-path that leads past the farm of a summer's evening, with a book of poetry in the hand; the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood; the sudden looking up — "How sweet that farm-house *does* look! What fine old trees those *are* about it! And that dear little window in the old gable, with its open casement and its diamond panes. And, oh! surely! yes—that *is* Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!"

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill; the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunk fence at the bottom of the garden; the most heavenly wanderings along that old quince walk—such vows! such poetry of passion! such hopes and promises of felicity; and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, "Who's there?" There, this is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three strides, and there she is, locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond window in the old gable. She has sunk into a chair (it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows), and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

But where is Captain Jenkinson? Oh! he's there!—and he's too bold and too true a lover to fly or sneak. There they stand, face to face, in the moonlight, the tall, slim Captain Jenkinson, and the tall stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat, ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand. "What, is that you, captain! My eye! What! was that you a talking to our Anne?" "Yes, friend Field, it *is* I; it is the captain, that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am

ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How that "fair round *corporation*, with good capon lined" (good Shakespere, pardon our verbal variation in this quotation, in courtesy to the delicacy of modern phrases)—how those herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But, now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says, "Who could have thought it, captain—eh? Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives—but come! no more on't—it won't do, captain, it won't do!"

"Won't do! won't do! why should n't it do, farmer, why should n't it do?" "Why, becos it won't, and that 's why—a captain and old Farmer Field's lass—ha! ha! What will Lady Jenkinson say—eh? What 'ull that half-a-dozen of old guardians say—eh? The Honourable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What 'ull they say—eh? Say I 'm a cunning old codger; say I 've trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan't say so, not a man-jack of 'em. Not one of the breed, seed, and generation of 'em, shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter on a gentleman for his houses and his lands. No, Anne 's a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you're married to my lady Fitz-somebody, and Anne 's got the right man, come down, captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we'll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!"

But all won't do. The captain vows he 'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother to shoot him, if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the top of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne 's little window, with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu! —then flying to read the note, finds the captain vowing that "she may cheer up, all *shall* go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam."

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all that through incautiously wandering into the country, of a summer's evening, and getting into one of these old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But as the captain would be almost certain to drown

himself, he is so desperate (and then there must be a coroner's inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it) we will for this once let things pass—all *shall* be right. The guardians relent, because they can't help themselves. Lady Jenkinson bounces a good bit, but like all bodies of a considerable specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket-handerchief, though she has been very near it; and "The Times" announces, that the Honourable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th instant, to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

Merciful as we have been to this young and handsome couple, we think we have not failed to indicate dangers of no trivial description, that haunt the bush in England, though there be no lions; dangers out of which others may not probably so easily come; for, without a joke, the Farmer's Daughter in the bloom of beauty, is not to be carelessly approached. She can sing like a Syren, and is as dangerous as Circe in her enchanted island.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all farmers' daughters are like Anne Field. Plentifully as Providence has scattered beauty and good sense through our farms and granges, both these and other good things are given with a difference. There are such things amongst farmers' daughters as ranks, fortunes, educations, dispositions, abilities, and tastes, in as much variety as any lover of variety can desire. There are farmers of all sorts, from the duke to the man of twenty acres; and, of course, there are farmers' daughters of as many degrees. There is a large class of gentlemen-farmers—men of estates and large capitals, who farm their two or three thousand acres, like some of the great corn-farmers of Northumberland; live in noble large houses, and keep their carriage and livery servants. Of course, the daughters of these, and such as these, are educated just the same, and have all the same habits and manners as any other young ladies. It is neither Cobbett, nor any other contemner of boarding-schools, and such "scimmy-dish things," that will persuade these damsels to leave the carriage for the tax-cart, the piano for the spinning-wheel, nor the fashionable novel for the cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as Lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn your butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purs on the hearth, and the

goldfinch sings at the door-cheek the more blithely for it; can throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did; why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crankums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Haven't you seen such, north and south? Haven't you met them on single horses, or on pillions, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Haven't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?

There are some specimens of human nature, that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her, and he has saved a pretty bit of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen, and Dolly from that day began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green, and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap, and wash, and cook, and milk, and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all those things entirely for the house. Those who know her, say "she has not thriven an inch in height" since that day, but she has grown in bulk. She is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunder-bolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run all into stem. She is "a little runting thing" the farmers say; a little stout-built plodding woman, with a small round rosy face. She is generally to be seen in a linsey-wolsey petticoat, a short striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish-brownish kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a whisp of straw and wet sand, and rearing them on a stone bench, by the door, to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up, by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with the milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers: men know what 's what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says "No! I shall never marry while father lives." Those who don't like "sour grapes" begin now to say,

Marry! no! Dolly 'ull never marry. There always was an old look about her; there's the old-maid written all over her—any body may see that with half an eye: why, and she's thirty now, at least." But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of a chap, that lives not far off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman, his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and has a hundred and thirty guineas, of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking, and put into a dusty bee-hive that stands on her bed's-head. Tim knows of that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She has neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her as they sit by the fire, she often says, "Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two-three old traps I have 'ull be thine." Tim is certain, before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. *He* says, that it was only to seek a lamb that he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it was the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed, and said, "All fools think other people like themselves," and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be very much surprised to see these two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage having a bed set up in the parlour at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her maund* of butter, as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the topmost price. Beautiful cream cheeses, too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to banter her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her—"No," as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy it would be, that Dolly will marry and have half-a-dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself; but there is no knowing. She tells Tim they are very well as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, they have kept company these ten years already.

A very different damsel is Miss Nancy Farley. She is the Farmer's Daughter in quite another style. Nancy's father is a farmer of the rough old school. He has none of the picturesque or the old-fashioned sentimental about him. He is a big, boorish, loud-talking, work-driving fellow, that is neither noted for his neatness in house, nor farm, nor person; for his knowledge, nor his management.

* A basket with two lids.

He is just one of those who rough it along, get a crop though there are plenty of weeds in it; have the miller complaining that their wheat is not winnowed very clean, and the butcher that their sheep died but badly; yet, that get along, pay their rent, lay something up, and by mere dint of a hard face, a hard hand, and a hard conscience, do as well and better than scores.

Nancy's father farms his two hundred acres, and yet there's a slovenly look about his premises; and Nancy has grown up pretty much as she pleased. As a girl, she romped and climbed, and played with the lads of the village. She swung on gates, and rode on donkies. When ten or twelve years old, she would ride bare-back, and astride, with a horse to water, or to the blacksmith's shop. She thrashed the dogs, fetched in the eggs, suckled the calves, and then mounted on the wall of the garden, with her long chesnut hair hanging wild on her shoulders, and a raw carrot in her hand, which she was ready either to devour or to throw at any urchin that came in sight.

Such was Miss Nancy Farley in those days, but her only appellations then were Nan and Nance. Nance Farley was the true name of the wild and fearless creature. But Nance was sent for by an aunt to a distance; she was away five years; she was at length almost forgotten, and only remembered when it was necessary to call any girl as "wild as Nan Farley:" when lo! she made her appearance again, and great was the wonder. Could this be the gipsyish, unkempt, and graceless Nance Farley? This bright and buxom young lady in the black hat, and blue riding-habit? This fine young creature, with a shape like a queen, and eyes like diamonds? Yes, sure enough it was her—now Miss Nancy Farley indeed.

Miss Nancy's aunt had determined that she should have what is called "a bringing up." She had sent her to a boarding-school; and whatever were Miss Nancy's accomplishments, it was clear enough that she was one of the very handsomest women that ever set foot in the parish. The store of health and vigour that she had laid up in her Tom-boy days, might be seen in her elastic step, and cheek—fresh as the cheek of morning itself. She was something above the middle size, of a beautiful figure, and a liveliness of motion that turned all eyes upon her. Her features were extremely fine; and her face had a mixture of life, archness, freedom, and fun, in it, that was especially attractive, and especially dangerous to look upon. Her eyes were of half-a-dozen different colours, if half-a-dozen different people might be believed; but, in truth, they were of some dark colour that was neither black nor brown, nor grey, nor hazle;

but one thing was certain, they were most speaking, and laughing, and beautiful eyes, and those long flying locks were now, by some gracious metamorphosis, converted into a head of hair that was of the richest auburn, and was full enough of a sunny light to dazzle a troop of beholders.

Miss Nancy had enough of the old leaven in her to distinguish her from the general run of ladies, with their staid and quiet demeanour. She was altogether a dashing woman. She rode a beautiful light chesnut mare, with a switch tail, and her brother Ben, who was now grown up, with the ambition of cutting a figure as a gay blade of a farmer, was generally her cavalier. She hunted, and cleared gates and ditches to universal amazement. Everybody was asking, "Who *is* that handsome girl, that rides like an Arab?" Miss Nancy danced, and played, and sung; she had a wit as ready as her looks were sweet, and all the hearts of the young farmers round were giddy with surprise and delight. Miss Nancy was not of a temper to hide herself in the shade, or to shun admiration. She was at the race, at the fair, at the ball; and everywhere she had about her a crowd of admirers, that were ready to eat one another with envy and jealousy. The young squire cast his eyes upon her, and lost no time in commencing a warm flirtation; but Nancy knew that she could not catch him for a husband,—he was too much a man of the world for that, and she took care that he should not catch her. Yet she was politic enough to parade his attentions whenever he came in the way, and might be seen at the market-inn window, or occasionally on the road from church, laughing and chatting with him in a fashion that stirred the very gall of her humbler wooers. The gay young gentleman farmer, the rich miller, the smart grazier, the popular lawyer of the county town, were all ready to fight for her; nay, the old steward, who was nearly as rich as the squire himself, and was old enough to be her father, offered to make a settlement upon her, that filled her father with delight. "Take him, Nance lass, take him," he cried, "thy beauty *has* made thy fortune, that it has. Never a woman of our family were ever worth a hundredth part o' that money."

But Miss Nancy had a younger and handsomer husband in view; and Miss Nancy is Miss Nancy no longer: she has married the colonel of a marching regiment, and is at this moment the most dashing and admired lady of a great military circle, and the garrison town of ———.



THE APOTHECARY.

He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry.

CHAUCER

THE APOTHECARY.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

STUDENT of character! behold our original!—the connecting link between the professor of physic, and the dealer and chapman—the ambiguous animal, the bat, the duck-billed platypus, the Siren Lacertina, the icthyosaurus—the Apothecary or medical man. Like the last-mentioned creature, he may become, in future times, one of an extinct species; but his resemblance will go down to posterity on the opposite page. Observe the results of a successful practice of pharmacy, and of the knowledge of human nature, in the exuberantly pendent cheeks, the amplitude of the abdominal curve, and the loose, easy suit of sober black, which, combining comfort with respectability, outvies the propriety of costume exhibited by the most affluent undertaker.

The Apothecary is a vendor of medicines, under the pretence of treating disease. Our countrymen are remarkable for an amiable weakness; a certain tenderness of pocket, which makes them endeavour to get everything at as low a rate as possible, not excepting medical attendance. For this reason, the majority of them intrust their health to the guardianship of the Apothecary, without entertaining the illiberal question whether, when he charges nothing for his advice, he does not rate it at its real value. Neither do they suspect that to pay a practitioner by taking his pills, draughts, and boluses, is no great temptation to him to abridge the complaints under which they labour; but with that common sense which, equally with generosity, so greatly marks their dispositions, they estimate the severity of a malady by its duration, and remunerate their attendant accordingly. They have also much faith in the virtues of drugs, and this usually in proportion to the nauseousness of their flavour, so that if the assistance which they derive from the Apothecary may with justice be called "cheap and nasty," the truth of the latter epithet enhances, rather than otherwise, the merit of the former. Such, too, is the discordance, both of opinion and practice, amongst the cultivators of the healing art, that it has probably been

found by experience, that remedies are just as efficacious when administered from custom, or caprice, as when principle presides at their selection. The Apothecary is indebted, moreover, for his social existence, not only to the public, but also to the physician, whom he frequently "calls in;" sometimes because it is unfashionable to die without the sanction of that functionary; sometimes at the patient's request; and sometimes because it is now and then expedient to shift the responsibility of a case.

Mr. Luke Label, whom we select for description, is a man of middle age, and of large business; a "respectable practitioner," as he is called whenever there is occasion to mention his name in the newspapers. His presence is portly and imposing, and is rendered so by the self-complacency engendered by success in life, the confidence acquired from long experience, and the sense of personal importance arising from the nature of his calling. Old and middle-aged ladies call him a "fine man;" but whether by reason of his physical appearance or professional skill, or of prepossessions derived from the one in favour of the other, it is difficult to determine. His education, general and medical, was of an average kind; he was brought up at a third-rate school, where he learned "little Latin and less Greek," or rather, no Greek at all; and he studied medicine behind a counter. His therapeutical knowledge extends to the determination of the problem: "Certain symptoms being given, what is the usual remedy?" All ulterior research he stigmatises as being "speculative," "theoretical," and "visionary"—words which he has picked up in the course of his reading; he attaches the same meaning to all three of them, and applies them indiscriminately to any attempt to conduct a case upon philosophical principles. He aims at nothing but relieving a symptom; the cause of the disorder very possibly remaining untouched;—but what then? The sooner does the patient believe himself well, the more skilfully does he consider himself treated; and the more speedily will his malady return; to the no small encouragement of pharmacy, and the infinite emolument of its professor. The strongest mental faculty of our pharmacopole is common sense, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; namely, a tendency to concentrate every thought and feeling upon one object—getting money. He has become, in virtue of this quality, a prosperous gentleman; past the necessity of announcing his occupation by an open shop, a gilt lettered board entitling it "Medical Hall," by a coloured lamp over the door; and the inscriptions, "tooth-drawing," "bleeding," "cupping," "leeches," and "physicians' prescriptions accurately prepared," displayed in the

window. He is now installed in a house, which once belonged to a gentleman, in the neighbourhood of one of the squares; he has a brass plate, with his name upon it, on the door, and there is nothing else about his domicile to tell the world he is an Apothecary, but three large bottles, red, blue, and green, which peep, coyly and modestly, above the wire-gauze window-blind. His wide and lucrative field for exertion is situated in the genial regions of the west; where, in addition to the gluttony which produces nine-tenths of human ailments, a thousand injurious habits increase and diversify disease; where imaginary complaints are added to those which are real; and where scientific humbug is fostered by fashionable ignorance. He keeps his carriage, and a handsome one too—at least as handsome as a medical man's carriage can be; and he has attained to the highest honour of his craft, having lately been made one of that enlightened and scientific body—the Court of Examiners, at Apothecaries' Hall.

"Well!" said Mr. Label one day, as he stood in his shop with his back to the fire, "a pretty good morning's work, certainly—yes, certainly. Twenty patients at three draughts a day—that's five shillings. Five times twenty, a hundred—very good. They'll take them for a week at least; seven times one, seven—thirty-five pounds—capital! Confound those people in St. James's Street; they *will* take pills; let me see—three at night and one in the morning,—four. Why, it will be a week before they take two boxes—we can't send more,—and that will be only two shillings. They might as well have washed them down with a little *haustus effervescens:* stop!—I know!—we'll leave out the *aromatic*, and then they'll get tired of them. Mr. Jackson." The address to the apprentice was spoken aloud—the soliloquy was *sotto voce.*

"Yes, sir."

"Leave out the *oleum cinnamomi* in Mrs. Tenderly's pills."

"I did that the other day, sir, with Miss Diggram's, and she said they pained her."

"You're a foolish fellow, sir! Do as I tell you. Is Miss Diggram Mrs. Tenderly?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir? To be sure not. Don't constitutions differ, sir; and don't I know when they do and do not?"

"I should think so, sir—that is—of course. I suppose, though, they were pretty much the same in the twenty patients that you have ordered those draughts for."

"Why, sir? what makes you say that?"

"Because they are all alike: *magnesiæ sulph:* two drachms; *compound tincture of lavender*, drachms three; and the rest water."

"The rest *what*, sir?

"Water, sir."

"Mr. Jackson, I beg you'll mind what you're talking about. Water! Suppose any of the patients heard you; call it *aqua destillata* another time, sir. It's a very bad habit to get into an unprofessional way of talking. What do you think that Lady Mary Croakham would say if she knew that *pil: panis* meant bread pills?"

This was a question not meant to be answered; it obviously admitted but of one reply, which might have savoured somewhat of disrespect, if it had been uttered aloud. So Mr. Jackson, pausing before he spoke just long enough to shew that he had taken his master's hint, merely said, as he invested the last of the twenty draughts with the customary red paper head-gear and packthread cravat, "We're out of corks, sir."

"Are we? I'll send for some more, directly. What *are* you about, Mr. Jackson?"

"Capping, sir."

"Capping!—do you call that capping? Look here, sir; this is the way—there—and don't go about complaining that I give you no professional instruction. Isn't this instruction? Unless you cap your draughts properly, who will ever take them but a pauper! Young men are getting above their business; they don't pay half enough attention to these kinds of things. Why, before I had been apprenticed two months, I had learned the whole art of dispensing in all its branches."

This was quite true. Mr. Label had become, very early in his noviciate, a proficient in the art of pharmacy. His skill extended to every kind of manipulation, from the simplest pounding to the most elaborate pill-grinding; he could guess at all doses with exactness, from a grain to a pound, and in making up a pretty-looking draught for a fashionable invalid, would display more taste than the most imaginative confectioner. "No, Mr. Jackson," resumed the Apothecary, softened a little, as he reflected on his own capabilities; "depend upon it, that to succeed in practice you must please the eye."

"It's a rather difficult thing, though, sir, for a young man to get into practice in these times," sighed Mr. Jackson.

"Eh!—why—not so very, if you go the right way to work. The first thing that you should do when you've passed, is to take a small business, with retail annexed."

"Ah! I suppose so, sir. Draw it mild at first, and come it strong by-and-by."

"Don't learn to talk in that kind of way, Mr. Jackson. I observe it's very much the rage with you young men just at present. It will do you harm. People will think you dissipated if they hear you talk slang; besides it's vulgar, sir; your bye-words ought always to have something medical about them."

"I beg pardon, sir, I forgot."

"Well, don't forget again. As I was saying, you buy a small practice; and I should advise you to start in the City. People eat and drink a good deal there, and you will always have patients dropping in who want something for indigestion."

"Ah! exactly, sir."

"Well, you give them a little *mistura stomachica*, or you make up a bit of a draught, one-half infusion of *gentian*, the other of *calumba*, with a drachm or two of *compound tincture of cardamoms*, and a few grains of *sodæ carb.* This relieves them directly. They are sure to come again, and you get talked of. At last they get fever, and then you are sent for. You know my practice—the pills at night, and the draughts three times a day. You can't do better."

"No, sir, I know that. And what sort of a house?"

"Ah! why, I can give you a hint or two about that. It should be in a court, if possible, leading out of a thoroughfare. Then you know people need n't be seen when they come to you. Another thing: you should have something to attract attention. I saw a capital idea of this kind the other day. A man has just started (in one of the streets near where I sent you about that bill) with a transparency over his door. It represents a Galen's head and shoulders, with the skin off—an excellent notion; it looks as if the man knew anatomy well; and the figure is holding that—what do you call it?-rod, with a couple of serpents turning round it."

"A clever contrivance, sir! Splendid!"

"Yes, but it won't do westward, you know. I'll tell you what, too, you should do. Get your diploma put into a nice gilt frame, and hang it up in the ante-room to your shop, beneath the portrait of Dr. Cullen."

"Yes, sir, that I knew was a good thing; I should have done that, certainly."

Well, then you should get married as soon as you can; it shews you to be steady, and women will never employ an unmarried medical man. And, by the way, always contrive to get into their good graces. They are capital advertisements."

"Advertisements, sir?"

"Yes, they will talk about you, and praise you up. I'll tell you one way of pleasing them—the married ones, at least. Now, if you were asked about diet, what should you say?"

"Enquire what the patient liked best, and let him have it."

"Nay, that's not exactly the thing. Find out what his wife or his mother would wish to give him, and take care to agree with them. If he has neither the one nor the other, make a point of forbidding what he asks for, and recommend some other article of food instead. Take care, however, that it isn't disagreeable. And as to your manner: treat every complaint made to you seriously; never laugh at hypochondriacal affections; indeed, the less you laugh at all, the better. Keep up your dignity, sir; but be always patient, kind, and conciliatory in your behaviour, especially to women."

As Mr. Label concluded this piece of advice, the surgery-door was gently rung by an applicant for relief, who turned out to be a poor woman with a child at the breast, meanly clad, and looking very ill and miserable. "Well, ma'am, and what's the matter with *you?*" demanded that gentleman.

"Oh! sir, I've had a hacking cough these three months; it do terrify me so, that I aint had not a wink of sleep for a whole week, and the kernels is come down; and I've got sitch a sore throat that I can't hardly swaller my wittles; and"——

"Hah! let's see—Oh! Mr. Jackson. *Gargarisma commune*, and *haustus ruber, ter die.* The young man will attend to you, ma'am, if you've anything more to say; just look to her, will you, Mr. Jackson; and as to the medicines—n-t-s-n*—you understand." Mr. Jackson proved that he did, by giving his master a look as nearly akin to a wink, as the distance between them allowed it to be—and Mr. Label went to dinner.

The Apothecary dined early, as he had that evening to exercise his inquisitorial functions at the Hall; previously to doing which, he always found it necessary to refresh his memory. And here we are strongly allured to a "Digression concerning Examiners," shewing in what time a man may learn how to ask a hundred questions on any given science, without the labour of previously acquiring the science itself. But we resist temptation. Mr. Label had another reason also for taking his meal betimes; he wished to sip his three glasses of wine after it at leisure, and to sit quietly for an hour or two,

* "Ne tradantur sine nummo:" "Don't let them be delivered without the money," a technical term equivalent to "No trust."

which, as he possessed sufficient physiological information to know, would greatly tend to promote digestion.

This agreeable and healthful state of quiescence he was not, however, destined to enjoy. He had scarcely finished his cheese, when the invitation to knock and ring, held out upon the door, was complied with, in a manner which would have frightened any one not professionally accustomed to such disturbances nearly out of his senses. Even Mr. Label was startled; and, before he could regain his composure, the servant announced that Mrs. Plummer's carriage was come for him: and that he was expected to go immediately, that lady having been taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

Mrs. Plummer was the wife of a rich sugar-baker, and Mr. Label had nothing to do for it but to go. Accordingly, he hurriedly adjusted his white neckcloth, pulled down his black velvet waistcoat, which had risen upon his chest in certain transverse folds during his repast, buttoned his brown great coat up to his chin, donned his broad-brimmed beaver, converted his look of ill-humour into an aspect of becoming solemnity, and deposited his person in Mrs. Plummer's carriage.

He found the interesting patient (who was of a very jealous disposition) in a state of high nervous excitement, occasioned by an injudicious smile which her husband had bestowed on the pretty housemaid. She was, in fact, in hysterics; and in the height of indulgence in all those elegant and affecting postures, gestures, and workings of the visage, which, as the malady whereof they are the symptoms seldom attacks ladies when they are by themselves, are probably intended by nature to excite pity and commiseration in the minds of the bystanders.

The room having been cleared of all unnecessary persons, and order having been obtained, the lady modulated from a tempest of incoherent vociferations, into a low and pathetic whine; and finally recovered her senses by the means of a smelling-bottle, which she seized with great avidity, in spite of appearing, in other respects, quite unconscious of the presence of surrounding objects.

"Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. P.," said Mr. Label.

"Oh, Mr. Label! Oh, dear! I shall be off again; I'm sure I shall."

"Don't give way to it, my dear madam. Come, come" (patting her on the back), "you'll do very well. There, there; allow me to recommend this little draught; it will do you good, believe me." So saying, Mr. Label produced from his coat-pocket a small bottle of medicine, of catholic efficacy, which it was his habit to

administer on all sudden emergencies. Mrs. Plummer gulphed down the potion with as much eagerness as if she had been in danger of perishing from thirst. It was chiefly composed of an aromatic tincture, and very closely resembled a domestic remedy which she frequently had recourse to in private.

"Oh, Mr. Label, I'm such a poor nervous creature!"

"So you are, ma'am; so you are. How is the pulse? Hum—haw!—a hundred;—*and* the tongue? Ah, I see, a *leetle* feverish. We will take a little febrifuge mixture, and we shall soon get round again, I dare say."

"Oh! pray don't send me any nasty physic, sir—pray don't; it makes me ill to think of it. I had rather be bled."

Mr. Label ventured to remonstrate.

"I must be bled—I must be bled," reiterated the lady. "Plummer will be the death of me; I know he will. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish he could know how ill he has made me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" Here she began to exhibit symptoms of a relapse, which Mr. Label observing, and likewise discovering how (to use a vulgar phrase) the cat jumped, found it useless to contend any longer. He, therefore, did as he was desired; the patient taking due care to faint before an ounce of the vital fluid had been withdrawn from the circulating system.

When the consequences of the operation had subsided, Mr. Label made one more effort in behalf of his darling draughts; but he was still unsuccessful, and was obliged to content himself with leaving behind him a couple of pills from a little ivory box, which, as well as the bottle, he made a point of always carrying about with him. Thus disappointed, he next repaired to the Hall. [The list of rejected candidates was of more than usual length on that evening.]

We are sorry that the nature of this work, and our own regard for truth, have prevented us from drawing upon imagination for the above description of the Apothecary. The "Physician in ordinary to the Masses," may hereafter become a different kind of personage. When the public shall at length have perceived that the cure of a disorder does not always necessitate the swallowing of physic, they will perhaps adopt some other method of remunerating men than by forcing them to sell drugs at twenty times their real value. The rising generation of practitioners is ripe for the change: let us hope that we may, at no distant period, behold its accomplishment; and that the present system of quackery and deceit will then rank with the by-gone evils of antiquated error, and exploded absurdity.



THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

—— Ever on the hoof,
For "ass" or "pig" or else an author's proof.

POEM BY A "PIG."

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL! There is much romance in the name—nay, much that takes us back to the stern realities of bygone centuries; when ignorance, and its attendant ministers, craft and violence and cruelty, sat in the high places of the world, and the awakening intelligence of man was anathematised and scourged as the evil promptings of the fiend, and the day-spring of moral light was accounted as the "pale reflex" of the eternal fires. Hence, the printer became a wizard and a magician; hence, he had a familiar; hence—the Printer's Devil! In the day of darkness, in the hour of superstition, was our subject christened; it is now nearly four hundred years ago since he was baptized; and though his name was given him as a brand, great and mighty indeed were they who stood his sponsors. He had among them cardinals and mitred abbots; nobles and richest citizens. They took counsel together, and called the goodly creature —Devil. Hence, he was to be seized, and bound and burned to ashes; amidst the chanting of priests, and the swinging of censers, and the aspersions of much holy water!

And is it possible—some reader may ask—that little Peter Trampington, Printer's Devil at the office of Vizetelly and Co., at the full salary of five or six shillings per week—is it possible that Peter can have had an origin so wonderful, so perilous? Yes, believe it; the Printer's Devil, though now a household servant—though now he run like a *Robin Goodfellow* from office to author, and from author to office; though now he wait meekly for copy, or contentedly sleep away the time of composition, tarrying some three or four hours for the chapter or essay that is "just done"—even Peter, in the fifteenth century, might have had the singeing honours of an *auto da fè;* might have enjoyed a faggot from the same bundle as his master.

It is pleasant, passing pleasant, in these times, to look back upon the perils of the printer, seeing him as he now is, crowned with a thousand triumphs. We can, almost with complacency, enjoy the predicament of John Faust, goldsmith of Mentz, offering in the pious

city of Paris, his printed bibles at five and six hundred crowns a-piece; and then, suddenly abating his demand, tendering them at the remarkably low price of sixty. The scribes take the alarm. The devil must be bondman to the printer. The books are curiously scanned, and it is manifest as truth, the uniformity of the copies declares the workmanship, or at least the co-assistance of Beelzebub himself. (A great reflection this on the legendary astuteness of the devil, that he should be so forgetful of his own interests as to manufacture cheap bibles: but so it is; ignorance and persecution are prone to such false compliments.) Well! great is the uproar in Paris; the scribes, be sure of it—the ingenious, industrious men who copy bibles—very disinterestedly joining in the outcry. Faust is discovered—many bibles found at his lodgings; some of the books printed in his blood; a horrible fact, shewn beyond all doubt in the red ink by which they are embellished; and loud and unanimous is the cry for fire and faggot to consume the magician. The wizard is flung into prison; and, to escape roasting alive as one in fealty to the fiend, he makes known his secret to the admiration of the world, and especially to the wonder and thanksgiving of the simple church. Alas! little did her fat and rubicund children, feeding quietly in her cells like worms in nuts, little did they suspect the mischief hidden in the discovery. Little thought they that the first creaking of Gutenburg's rude printing-press was, in the fulness of time, to be the knell of craft and ignorance. At that sound, had the monks had eyes, they might have beheld their saints turn pale and wince; they might have heard old, profitable, penny-turning relics shake and rattle; and—

> "In urns and altars round
> A drear and dying sound."

At the moment Gutenburg pulled his first proof (the historian of the popes has very disingenuously avoided the fact) the Pope was fast in his first sleep; but suddenly his holiness awoke with a bounce, and for at least five seconds wondered if he were the Infallible or not. Strange! it may be thought, that a little creaking at Mentz should make itself so very audible at Rome!

Our present purpose, however, is not to follow the Printer's Devil through all the windings of four centuries; but to speak of him as he is at the present day, after many and great mutations. That he gained his name as a reproach, in an age of darkness, is incontrovertible; many very respectable, tax-paying people in France dying in the faith that, though Faustus had cleared himself with the too easy civic authorities, the devil must have had a finger in the printing,

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for all that. Hence, the Devil and Doctor Faustus became household words: and the Printer's Devil, though now philosophically received as a creature of light, survives to these times.

The Printer's Devil of our day is the humblest flamen at the shrine of the press. We would, did our too circumstantial conscience permit us, suppress all public knowledge of the fact; but the Printer's Devil of the nineteenth century is, in the social scale, estimated at very little above the errand-boy. Thus, do length of days and familiar intercourse vulgarise the mysterious—make common-place the most dear. A youth running with a proof from the press of Gutenburg, or Caxton, or Wynkyn de Worde, was, so to speak, a messenger of state; the bearer of a miracle of art; the part and parcel of a mysterious body, sworn to maintain the secrets of their craft. Then, indeed, the Devil was somebody to be respected; and now is he—Peter Trampington, aged nine.

The Printer's Devil, however, of these days has one great advantage over the Devil of forty years ago. In his visits for copy—and believe it, reader, the calls of the Devil are anything but

"Angels' visits, few and far between,"

but daily; sometimes, if the publisher be a sanguine man, hourly,—in these, his unremitting visits upon authors, the Printer's Devil has not, like the devils of a bygone generation, to mount so many pair of stairs. Authors have, it must be confessed, come down a little: once, the Devil had to climb for them to the top of the homestead; and now, such is the progress of things, authors may be said to meet the Devil half-way. This is as it should be.

In the printing-office, the Devil is a drudge; yea, "a young and sweating devil." There is no employment too dirty for him—no weight too heavy for his strength—no distance too far for him to walk; no, not walk, but run, or fly; for it is an axiom, that the Printer's Devil is never to walk—he is always to make haste: no matter how; he is "to make haste."

—— "so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

And the conscientious, pains-taking Printer's Devil, on an errand for copy, is expected to emulate the indefinite action of the father-fiend. The vulgar errand-boy may saunter on the road; but the intelligent Devil—he who fetches and carries precious thoughts—he, the light

porter to the brain—the go-between of author and the press—he may not lounge and tarry like a common messenger; but, insensibly impressed by the consequence of his calling, by the wealth of which he is the depositary, he, in his motion to and fro, must approach as near to flying as is permitted to the human anatomy.

The extraordinary probity of Printers' Devils—like many other virtues of the humble—has not been sufficiently wondered at. Be it our task to awaken the attention of the world to at once the beautiful confidence in human nature as daily illustrated in the literary character, and to the surpassing rectitude of Devils in general.

That the riches of the mind outvalue, to an inconceivable degree, all tangible wealth, whether in gems or metals, is a truth preached from a thousand pulpits—a truth we emblazon in our copy-books—a truth that even men of ten, twenty, forty thousand a-year are in a condition to very placidly admit. How often, if we search the archives of the police, shall we find goldsmiths' porters—jewellers' shopmen—nay, the clerks of bankers—how often shall we find them wanting! Plate has been stolen—diamonds carried off—moneys embezzled; yes, men in trust have succumbed to the blandishments of the baser wealth, and become naught. But when—and we put the question with a thrill of triumph at our heart—when was a Printer's Devil ever known to embezzle his copy? When did he ever attempt to turn an article into money, and escape to France or America with the fruits of his wickedness? We answer for him—never. We call upon all the police magistrates, the Lord Mayor, all the aldermen, and with them of course Mr. Hobler—we call upon these gentlemen to confound us if they can. No: our Printer's Devil, intrusted as he hourly is with valuables to which the regalia of the Tower—whatever Mr. Swift, the keeper of the same, may assert to the contrary—are as paste and foil-stones; made the bearer of thoughts more brilliant and more durable than virgin gold; a carrier of little packets outvaluing the entrails of Golconda; nay, single sheets, to which all the Mogul's dominions are, at least in the opinion of one man, as a few unprofitable mole-hills; the Devil, freighted with this inconceivable treasure, despatched trustingly by its producer with this immortal wealth, goes unerringly to his destination; and with the innocence of a dove, and the meekness of a lamb, gives up his precious burden. He never betrays his trust, not he. The Printer's Devil takes not the mental gold to unlawful crucible—offers not the precious paper to the felonious money-changer—seeks no loan upon the copy from the pawnbroker; but, with a fine rectitude, with a noble simplicity of purpose, gives up the

treasure to the hand appointed to receive it, as though it were rags or dirt. The oyster that breeds an union for the crown of an emperor, is not more unpresuming on its wealth than is the Printer's Devil on his costlier copy.

And now, gentle reader, does not the Printer's Devil present himself to your admiring imagination, despite his ink-stained hands and face, in colours of the brightest radiance? Jostled in the street, or, it may be, triflingly bespattered by mud from his mercurial heels, how little do you dream that the offending urchin, the hurrying Devil, has about him "something dangerous." You know it not; but, innocent, mirthful as he seems, he is loaded with copy. He may be rushing, gambolling, jumping like a young satyr, and is withal the Devil to a newspaper. His looks are the looks of merriment; yet the pockets of his corduroy trowsers may be charged with thunderbolts. He would not hurt a mouse; and in his jacket slumbers lightning to destroy a ministry. Perhaps, for the whole Mint, he could not compass a sum in addition; and yet, it rests with his integrity whether to-morrow morning the nation shall be saved from bankruptcy; for, deposited in his cap, is an elaborate essay addressed to the ingenuous traders in the Money Market; an essay setting forth principles which, if adopted, shall in one fortnight transform beggared England into El Dorado. If the Printers' Devils, as a body, knew their strength, what darkness might they for a time bring upon the world! A conspiracy amongst the gas-men would be matter for a jest, compared to the Cimmerian gloom produced by Printers' Devils, sworn to a simultaneous destruction of copy! We own, this is a dangerous suggestion; but, had we not a great faith in the natural goodness of our Devils, we might assure ourselves in their want of combination. Besides, it is just possible that the Devil may bear copy as a bishop's horse may bear his master; without for one moment suspecting the wisdom, the learning, the piety, the charity and loving-kindness to all men, that he carries. We say, this is possible.

We trust, however, that we have uttered sufficient to obtain for our Devil respectful consideration in his street pilgrimages, should the reader, by the smutched face, the very dirty hands, the air of literary slovenliness about his wardrobe, and withal by a certain quickness of expression, a shrewdness of face, detect the fiend; for, indeed, he has all these marks. The true Printer's Devil is, after all, a very superior drudge. It would be unseemly in us to insist, that his constant intercourse with a certain class of individuals, whets his spirit, and endues him with a peculiar look of intelligence; but so it

is; the Devil, especially the newspaper Devil, is as distinct an animal from the mere errand-boy, as is the wild ass of the desert from the ass of the sandman. Hence, should the reader meet with him, we crave for our Devil, by the virtue of what he may carry, respectful consideration. Consider it: are there not some Printer's Devils, nameless though they be, who may be considered almost classic? The Devil, for instance, who carried the proofs of the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Goldsmith; who, we will be sworn for him, rewarded his inky messenger with many a tester: the Devil, the constant Devil, who took copy from Johnson; Defoe's Devil; Dryden's Devil; the Devil who—but we will not number them: we leave it to the memory, to the imagination of the reader, to call up, and picture to himself the legion of Devils that have visited the sons of genius and of wretchedness: that now, climbing garret stairs; now, despatched to suburb hovels; and now to the squalor, the darkness, the misery of a gaol—for COPY; have borne from thence to the press, thoughts that have crowned human nature as with a diadem; thoughts, sweet and sustaining as the air of heaven; thoughts, unfathomable as the sea, imperishable as the stars.

Yes; the Printer's Devil, in his day, has kept the best of company; though, be it allowed, the parties visited have not always lived at the better end of the town, or at an easy distance from the ground-floor. Neither has he always found them at their venison; or, the cloth removed, quaffing Burgundy; but, oftener, at humblest cates. He has, however, had great privileges. Frequently, when the poor author—the human civet-cat, cherished by some Lintot—has, for sundry reasons, eschewed the publicities of the town, making to himself a hermitage at Barnes, or Islington, the Printer's Devil has had the right of call, all other visitors sedulously barred out. Civet—no, we mean copy—must still be had; and, certain as the village clock, came the Devil.

Many and various are the pilgrimages of the Devil for what is now the daily food of a reading generation—the *pabulum vitæ* of our age; the important *copy*. In these errands, the Devil has his small delights, as well as his drudgery. Visiting the spirits, whose peculiar boast it is to soften and refine the ruggedness and selfishness of life, the Devil, doubtless, in his own little person, proves the high mission of such ladies and gentlemen; and is often a practical example of their theoretic benevolence. For instance, the political philanthropist, at the very hour indicting the sufferings and wrongs of a tax-ground, bread-denied people; at the moment, glowing from head to heels with the hottest indignation at the selfishness

of the rich, and with tears mixing in his ink for the miseries of the poor; he cannot suffer the little Devil, despatched a two or three-mile journey, through wet and cold, for the invaluable copy, to shiver with a wet skin in the passage. No; he forthwith orders him to the fire; and whilst the philanthropist turns his periods, the Devil, it may be, helps to turn the spit; and the copy done, at length departs for the printer, with a belly full, and, perhaps, sixpence. Such, we are inclined to believe, was ever the custom of the late Mr. Cobbet: hence, we presume, it was always a contest among the Devils to obtain the honourable advantage of a mission to him.

Mr. Macquotient, though a mathematician, had the best sense of the wants and qualities of the Printer's Devil. Thrice a week, the imp attended at the lodgings of the mathematician—we believe they were in the rules of the Fleet—with proofs of "Logarithms!" Pretty, light, interesting reading for the little Devil. Mr. Macquotient, however, did not deem a perusal of the figures of itself a sufficient advantage to the quick-witted urchin. No; it was his custom—and we dwell upon it, for it is most worthy of imitation by all mathematicians, philosophers, and others, "in the press"—to award to the early-coming Devil the benevolence of hot coffee, *ad-libitum*, and two rolls liberally-buttered! More: the Devil rarely left the mathematician without receiving three-pence; sometimes, a tester. We doubt not that the tables of Logarithms, edited by Mr. Macquotient (would we could point out the edition) are superior to any other. Sure we are, the Devil thought so.

The Printer's Devil—if the author, by chance, live in respectable lodgings—has a mortal enemy in the landlady. She, with little respect for literature in general, thinks only of one passage—that of her house. With no consciousness of the moral majesty of the press, she is keenly alive to the muddy feet of Peter Trampington (Devil). More: it may happen that a footboy shall appertain to the establishment; a young gentleman, whose green, succinct, button-bedecked jacket, very white collar, particularly clean face, combed, shining hair, and cut-and-dried manners, are one and all in great danger from the visits of the ragged, easy, dirty-visaged care-nothing Devil from the office. The urchins often meet in the passage, and the aristocracy of the footboy is perilled by the democracy of the press. Ignorance always exclaims against printers' ink; hence, the following brief note, written by a landlady to an author, may be depended upon as genuine:—

Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Thursday.

Sir—It is to me the painfullest annoyance to assure you that, in consequence of the many *nasty, dirty little boys*, constantly coming to you, I must,

for the respectability of my establishment, decline you as a lodger. Yesterday, Amelius's [*i. e.* the footboy's] cotton gloves were black as pitch, and not fit to wait at dinner, and all through your *nasty, dirty little boys,* who will talk to him. Believe me, sir, I give you warning with much pain, but I am answerable for Amelius's morals to the parish; and it was only three months ago, I paid two pound ten for his livery. Your humble servant,

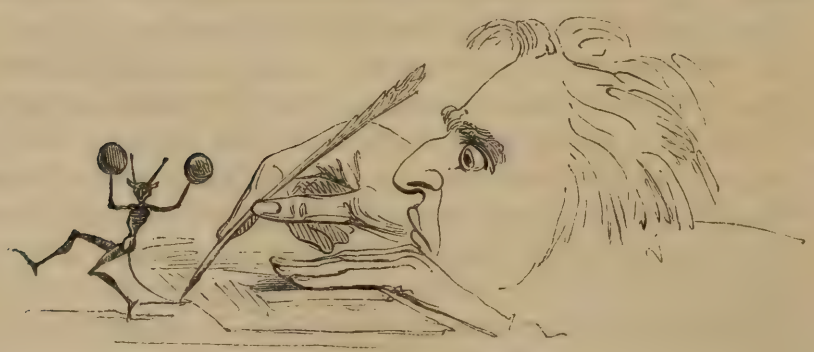
ELIZABETH RENTINGTON.

P. S.—Should be most happy, sir, to keep you as a lodger, with this understanding—without the going and coming of the *nasty, dirty little boys.*

It is thus Mrs. Rentington speaks of Peter and his tribe. Peter is a Devil; therefore, to the illiterate, he is no other than a nasty, dirty little boy. And yet Peter—and there are many Peters Devils—has as much intelligence as would, without cotton gloves, make up twenty Ameliuses. Yes, for Peter is, by his very calling, bookish: nay, Peter is literary, and has been known to escape out at the very top of the house, and, lying on the tiles, has conned "The Arabian Nights." Nay, more, Peter once poured forth his yearning soul in the following lines (a true copy):—

"I wish not for Aladdin's lamp,
'T is fed by Satan's pride,
Lest worldly joys my virtue damp,
May no princess be my bride."

Reader, do not, with the lodging-house landlady, think the Printer's Devil only a nasty, dirty little boy. Though he be drudge to the press, he is of the press; hence, should you even once in your life tempt the perils of the type, treat our subject courteously, liberally:—give the Devil his due.



Thackeray